THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded by Benjamin Franklin

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Edwin Lefèvre—Ben Ames Williams—Gordon Arthur Smith—May Edginton
Nina Wilcox Putnam—Thomas McMorrow—Hal G. Evarts—Samuel G. Blythe

SILVERTOWN is the one word that means "cord tire" to the world. No need to add "cord" or "tire." SILVERTOWN means both. But now it is also the one word that means "One Quality Only." For SILVERTOWN is the product of a one-quality policy. We center thought, skill, and care on it, and make it the perfection of cord tires.

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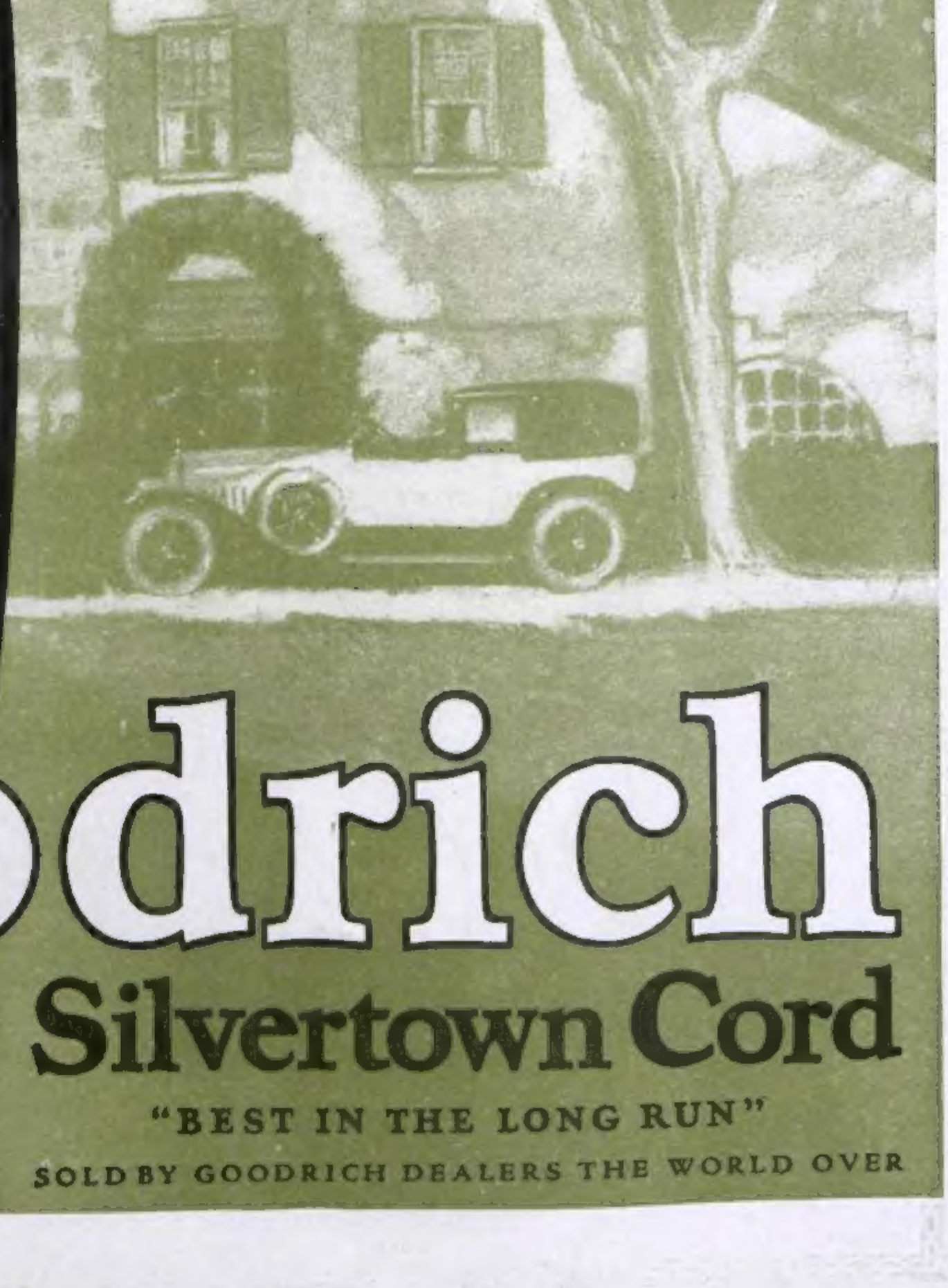

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A Society Brand three button, single breasted sack suit that gives the loose, easy effect without sacrificing grace. The lines are straight, the shoulders rather broad, no vent. A short cut vest with blunt corners; straight trousers.

THE YORKSHIRE
Particularly good for the slender, athletic type with a good pair of shoulders. A Society Brand two button, double breasted sack suit, three buttons showing, slightly fitted. Straight trousers.

A great variety at $55 *and* $60
and as low as $45

"MRS. JOLLYCO floats in a winner on a cake of Ivory Soap," says the newspaper headline.

What might look like an undignified demonstration by the Jollyco family is really a celebration of Mrs. Jollyco's election to the School Board.

Her platform was: larger and better washrooms, more shower-baths, and plenty of pure soap for the school children.

* * *

Of course, we are not *sure*, but we *guess* that Mrs. Jollyco's big majority was largely due to her wide reputation as a splendid housekeeper and an intelligent mother. Ivory Soap—in lavatory, bathroom, kitchen and laundry—helped her to *gain* this reputation.

Nurse Tippit has a gentleman beau! Yes, and he's brought her candy every Thursday evening for four and a half (4½) years. And *now*—

Just look!

He's holding her hand for the *first time*, and thrills are running clear up to his back collar-button.

Isn't it fortunate that Nurse Tippit has such nice, *soft* hands? That's what comes of always using Ivory Soap.

Wouldn't you think Mrs. Folderol would see through that tricky Mrs. Prowl with her fabulous "beauty soap?" Just listen:

"*Dear* Mrs. Prowl, how sweet of you! *Will* it make me beautiful?"

Poor Mrs. Folderol—we suppose she'll go right on believing what she *wants* to believe. Yet Mrs. Jollyco, still beautiful at middle-age, would never *think* of using anything on her face but Ivory Soap.

What a Beauty Editor told us

A young woman of considerably more than usual charm and beauty came in to see us the other day.

She said, "I am Miss *Williams, the beauty editor of the——" (naming a great newspaper). "I was passing and I thought I would like to stop in and tell you how thoroughly I agreed with you."

"About what?" we asked.

"About soap," she replied.

"You know," she continued, "that my correspondents ask me almost every day for advice and information about soaps. So I have had to investigate many beauty claims made by soaps.

"I once thought certain soaps could do a great many things for the complexion besides cleanse. But I know that I was wrong. Cleansing is now all I ever look for in *any* soap used for toilet purposes, no matter what it costs or what claims are made for it.

"I have gone further"

"But I have gone further. By a process of experiment and elimination, I have completely assured myself that Ivory Soap is as fine for the complexion as any soap ever made. So, I not only use it exclusively myself, for my face, hands and bath, but I invariably recommend it to the thousands of women who write to me. I tell these correspondents that Ivory Soap is the best complexion builder they can use."

Miss Williams said many other things that would interest you if we had space to repeat them. But the point she made about soap is the most important of them all.

Starting from entirely different points, Miss Williams and the most eminent medical authorities have both arrived at the conclusion that if soap promises to do more for the skin than cleanse it, *it cannot keep that promise.*

When Ivory Soap promises to clean safely, gently and delightfully, it is in a position to *keep its promise absolutely.* For it completely removes the film of oil and dust and powder that accumulates on your skin. It removes this film gently and leaves behind only that delightfully refreshing cleanliness that is the necessary foundation for all complexion beauty.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*This is not her real name, of course.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS

NEW! Guest IVORY

What a welcome this dainty new cake of soap is receiving everywhere!

Wrapped in fresh new blue and white. Of just the right size for slim feminine hands.

Pure, mild and gentle for the most sensitive skin.

Creamy white, as Ivory always is.

Guest Ivory will acquit itself becomingly on your washstands.

As fine as soap can be. Yet five cents is Guest Ivory's modest price.

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TAX DODGING DE LUXE

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN the income-tax law went into effect everybody who did not expect to pay a cent of it said it was the fairest tax possible—on the theory that where the majority rules the minority ought to foot the bills. By having graduated rates, the more money a man made the bigger his tax bill would be. Enough voters still think that way to make Congress turn a deaf ear to the advice of tax experts. The Secretary of the Treasury the other day recommended reductions of the maximum surtaxes and gave the very best of reasons; whereupon the unterrified democracy recalled audibly that Mr. Mellon was a rich man. The surtaxes, he was reminded, were made expressly to compel his fellow millionaires to pay the expenses of the Government. If John D. Rockefeller, out of an income of, say, twenty or thirty millions a year, restores one-half to the Government, doesn't it still leave him much more than any human being is entitled to have? No congressman need fear lynching at the hands of his constituents for refusing to help John D. save tax money.

What is the inevitable wheeze?

"I wish I had to pay ten million dollars a year in income tax. I'd be satisfied with what I had left."

But what would the same original mind think if it were demonstrated that he is paying a goodly share of the very tax that he thinks doesn't touch him, and therefore does not wish changed? The reason the present tax doesn't overtax the big income is precisely because sectional politics intended to undertax the small income. Congress is actually keeping on the statute books a law that enables multimillionaires to avoid paying to the Government that portion of their incomes which the Government is popularly believed to collect.

The Housing Shortage

"MAKE the Wall Street millionaire pay!" Well, the Wall Street millionaire does pay; but only what the law says he must pay. In that respect he is exactly on a par with the man with a moderate income.

The thrifty workingman does not pay surtaxes, but one of the reasons why he cannot borrow money at 4½ or 5 per cent on the mortgage on his home is that the Government takes 58 per cent of the rich man's income away from him, and therefore a 7 per cent mortgage would net him less than 3½ per cent. The supply of lenders is thereby reduced to such an extent that borrowers have to seek the small capitalist who doesn't have to pay so much to the Government. At that, he raises the rate so that the borrower pays the income tax indirectly.

Probably the greatest problem of today the world over is the housing shortage. In this country the very rich man has been kept out of this investment field. He could not erect apartment houses even if building costs were lower, because he would be compelled to charge very high rents to make as much as he could get from tax-exempt state or municipal bonds. If he is rich he cannot afford to become a landlord; not if he wants to stay rich. I took the pains to verify this, and I heard no end of stories that bore out Mr. Mellon's contentions that capital is being kept out of reasonable employment by the excessive surtaxes. Burdened beyond a certain limit, capital becomes lazy and will not work. It finds it much easier to be idle at 4½ to 5 per cent in tax-exempt securities than to run the risk of losses in commerce or industry to earn 8 or 10 per cent, of which one-half must be paid to the Government.

A Million a Year

A MAN I know has an income of more than a million a year. He pays the maximum surtax. He is an enterprising man with remarkable vision and in an unostentatious way one of the most philanthropic men in this country, if we consider the percentage of his income which he gives away every year to worthy charities. For some reason or other he has always had a weakness for real estate. It is a combination of pride of possession, the collector instinct and a deep-rooted love of the land. He owns many choice parcels in New York City. Recently he erected a fine office building, of which he was inordinately proud. Then the renting agent was summoned. He knew the owner's attitude toward his fellow men and was well aware that the building was the child of a hobby. These considerations made the agent hesitate to name the rentals he figured they ought to ask in order to get a fair profit on the investment. With much

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM
WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL;
IF THE BOWL HAD BEEN STRONGER,
MY SONG HAD BEEN LONGER.

trepidation he finally submitted a tentative schedule, which was lower than he would have fixed on if he had had a different sort of landlord to deal with.

As he expected, the kindly owner shook his head.

"What do you think then, sir?" asked the agent. If the chief wanted to lose money, that was his privilege.

"Too low!" said the owner.

"Too low?" echoed the astonished agent.

"Yes. Too low! Double them!"

That was going to the other extreme. So the agent ventured: "If I do that, sir, I shan't be able to rent a single office."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Fine! Just double them, then."

"Don't you want to rent the offices?"

"Rent them? Are you crazy? Of course I don't! Have you figured what rents you'd have to get for me to net me 4 per cent?"

"Yes, sir; that's exactly what I did."

"Yes, but you did not figure on my having to pay out two-thirds of my net income in taxes?"

"No, sir. I didn't," admitted the agent, and understood. Why, it actually paid the owner to have his building stand empty and carry as large a mortgage as possible. Only when the building was a total loss to him could he make money—by deducting that beautiful big loss from his taxable income. The interest on the mortgage, the city taxes and running expenses made some deduction.

A mutual friend told me that every time a prosperous-looking man walked in looking for offices in that building, the owner would turn pale. To pay the surtax and at the same time make 4 per cent net on his money in that building, he would have to get such high rents that he would be accused of conscienceless profiteering, and he didn't want the name when he wouldn't get the game. But there is another thing to consider: That building left empty by reason of the excessive surtaxes reduces the office room available. By thus reducing the supply, the surtaxes help to maintain high rents. That story finds hundreds of parallels.

Vagaries of the Law

INSTITUTIONS which have in the past been large lenders of money on mortgages assert that the excessive surtaxes have contributed largely to keeping the rates on mortgages so high. This condition does not work so much hardship on the overtaxed multimillionaires as it does on the supposedly untaxed thrifty citizen who wishes to buy or build a house. The small capitalist, because his surtaxes do not reach the high figures of the man with the big income, can afford to lend money at 6 or 7 per cent, because he has only, say, from five to fifty thousand dollars to lend. But the big estates can't or don't. It pays them better to go into tax-exempt bonds.

I know one large estate—it is really a one-man affair because the chief heir owns 95 per cent of it—which is doing nothing in the building line. The estate owns, among hundreds of parcels, a half block uptown. The chief beneficiary told me that he could easily get three hundred thousand dollars a year in rentals if he tore down the old houses and put up a big modern building on the land. But he couldn't afford to do it. "If I did the Government would step in and take over one hundred thousand dollars of it, and two hundred thousand dollars wouldn't pay me, not on what the building would cost me. So I am waiting for the various deterrents to disappear. Building costs and surtaxes must come down before I can improve the property."

And here let me say that the law is curious. If I buy a house for investment purposes and rent it instead of living in it, and sell it at a profit, I have to pay a tax on the profit. If I sell at a loss I deduct the loss from my income. If I buy a home for myself and sell it at a profit I have to pay a tax on that profit. But if I sell it at a loss I am not allowed to deduct that loss. The law unjustly discriminates against the home owner. It taxes all profits on sales of assets, but it allows no deductions except on losses on "transactions entered into for profit." Uncle Sam was not thinking of justice when he put that clause in the law.

TAX EXEMPTION
MORE
MORE
THE INCOME
LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER
EATING A CHRISTMAS PIE.
HE PUT IN HIS THUMB, PULLED OUT A PLUM
AND SAID, "WHAT A GOOD BOY AM I."

An attempt was made to discriminate between speculators and investors in favor of the bona-fide investors. If you have owned property for two years or more and you then sell it at a profit, you may be taxed 12½ per cent flat on your profit. Why the discrimination against the owner of a home persists is one of the things nobody understands.

A short time ago in the course of a casual conversation, an official of the Internal Revenue Department said to me: "One trouble is that the framers of the income-tax law had in mind the men who couldn't duck. The result was a lot of flaws. Naturally everybody looks for a loophole, and the men who are hit by the surtaxes naturally look more closely than the picayune payer."

How the Rich Manage

"I SUSPECT also that the sponsors of the law forgot that the sum of the parts is greater than any of the parts. To avoid taxing everybody, which would have been unpopular, they decided to overtax the big incomes. That was all right during the war. A graduated income tax is not wrong in principle at any time. But Congress forgot that there is a saturation point in everything. Beyond a certain limit there is no absorption. An intelligent tax is always a just tax, and our present income tax not being just is not intelligent. People who have no taxable incomes or who successfully evade paying the small tax due from them to Uncle Sam cannot be convinced that a tax that is paid by everybody would raise so much revenue that no individual could possibly be overburdened. But the very word 'taxes' has always had a disagreeable sound to American ears. We have inherited from the fathers of the republic the desire not to pay any. But our surtaxed millionaires do not grumble nearly so much as they used to. Suppose you ask your rich friends how they manage to keep in good humor and at the same time stay out of jail."

It was a good suggestion. I had assumed that the average millionaire simply turned an expert loose on his books, swore in good faith to the correctness of the expert's figures, signed a check, and there was an end to the bother. That very evening, by good luck, I met at a friend's house a capitalist whose name is a synonym for success in a certain branch of a basic industry. The conversation drifted to the income tax because the day was the fourteenth of March and the next day would be the last in which to pay the tax.

"We've all had experiences with the law," the capitalist explained. "I have, however, had a taste of what ought to be. When I retired from business ——"

"You mean when you sold out at the top," remarked the host. "An ex-bank president does not play favorites," I explained to the ex-captain of industry. "Please go on with your story for our sakes."

"When I passed on to younger shoulders the burden of carrying on a business that was profitable chiefly to the Wall Street Shylocks," went on the ex-captain with a pleasant nod toward

(Continued on Page 72)

THE BRIDE'S LIGHT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

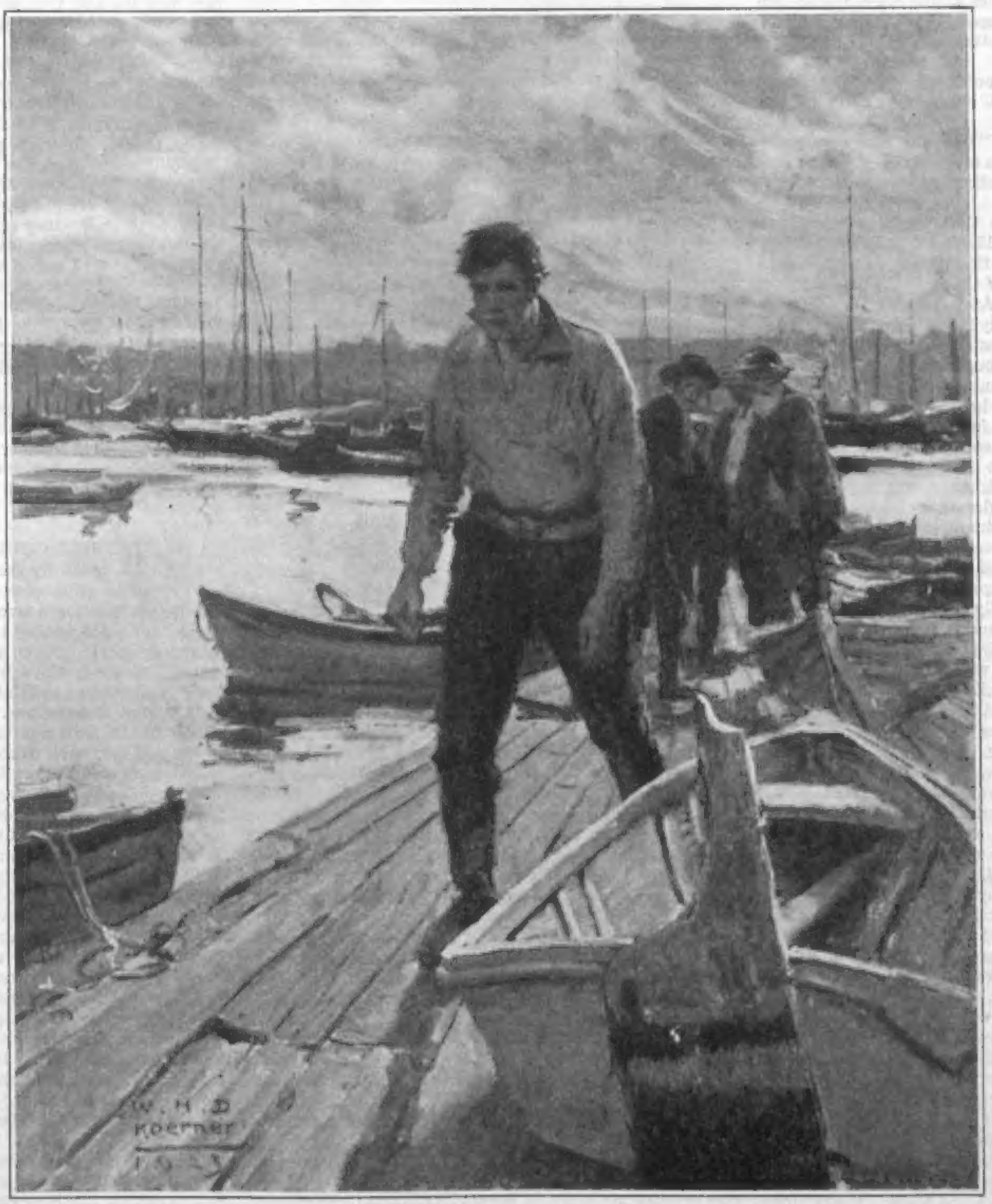
YOU will not find the Bride's Light under that name upon the charts; but in order that you may locate it for yourselves, it needs only to be explained that the light stands about a mile off Massacre Head, on a nubble of smooth granite, narrow and long, exactly the shape of the back of a pig as, head down, it roots among the grain. This nubble is, indeed, called the Sow; her pigs, a litter of them, are scattered across the shoal water between the Sow and the Head. They are so many, and they appear and disappear in such eccentric fashion as the tides rise and fall, that vessels coming from the eastward do not attempt to thread a way among them, but round the Sow and then make in through Mussel Gut to King's Cove. It is the people of King's Cove who have given the light its name.

"Aye, the Bride's," they will say. And, "Eh? Another name? Well now, it's likely; but it's been called the Bride's for many a year now."

If you can persuade one of them to take his dory and at slack tide row you out through the Gut to have a closer look at the place, he will show you the high gallery around the light, the very gallery from which the fair-haired young wife leaped or fell.

"No more than a girl, she were," he will tell you. "No more than a girl, and her hair was gold. Out she flung, and craunch she came on the flank of the Sow, her hair all spilled in blood." Nodding to your question, "Eh, yes. It's ninety foot anyways."

You wonder whose bride she was, and he tells you, his voice a little hushed and lowered. Tells you so much as he knew or could understand of the man Raredan, who kept the light and brought his bride to live there.



He Landed From His Boat One Day and Stalked Up the Wharf Without Turning His Eyes One Way or Another

"A bad one, he was, and no mistake," your informant says in summary; then nods with that unctuous satisfaction in the fate of others which the best of us are apt to feel. "But he got his dues," he assures you. "Eh, yes, Raredan got his dues."

As much as he knows he will tell you; but he could not tell you all the story, if he would. Yet he knows as much as anyone in the Cove. Only Jennie and Don could tell you the rest; and Jennie and Don no longer live on Massacre Head. You could not hope to find them. And so, to save you the trouble of searching, the whole tale is here set down.

II

STAND beside Bloody Rock, atop the Head, and look southward. The light itself is a scant mile offshore, its whitewashed walls gleaming in the sunlight. Slow surges, rolling in, break against the smooth flanks of the Sow; their white spray lifts itself lazily as high as the roof of the little white house against the base of the light. Between you and the light the water swirls and eddies among the Pigs; and they are at times submerged, at times stark and bare, as the swells ebb and flow.

To the east you see the great sweep of a bight of shore, where the waters gnaw eternally at granite bowlders, too stubborn for their teeth to scar. Beyond, Hawk's Head, a dozen miles away, blue against the blue. To the west, at your very feet—so steeply does the Head on that side fall away—course the currents of Mussel Gut. The Gut is the neck of a bottle; inland it widens into a bay a dozen miles long and half as broad. Tides race in and out through the narrow opening, forever hurrying somewhere, forever hurrying back again. When the wind is right, off the mouth of the Gut there is a tide rip and a whirl and torment of racked waters in which only a stout boat can live at all. Half a mile up the Gut, King's Cove draws in behind the Head. Deep water in the Cove; no tide flats anywhere; and the main current sweeps forever up and down outside. A score or so of frame houses, weathered and old; and two or three fishing schooners at the stout wharves.

The Head itself, on which you stand, is more deserving your attention. Bloody Rock is a hundred feet above high tide. On the side toward the Gut the slope is so precipitous that it cannot be climbed by any save the boldest. On the seaward side, however, it is possible to pick your way down among the great bowlders tumbled there; possible to make the ascent, at some expenditure of muscle and breath. But to the eastward the ground falls away more gradually; and a scant furlong will bring you down within twenty feet or so of sea level, where a shallow cove affords some shelter from the inward sweep of sea-born surges. Don used to keep his dory there.

Massacre Head comes honestly by its name. Better than a century ago Indians descended on two fishing sloops at shelter in the Cove and made captive all aboard them. Two men were sent to Boston for rifles and blankets that should serve as ransom. They were warned to return alone. But when they came it was with other vessels at their backs, and they were sighted from atop the Head. Bloody Rock that day served as a sacrificial pyre. Nineteen men were slaughtered, with no more fuss and pother than nineteen strokes involve. Their blood, so the legend has it, collected in a pool upon the rock, overflowed and trickled down one side. You may see the dark stain to this day. The bodies, thrown over into the Gut, were swept away to sea by the ebb. Thus the story goes. Jennie always believed the tale devoutly; her grandfather had heard it from his father, and to him also it was true. But Don was a skeptic; he came one day with maul and chisel and dug into the stained rock, expecting to find that the color continued as a part of the rock itself, and was no stain at all. But when he had penetrated a quarter of an inch the stain disappeared, and Don gathered his tools and hurried back to the house and never aired his doubts thereafter.

Whether the ancient tale were true or no, if you wished to learn the moods of the sea, Massacre Head was a spot worth visiting. Set Bloody Rock at your back and you seemed to hang in air above the whole expanse of ocean. When the day was fair and the sun shone and the blue water broke in silver, beauty stunned the eye. About the white shaft of the light, offshore, prismatic colors seemed to stir and flicker. The deep blue of the water was unbelievable; the white foam whiter than any snow. Deep blue of horizon met paler blue of sky; and above, white clouds, their bottoms all flattened by the smooth air currents across the sea, sailed the heavens like an innumerable argosy. Gulls were forever pumping by, flying below the Head so that you looked down upon the smooth gray of their backs, and so near that you could see the brighter hues about their heads. Through the blue water just below you the green weeds were visible, swirling about the great rocks buried there. But the scene needed not this variety; the blue of the sea was feast enough. Always the same, yet never monotonous, the eyes devoured it with no sense of satiety. Jennie, prone, chin in elbows and eyes half closed as she lay on the little patch of turf beside Bloody Rock, used to look out across the sea and imagine stately ships that came sailing in to her. On such days she preferred to be alone upon the Head.

But when it was dull, or when it stormed, she liked her grandfather and Don to come with her. About a storm there was a splendor that thrilled yet frightened her. When the gale was southerly, you might see their three figures, cloaked in oilskins; the grandfather bulking large in the middle, Jennie and Don, no more than half as tall, clinging close to his flanks, as they beat their way into the wind till they came to the Head and stood while the spray from waves breaking a hundred feet below them swept stingingly across their cheeks. When such a gale met an ebbing

tide in the Gut the narrow channel became a caldron indescribable. Jennie thought the waters at such times were like a mob of angry men; they flung themselves upward, roaring and thundering; they fell back supine, to leap and leap again. They fought, struggled; spume flew like blood. The wind snatched away each wave top and slatted it across the water like driving rifle balls. Sometimes she saw a bit of drift caught in this caldron; and she used to watch it appear and disappear, now overwhelmed, now struggling laboriously up to life and air again; and she imagined it was a man battling for life there, and shuddered at her own fancies. Her grandfather, feeling the tightening clasp upon his fingers, would ask, "What's the matter, Jennie?"

And the little girl would point and say, "Just think if that old stump was a man!"

"'Tis not," he would reply. "'Tis just an old hemlock stub from upriver somewhere." Grandfather lacked imagination.

There were fair days when the wind blew. Then she and Don liked to clamber down the rocks till they perched almost within reach of the water that boiled below them. Atop some frost-cracked bowlder, lying flat, they would peer over and watch while the water drew back as though to gather itself for fresh assaults, and then resumed the charge, battalion by battalion, three or four successive waves beating in, each one before the last had time to fall away, so that the water rose higher and higher till its own weight drew it back to earth again. The children, reaching down, would seek to touch the mounting waves; they cried taunts at the sea's impotence; they derided its futile upward strivings, until some giant heaving sea good-naturedly slashed them with a scud of spray, so that they were drenched to the skin and had to hurry home to dry by the fire with grandfather.

There were dull foggy days when the clang of the bell buoy across the Gut came drearily through the thick; and Jennie thought the sound unutterably lonely and depressing. Then she liked to go along the shore to the east till she came down near the water. It had at such times an oily quality; there was the treachery of a serpent in its flowings and retreatings, its advances and withdrawals. As the tide came, it sent little tendrils creeping and twining about the rocks on the beach, snaring first one and then another, holding each captive while the water rose and rose till the rocks were drowned. Jennie's grandfather had told her tales of men caught by giant mollusks and held just so while the tide rose about them; had told her how the octopus ensnared and held its prey. She loved the shudders and the terrors of these tales. When she grew a little older, and she and Don used to go to swim on the beach where he kept his dory, she sometimes stood still upon the sand and allowed the water to creep in and reach her white feet and imprison them; and she imagined that she could not escape, and trembled with delightful terror. But after a certain time the terror always became too real; she would scream and run for shore, or cry out to Don.

She and Don knew every foot of the headland. Jennie's grandfather's house was halfway to the Cove, a little sheltered by the ridge. The ridge itself was like a moor, close-cropped turf where sheep wandered, a few twisted cedars, low-growing juniper here and there. Where three great bowlders lay side by side, she and Don had a castle; in the long summer afternoons she was its chatelaine, Don its garrison. They dug a hole under one of the bowlders and kept certain treasures there. On the southward slope of the Head they had another stronghold; a cave formed by the accident that had tilted two great slabs of granite toward one another. This cave gave them shelter against an ordinary rain; but its opening looked southward, and when any sea was running they were drenched and driven out. In addition to these two retreats, they had found a cedar, spreading like a tent, with low-growing juniper for walls; and at the very top of the ridge, out of sight of the Cove and the house, but looking southward toward the light, there was a natural seat formed by a frost-riven bowlder, which Jennie called her throne, and where Don paid her homage all their childhood together. These were the favored spots in their domain, which included the whole Head as far as the house on one side, the cove where Don's dory lay on the other.

Jennie's grandfather had been a seaman for many years; captain of his own ship toward the end. Jennie's mother, his daughter, married a King's Cove man who went to the Banks and was lost before Jennie was born. Jennie's mother died of grieving, many said; and Jennie herself lived thereafter with her grandfather. That competent man would have no other woman in the house. His premises were, even before Jennie was old enough to help him, as neat and ordered as any house in the Cove; and Jennie always remembered the aprons he used to wear as he cooked or washed dishes in the low-ceiled kitchen. When she was old enough, he made a high stool for her to sit on, and she used to perch atop this stool and wash the dishes while he wiped them.

Don came to live with them when Jennie was six years old. His father had been her grandfather's friend; had

Nathan and Grandfather, Ancient Friends, Leaned Against a Cluster of Piles and Talked Together

amassed some money in the China trade. Don was born in Taku; but when father and mother both died, he was by his father's express request sent home to King's Cove.

"He's to come to live with us," her grandfather told Jennie. "I promised his father long ago I'd always care for the boy if the need came; and now his father's gone, and he's coming. You must be nice to him, Jennie."

She promised, and she was as good as her word. But for his soul's sake she disciplined Don unmercifully, in the matter of wiping his feet before entering the house, of washing his neck and brushing his hair and the like. Don, a year or two older, accepted this discipline at first meekly, then cheerfully, as he became accustomed to his new home. He was willing that Jennie should command him; he was, within three days, her slave.

The games the children played were elaborate and pretentious. Jennie's grandfather used to read to them every evening before their early bed; his reading was reflected in their play. And from the first, since the tall light out across the water, so remote and yet so near, dominated all their world, it played also an important rôle in their games. Her grandfather had told Jennie its purpose; she peopled it with beneficent and fairylike folk of her imagination, who spent their days succoring the distressed. When a good fairy came to give the children three wishes, she always came from the light; the bad fairies came up out of an imaginary hole in the bottom of the Gut, through the turbulent and striving water there. Jennie had a very vivid mental picture of the good fairy; she was tall, her eyes were blue and her hair was black as ink. Don quarreled with this description. He preferred a fairy with hair that was golden brown. Jennie's hair was golden brown. But Jennie overruled him in this as in all things; the blue-eyed, black-haired good fairy was a regular participant in their play.

When their games were of a more martial turn, it was always from the light that rescue came to the besieged in the castle. At such times the good fairy became a knight in armor; but the knight's eyes were blue and his hair was black. Don's hair was a stubborn straw color; and sometimes he resented the knight's raven locks. At one time the children had a dispute that lasted for weeks as to whether Don, if he were a bad knight, could whip the good knight if the good knight ever came. Don was sure he could whip him if he had black hair, and Jennie was equally sure that the knight did have black hair, and that Don could not whip him. She had a calm certainty that he found maddening; she was so sure that he could never even raise a doubt in her mind, and this made him furious with her. If she had been a black-haired knight he would certainly have thrashed her soundly.

Jennie and Don always knew, in a subconscious fashion, that a real man did actually live on the Sow and tend the light. Once Jennie even saw this man in King's Cove; more than once she saw him row ashore and enter the Gut on slack tide, on his way to get provisions. But this man was gaunt and whiskered and gray; he was so completely unlike her imagined knight that she never confused the two in her mind at all. When her grandfather one day told her that this man was dead it made little impression on her; but she and Don went with her grandfather to the funeral, and that she remembered vividly as long as she lived.

Her grandfather and Nathan Moors walked home after the funeral together, Jennie and Don behind them; and the children heard the two men discussing the future of the light. Joel Frame, it appeared, had gone out as an emergency tender. Jennie's grandfather thought he would receive the job permanently, and Nathan Moors agreed that Joel would be a good man for it. Sober and reliable, they called him; no doubt he was. But Jennie considered him merely short and round and weather-beaten; she thought his physical appearance disqualified him for the place he coveted.

She told Don so, and Don—though he later swung over to the other camp—agreed with her at the time. When they heard one day that a man named Raredan, from Boston way, had been appointed to the place, both felt a certain relief. Jennie was particularly eager to see what manner of man Raredan might be, and she made her grandfather promise to take them to meet the boat the day he should arrive.

III

KING'S COVE is connected with the outer world by the thrice-weekly visits of a fussy little white steamer of the most irreproachable habits, yet wearing a smokestack at a rakish angle that gives it an indescribably abandoned air. From the Head you may see its smoke to the westward long before it comes into view; there is ample time after the steamer itself is sighted to walk at your leisure along the way to the wharf at King's Cove. But on the day when the new keeper of the light was expected, Jennie and her grandfather and Don went to the village an hour ahead of time; and they all met Nathan Moors before the post office, and walked down to the wharf together. There Nathan and grandfather, ancient friends, leaned against a cluster of piles and talked together about the injustice that had been done Joel Frame; and Jennie and Don whispered to each other in the background, making themselves very inconspicuous.

There is a moderate tide in these waters, and to compensate for the varying water levels, the wharf has moored beside it a floating platform, with a narrow runway that climbs from platform to wharf level. The steamer ordinarily ties up to the platform, does not approach the wharf itself; so that the stringer along the edge of the wharf forms an admirable vantage point from which to scrutinize the steamer, criticize the seamanship of the captain as he makes his landing, and inspect the passengers and the freight that may be put ashore. When a few more King's Cove folk began to appear, to await the steamer's arrival, Jennie and Don seized a favored position directly opposite the runway that led up to the wharf; they sat down, dangling their legs over the edge, and dropped small chips and bits of wood into the water below them to watch them swirl away on the slow current that eddied even here in the Cove. It was slack water; the steamer's schedule varied in order that she might have this condition in her favor when she made the King's Cove landing. The Gut was a difficult piece of navigation, even for craft of her bulk, when the tide ebbed or flowed.

Two or three other old men joined grandfather and Nathan Moors, and Jennie heard them discussing Raredan's coming. None of them had seen him; none knew anything about him except his name.

"I've been a seafaring man many a year," old Nicholas Judd pronounced, "and I never hear tell of him."

The others wisely wagged their heads, as though this were a verdict from which there could be no appeal. Jennie began to form a vague picture of an outcast, already half condemned by the opinion of the elders of her world. Then grandfather espied the steamer's smoke outside the Gut, and they turned and watched intently as she threaded her way up the channel and swung into the Cove.

There were never many passengers for King's Cove; now and then one of the townsfolk went away or came home again. Visitors were rare. Thus it was fairly easy to be sure that the figure of a man on the forward deck of the little steamer must be Raredan.

Jennie heard Nathan Moors say, "Aye, that'll be him."

And her grandfather asked, "Who's the woman?"

"Likely he'd bring his wife," Nathan suggested, and they all nodded as though this were a reasonable answer.

Jennie heard this much of their conversation; but she heard no more. Her attention riveted itself, more and more intensely, upon that figure in the bow of the steamer. She could see that he was very tall, that his shoulders were broad. He had on, she thought at first, a black cap or soft hat of some fashion; but as the steamer came nearer and began to jockey for her landing, Jennie perceived that this was no headgear, but a great mop of black hair. The good knight of her dreams had black hair.

Raredan's face was turned away from her; he was watching the maneuvers involved in the landing, and now and then he spoke to the woman at his side. The experts on the wharf criticized the seamanship of the captain with friendly frankness; he replied, leaning from the window of his pilot house, alternating his shouted retorts with commands to the men handling the moorings. When she was fast he reached behind him and tugged the whistle cord; and the whistle screamed, and warm steam blew across Jennie's cheeks where she sat on the wharf edge. The gangplank was down; Raredan and his wife had disappeared. After a moment Jennie saw him again, at the plank that led into the hold, supervising the removal of a mountain of baggage there. Three large flat cases were unloaded under his direction; two trunks; a packing box, and then another. The current, swinging the steamer, moved her along the edge of the landing stage till the hold gangplank was pulled away. Raredan stopped and caught an end of it with one hand and lifted it back into place with an effortless ease.

Nathan Moors said to Jennie's grandfather, "There's strength in the man. I've seen two tug at that and make a job of what he did with one hand."

"Aye," her grandfather assented. "And he's built for it."

But Jennie did not hear their comment. Her eyes were fixed on Raredan, her lips a little parted. She watched him with a strange intensity. He wore a light-colored suit of some heavy material like homespun; his shoes were stout; his black head was bare. But she was waiting to see his face, see his eyes. She used to think afterward that she had known what she would see; nevertheless, when the disclosure came it had the effect of a blow.

He had finished superintending the removal of his belongings. The steamer was casting off. He stepped to his wife's side and took her arm and they came together toward the runway that led up to the wharf. A score or so of King's Cove folk watched in silence, grim and unfriendly, while they mounted, side by side. Raredan's eye flitted across their faces; a faint smile, half-mocking, hung upon his lips. Then his glance encountered Jennie, and something in the pale intensity of her regard caught his attention. He spoke to the golden-haired girl at his side, and pointed.

Jennie heard him say, "A witching little elf, there, Margot!"

His voice was rich and warm; it seemed to her like a thing alive with color. His eyes were blue. His countenance—she had seen it too often, in her long imaginings, to be mistaken. It was the very counterpart and image of the face of the good knight who always came from the light to relieve the besieged folk in the castle.

She walked home with Don and her grandfather in a silence that they found disturbing; and once there were tears in her eyes, which her grandfather saw. He was bewildered and distressed, and she had to smile to reassure him. She was not, she told him, unhappy at all; she was in fact—though this she did not say—drunk with a sense of completeness, of perfection in life. It seemed to her—she was at this time not yet fourteen years old—that something beautiful and fine had come to dwell in the light that fronted so friendlily the Head that was her home.

IV

KING'S COVE folk, if you asked them the story, are as detailed as though they had all been eyewitnesses. "Yellow hair flying," they say. "Out she flung, over the high rail, and craunch on the flank of the Sow."

Yet there were no witnesses, and none of them so much as knew of the tragedy till Raredan came ashore that dark day. An ugly story, soon told. Not so ugly in the fact, perhaps, as in King's Cove's telling; nevertheless, sufficiently grim.

Raredan was already a target for unfriendly talk in the Cove, long before his wife came to her sorry end. Joel Frame had been wronged, they held, by Raredan's coming; and the Cove liked Joel and counted him one of them, and so resented Raredan. In this mood, they found many matters for complaint in him. His great strength, admirable in another, they distorted into something like a conscious crime.

Perhaps this feeling began on an afternoon when Raredan and his girl wife had come ashore for supplies, and were met upon the open street by Nit Dow, who was always a little drunk, and who was unsteady on his feet that day. Nit caromed into Mrs. Raredan. The street ran along the water's edge; and Raredan, with no word, picked Nit Dow up by collar and belt and heaved him bodily into the water, where Nit scrambled ashore as best he could. Raredan's wife was heard and seen to expostulate with him at the time; the big man merely brushed his hands and smiled at her and shook his mop of hair.

"'Twill sober him, my dear," he answered her.

"Aye, strong enough; but prideful. Too strong for his own heart's good," said King's Cove.

It was discovered that his temper was short. Jem Coster drove an old horse well known to everyone in the village through almost a score of years, and it happened this horse was one day tied before the post office when Raredan stopped to talk there. The friendly creature nuzzled his shoulder with playful teeth, and Raredan's countenance was seen to blaze like fire as he swung and struck with naked fist. The beast snorted and reared back, breaking her rotten bridle; she galloped awkwardly down the street, tail aloft, the ramshackle buggy going to pieces behind her at every jump.

When Jem protested, Raredan said to him evenly, "Then you should not accustom your beast to eat human flesh, my clown," and his tone was so even and so cold that Jem—Jem was a big man, too—pushed the matter no further.

(Continued on Page 126)

There Were Flowers Among the Grasses All Across the Moor Atop the Ridge, and Jennie and Don Liked to Wander There

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

By Gordon Arthur Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

HE WAS called Anthony B. Avery, and he held a good, sound position in the house of Hazen, Middleton & Co., bankers and brokers, and he was extremely ambitious—as ambitious as Cæsar. He was so ambitious that on the day he learned that his firm planned to open a branch office uptown in the Hotel Beldmore he excused himself from a dinner and a dance and went directly home to spend the evening figuring out what he could do to obtain the managership of that office.

Forgoing what was certain to be an amusing if innocent evening, moreover, was for him no slight sacrifice, especially as he had reason to believe that it would prove a vain oblation. But he steeled himself to it, saying, "That's the trouble with you, Anthony B. Avery; you're too fond of amusing yourself. How do you expect to get on in the world? How do you expect to become an important figure in finance if you spend all your spare time dining and dancing? What you should be doing in the evenings is studying to fit yourself for the job higher up, so that when the call comes you will be able to look your boss squarely in the eyes and say, 'Yes, sir, I'm your man. I know all about the business, and I can fill any position in the office, including your own, because I've been taking a correspondence course.'"

"'On Such a Night ——'" He Whispered, But Could Remember No More of the Quotation

Anthony B. Avery stopped abruptly. A correspondence course! He had never seriously thought of that before. It might bear looking into. He recalled the multitudinous advertisements which depicted an ambitious young man like himself returning home to the cozy fireside and the wife and the baby with the happy, happy news that he had landed that five-thousand-dollar job or that ten-thousand-dollar job or whatever priced job, apparently, the ambitious young man had wanted to land. To be sure Anthony had no wife—and no baby—to greet the announcement with proud, glad eyes and to assure him that she had known all the time he would make good; but he figured that the pride and the gladness in his own eyes would be ample.

That very evening he cut the coupon, marked an X after office management and mailed it to the school, somewhere in Wisconsin. Then, since the evening was still young, he took from the shelves of his bookcase several hitherto unread volumes on finance and studied them, without, it must be admitted, much enthusiasm, far into the night.

The next morning he was at his desk—oh, yes, he was important enough to have a desk—before anybody had arrived but the doorman. He was full of high resolve and pleased with himself that he should be so filled. He congratulated himself warmly on not having attended the dinner and the dance the night before; and he remembered with regret that previously on two occasions he had encountered that old idiot Middleton—the junior partner—just as he, Anthony, had been leaving some similar frivolous affair. He wondered if old Middleton would hold that up against him—think him dissipated, perhaps, or at best a social butterfly. Middleton, it had seemed to him at the time, had regarded him rather sternly, and his nod of recognition had been brief and abrupt. Well, that, at any rate, should not occur again. No more dancing teas or joyful parties in restaurants for him, now that his correspondence course was on the way.

The recollection of Mr. Middleton brought with it a thought of Middleton's very young daughter, Malvina, whom Anthony had met once at a tea and whom he disliked more than the brief acquaintance justified. Pretty enough, he granted; but an arrogant, egotistic little thing. She was engaged, he had heard—engaged and not yet out of school! Anthony snorted with disgust at such silliness. These spoiled, pampered young idiots that were now growing up in the land! What was the world coming to, he'd like to know. Where was a man to look for a wife? Yes, that was it—where was a man to find a wife among the crowd of thoughtless, selfish, restless, extravagant, sophisticated but uneducated girls from which one had to choose? And their conversation! Oof! It made him shudder. They talked all the time, but never made sense.

In his disgust he turned his attention to the morning's crop of market bulletins, and then he glanced through the Wall Street Journal to see if by chance it had anything new bearing on Acetylene Gas. The firm was recommending the purchase of that stock and it was part of Avery's duty to keep a watchful eye on what concerned it.

But he found his thoughts wandering back to the uselessness, the perniciousness even, of young girls like Malvina Middleton. What he would like to see and to meet would be a girl who would take life, the world and the people in the world seriously; a girl who would be content—happy to marry some young ambitious man who was earning a moderately good salary with chances of promotion; a girl who would recognize the sterling value of a fellow who was willing to devote all his spare time to study that he might fit himself for constantly greater things. Those girls existed in the advertisements—in the correspondence-school advertisements, at any rate—but Anthony confessed that he had yet to meet one in real life. Well, he hadn't looked very hard, of course. Perhaps he had been searching in the wrong social stratum too. In any case, no more society for him. The Ritz and the Plaza and the Biltmore should never see him again.

Meanwhile the large office had gradually become populated with clerks, stenographers, messengers, switchboard operators and other minor employes who, because they worked hard to earn little, were obliged to be on time. There was a good deal of chattering and giggling to interrupt Anthony's meditations. The two youths whose duty it was to click the pasteboard quotation slips into the wall rack were almost professional comedians, and when none of the partners was present they delighted in rehearsing the vaudeville acts that they hoped would one day bring them fame on the big time.

Anthony scowled at their antics for the first time in his life. He wondered, indeed, in his new mood of earnestness, if he ought not to interfere and demand less noise. But he was spared that unpleasant duty by the arrival of Mr. Middleton, the junior partner.

"Good morning, Avery," commented Mr. Middleton, with a brief, preoccupied nod, and passed on into his private office.

"He's not happy this morning," thought Anthony.

He wondered uneasily if something had gone wrong with the plans for opening the branch in the Beldmore. That would be a pity—that would be a terrific pity—just as Anthony was preparing himself with the aid of the correspondence school to become its manager. There had been vague rumors about the office of lack of capital. He had seen wise heads shaken wisely and had on more than one occasion heard remarks to the effect that one must not bite off more than one can chew. He wished he dared ask Middleton openly about the prospects of that uptown branch; but he reflected that even if he dared, which was far from likely, Middleton would not tell him the truth. Oh, well, it was ten o'clock and the market was opening. He'd better forget about it and get to work. Work—that was it! And, he added to himself, let old Middleton see that he was working.

So that day he slaved like a nigger, doing a few things that were necessary and a thousand and one that were not, but which he hunted up deliberately in order that he should not be idle for a minute. Unfortunately, Mr. Middleton remained in his office the greater part of the day, and Hazen, the senior partner, did not appear at all until after closing hour, so that neither of his employers was aware of Anthony's feverish industry.

About quarter to one Malvina Middleton came in avowedly to take her father out to lunch—she was in the midst of her Easter vacation—but in reality, as Anthony surmised, to get some money from him.

"She costs the old fellow a pretty penny," he observed to himself. "Sables on a child of seventeen! Ridiculous! And bad taste too!"

Malvina's way led her past Anthony's desk, so close to it that his subsequent inward comment was no mere supposition, but was based on first-hand information.

"Reeking with perfume!" was his rather coarse thought.

She was, but it was extremely expensive perfume and really not at all unpleasant. And she was quite pretty in a petulant, spoiled-child, supercilious way. Even in that office, where she had no business to be and where the smoky atmosphere was distinctly masculine, she carried herself as if she were completely at home—as if, indeed, she owned the place and all the hard-working slaves within it.

She glanced at Anthony, frowned a little in an endeavor to remember if she knew him, decided apparently that she did, nodded her head and moved her lips just enough to indicate that she might be saying, "How do you do?"

Anthony rose politely and bowed.

"Good morning, Miss Middleton," he said pleasantly, but with contempt in his heart.

He hated not to be in a position to be rude to her—to show her how little use he had for dressed-up, conceited dolls like herself.

"Stuffed with sawdust!" he thought. "Nothing else inside! No brains, no heart, no soul!"

Gloriously unaware of his disapproval, she sailed into her father's office, remained closeted with him for about the length of time necessary for the filling in of a check, and then emerged arm in arm with him, sleek and satisfied.

"Going out to lunch, Avery," vouchsafed Mr. Middleton unnecessarily. "Better study those March earnings of Acetylene that have just come in. They're faked up a good deal, of course; but try to find out where. You know my daughter, don't you?—Mr. Avery."

"I've had the pleasure—Miss Middleton—some time ago," he murmured disconnectedly.

"Yes, indeed," said she coolly but politely enough, and tugged at her father's arm to get him away.

"Short of capital, is he?" thought Anthony as he watched them go. "He'd better sell those sables of hers and put the proceeds back into the firm."

Then he called for the report on Acetylene Gas and returned to study it at his desk.

II

THAT spring, unfortunately, did not prove to be a brilliant one for stocks or bonds or the firm of Hazen, Middleton & Co. In consequence the project of the uptown

branch hung fire and there was renewed talk in the office of lack of capital. It was rumored that Hazen was gunning about town for a silent partner with talking money.

But the delay, to whatever cause it was due, only served to increase Anthony B. Avery's preparedness. Refusing all invitations to frivolity, he labored nightly at his correspondence course on office management. When the time should come, he reflected, it would find him the most competent potential office manager in New York City.

He took the lessons far more seriously than any that had been thrust upon him at school or at college, and he wrote out his answers to the questionnaires as painstakingly as if his life depended on their correctness. As a result, his instructors in far-away Wisconsin assured him very gratifyingly that he was an extremely satisfactory student and that he had a bright future ahead of him. They suggested, even, that he tackle their more difficult and advanced course on banking. He did so at the expense of his late afternoons' relaxation.

One thing that bothered Anthony was the conviction that neither of the partners was aware of his sacrifice of recreation to the pursuit of efficiency. It was all very well—all very soul-satisfying to know, himself, that he was not wasting a shining hour; but it was obviously important that his employers should know it too. Casually, half-laughingly, he had informed his equals and his inferiors in the office that he was doing a great deal of outside work that he was, indeed, spending all his spare time in study; but the information, somewhat to his chagrin, was accepted in a manner somewhat similar to that in which it was imparted—casually, half laughingly. This was vexatious. Was there, then, no real respect for industry? Was ambition to better oneself a thing to be mocked at and jeered? So much the worse, he thought grimly, for the mockers and the jeerers; so much the worse for the idle apprentices.

Malvina Middleton, packed away for her last term at boarding school, brightened—or darkened—the office no more. Nothing more feminine than the stenographers and switchboard girls disturbed the cigar smoke that swayed and sifted in front of the quotation board. No refining and uplifting influence of young womanhood came to minimize the usefulness of the brass spittoons by the customers' chairs. For Anthony it might just as well not have been spring.

Undoubtedly the office was depressed. Hazen, and even Middleton, were often absent, sometimes for an entire day. When they did appear they looked worried, and locked themselves in and were curt to their employes. Occasionally prosperous-looking strangers came to see them at the office, and then the company's books were called for and long hours were spent behind closed doors.

"Going on the rocks," whispered the wise pessimists, always ending with the refrain: "Lack of capital."

Then one beautiful day toward the middle of June the clouds suddenly lifted and the pessimists were put to rout like mist before the sun. Hazen came in with the first smile that had been seen on his thin, ascetic face for months. Middleton, always florid and beefy, was certainly more florid if not more beefy, and he had put on his brightly checked suit as if to prove that the life of the banker and broker was a gay one. Somewhere, whispered the optimists, the silent partner had been found. It was now but a question of weeks before that long-contemplated uptown office would be opened. Whom would the firm select to manage it?

"I," said Anthony B. Avery to himself—"I am the man for the position, Mr. Middleton, for I have just completed the correspondence courses in banking and in office management to which I have devoted all my spare time instead of squandering it in the ballrooms and restaurants and billiard parlors. I am your man."

III

THE following week, accordingly, Anthony was exhilarated but not particularly surprised when he was summoned to Mr. Middleton's office. The junior partner was scowling fiercely at an open letter that lay on his desk in front of him; and Anthony, puzzled by the scowl, unconsciously permitted his eyes to wander toward its apparent cause. The letter was written on robin's-egg-blue note paper in the typical handwriting of the twentieth-century fashionable schoolgirl.

"It's Malvina again," conjectured Anthony immediately. "I wonder what she's up to now."

Middleton, after a moment, looked up and said, "Sit down, please, Avery, won't you?"

Then he continued rereading the letter. Then he shoved it impatiently to one side. Then he drew a long breath, only to release it in something that resembled a groan. He sat back in his chair and commenced tapping the mahogany desk with his pencil, nervously, almost angrily.

"I find myself in a ridiculous predicament, Avery," he said at last. "It has its comic side, I suppose, and yet in a sense it's rather tragic. Frankly, I'm at a loss what to do. That's why I called you in, Avery."

He shot a glance at Anthony that conveyed both doubt and appeal. Anthony, mystified, but perceiving no necessity for an answer on his part, merely nodded as sympathetically as he could. There was a silence.

"It's my daughter," said Middleton abruptly, explosively. "It's Malvina. You've met my daughter, haven't you, Avery?"

"I know her very slightly, sir."

Middleton emitted a rasping, ironical grunt.

"For that matter, so do I," he said.

Once more he regarded Anthony, this time slowly and appraisingly, taking in every detail from his hair to his boots. It was as if he contemplated purchasing him.

"You go around a good deal—socially?" he inquired.

Anthony flushed. Was his butterfly past to be brought up against him, he wondered—that past which he had so earnestly striven to obliterate by months of conscientious industry and studiousness? If so, it was manifestly unfair—it was disgracefully unfair.

"I used rather to enjoy going out a little," he admitted, "but during the last three months I have cut that all out." He hesitated an instant, and then, unable to resist the temptation, blurted out: "All this spring I have devoted my spare time to a correspondence course. I have been trying, sir, to render myself fit for—for more important work."

Mr. Middleton nodded absently.

"Yes," he murmured—"yes. I remember someone's telling me about that. Very praiseworthy. I take it, though, you haven't forgotten how to dance?"

Anthony confessed that he had not.

"Well," said Middleton with a huge sigh, "I'd better tell you all about it—let you in on the ground floor. If I can make you thoroughly understand the situation you will perhaps not think the proposition I'm going to put up to you so—well, so absurd.

"My daughter, Avery, is—or was—engaged to marry young Winthrop Blaine. Both of them are too young, of course, and the engagement would have been a long one. That is to say, it would have been a long one had not young Blaine broken it off himself day before yesterday."

"Oh!" exclaimed Anthony. "That was pretty rotten of him, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it was pretty rotten of him from my daughter's point of view at any rate. Personally, I'm not sorry. Never liked him in spite of his money and his position. The trouble is that Malvina—my daughter—did like him, or at least she thought she did, which amounts to the same thing. She's just a child, you see, and, I'm afraid, rather a spoiled, headstrong child. She's always had everything she wants. My fault, of course. Well, she wanted young Blaine and she got him—for a while. Some chorus girl's got him now, I believe."

"That's abominable, sir!" exclaimed Anthony with very commendable horror in his tone.

He Radiated Gratitude and Joy at That, and the Orchestra, as if Responsive to His Mood, Began to Play Till the Clouds Roll By. He Joined Malvina

"It's abominable for Malvina, certainly, and no doubt for the chorus girl too. But my interest is, of course, only in Malvina and in how she reacts to what is, for her, a very humiliating situation. She's very proud, Malvina is—almost arrogant, I'm afraid. She's been rather lording it over the other girls at her school—boasting a little, I mean, about being engaged and all that, raving about the divine qualities of her fiancé."

"Only natural," murmured Anthony.

"Yes, but trying for the other girls who have no fiancés to rave about. The engagement, fortunately, had not been formally announced; in fact nobody would have known of it if Malvina had been able to keep quiet. But she wasn't able. She didn't, it appears, tell the girls who her man was; but she did promise that she would show him to them—parade him round the ring—at the graduating exercises up there at Miss Bent's school. That was when they had planned to announce their engagement publicly. Well, those graduating exercises take place in exactly three days."

Mr. Middleton paused impressively.

"I see," said Anthony, who didn't, however, see at all.

"In three days," repeated Middleton; "and she has no fiancé to show off."

"Yes—what a shame! It must be very hard on her. Young girls are so pitiless about that sort of thing, especially if they've—if they think somebody's been lording it over them."

"Exactly! That's what my daughter points out in her letter here. Perhaps I'd better read you a bit of it so that you will comprehend how really tragic her situation seems to her. But remember, Avery, she's very young—only seventeen—and the young take things hard. So make allowances if she sounds a little hysterical."

"Of course," agreed Anthony patiently.

Middleton picked up the sheet of note paper and ran through it swiftly until he came to a passage which he evidently deemed quotable and effective.

"This is what she says," he began. Then he read:

"'You see, dad, what an awful mess I'm in. I've made all the girls envious, and most of them are so envious that they absolutely hate me. My life won't be bearible [*sic!*] when they find out I've been thrown down like that, and I can't even pretend that it was me that threw him down, because just yesterday I was raving about how perfectly wonderful he was and what a hurry I was in to marry him. Of course, now I know that he's nothing but a low-down skunk ——'

"The modern generation is rather brutal," interjected Middleton, and continued hastily: "'—— and I don't see how I ever thought differently about him. But that doesn't help me now in the least. I'm absolutely desperite [*sic!*] and think I'll kill myself or something. If only I had some man I could pretend was him—someone I could show to the girls so I wouldn't be a laughingstock and an object of derision. I can't bear their laughter, and I think I'll kill myself or something. And I won't have anybody at all to dance with at the dance on Saturday night. I'll be absolutely disgraced and I don't feel I can bear it. Can't you help me somehow, dad, or I won't ever be the same again. I wish I knew some boy I could ask up just for those two days; but if I asked any boy I knew he'd just go and tell everybody about it and I'd be laughed at more than ever. So I really think unless you can help me that I'll kill myself or something.'"

Mr. Middleton here stopped and, unsmiling, put the letter back on his desk.

"You see how it is, Avery?" he inquired. "It's the first humiliation she's encountered in her life, and it hurts. Of course, it's somewhat her own fault for having boasted too much—sort of set herself up above the rest, I suppose. They'll kick her the harder when they find she's down. Poor kid!"

"As you say," agreed Anthony, "it's tragic from her point of view. Isn't there something you can do—take her out of the school, perhaps, before the graduation exercises?"

Middleton, rapping once more on the desk with his pencil, shook his head slowly in discouraged negation.

"They'd only make it worse for her later. She wouldn't be able to hold up her head when the true reason came out. No; as I see it, she's got to face the music and get through those two days as well as she can. But I was wondering——"

He paused, doubtless to formulate that about which he was wondering. Then: "I was wondering," he said, "if we couldn't do something to make it easier for her."

Anthony, at the use of the plural pronoun "we," began to wonder a little himself; but he was far from expecting the amazing proposal which his employer laid before him.

"If you'll overlook the baldness of the compliment," said Mr. Middleton, "you're a very presentable young man, Avery, and I've no doubt you're a very tactful young man as well. I know, by having watched your work here in the office, that you're intelligent. Oh, yes, Avery, don't imagine I haven't followed your work and appreciated it at its true worth. I consider you one of our most valuable men—a man with a certain future."

There had crept into Mr. Middleton's usually unenthusiastic voice a suspicious touch of smoothness and urbanity. Almost there was in it a caressing note, and a fixed smile widened his florid jowls as he continued:

"You know that we have definitely decided to open our uptown office in the Beldmore, Avery. Yes, that is decided. What we have not decided is who to put in charge of it; but whoever we do select will find himself holding down an exceedingly profitable and important position. I might say a position which will prove a stepping-stone to assured success in the financial world."

"I Admit It, Sir, and I, Too, am Sorry. I Quite Understand Your Attitude"

"I quite appreciate that, sir," said Anthony, trying to appear calm. "It will be a position of responsibility."

"It will be a position demanding both intelligence and tact. Our manager will have to be what is known as a good mixer. He will have to possess many of the qualities of a diplomat, for uptown clients are of both sexes, and the uptown broker must be affable as well as reliable. The man who trades in a hotel office makes of that office his club. It is a sort of social meeting place, and no sour-faced, strait-laced manager, whatever his ability may be, will succeed in keeping together a clientele for long."

"I can understand that, I think," said Anthony, wondering what all this had to do with Malvina and her very pitiful plight.

"Well," Middleton went on, "the point is this: What would you say, Avery, to packing up your suitcase and running up to Blenheim-on-the-Hudson for the week-end?"

"Blenheim-on-the-Hudson!" repeated Anthony.

"Yes, that's where my daughter's school is—Miss Bent's school, you know."

"Oh!" exclaimed Anthony. "Oh!" And he found nothing more adequate to say.

"Surprises you a bit, eh? Sort of staggers you, I suppose; but you see what I mean?"

"I'm not sure I do."

"It's simple enough. My daughter's got to have a man—a fiancé in fact—for the duration of the commencement exercises. What she wants I've always given her. Foolish of me, maybe, but she's the only person I have left to give anything to. Well, she wants, as I say, a fiancé, for the week-end. She can't ask anybody she knows to fill the rôle, or anyone her friends know, because the man has got to disappear from sight as soon as his—er—job is done. Now I venture to say that you're the ideal man, Avery; and if you prove to be—I mean if you live up to my expectations, as I'm sure you will—why, I see no reason to prevent your being appointed manager of our Beldmore office. Of course, I can't precisely promise that; but I can promise you my vote and hearty support, and I have some little influence in the matter of appointments and promotions."

Here Mr. Middleton paused to let the idea sink in. He was asking of Avery a very extraordinary service; but he knew that at the same time he was dangling before the young man's eyes a very tempting bribe. Anthony, of course, when he had recovered sufficiently from his amazement, understood equally well the importance of what was being offered him. But it was the very absurdity, the frivolousness of the job that he was being asked to undertake that rendered him hesitant to undertake it. Not, surely, by silly playacting had he thought to gain that coveted managership!

With more than a little bitterness, he recalled those long, arduous evenings spent in monkish seclusion, wrestling with the correspondence courses as grimly as early Christian saints had wrestled with the devil. Industry, sobriety, determination! How, he asked himself, had they benefited him? No, it was not they, but, on the contrary, what he had given up for them that had put the plum of advancement within his reach. It was his social presentableness, his ability to dance, his training in handling teacups, his possession of dress clothes and, presumably, of a certain amount of *savoir-faire* that was leading him upward to success. There was a situation, surely, to rejoice the heart of a cynic!

"I'd like to think it over, Mr. Middleton," he said. "It's—it's very startling."

But his employer, shaking his head, pointed out that there was no time to spare for meditation. The case demanded instant action, and if Anthony could not see his way to a prompt acceptance, why, Mr. Middleton would have to look elsewhere.

"Ability to come quickly to decisions, Avery," he pointed out, "is a quality that we demand in our office manager."

Viewing the problem in this light, Anthony realized that there was but one answer he could make. Opportunity, he had been told often enough, knocks but once at every man's door. He would be nothing more than a vacillating coward should he refuse to open.

He stood up, rested the palms of his hands on Mr. Middleton's mahogany desk, threw back his head, and, with the air of a proud Horatius, volunteered for duty.

"That's fine," said Middleton cordially—"that's fine! I thought you'd see the thing through, Avery. It's a little fantastic, of course, but it will be all over in two days, and you will have put me under obligations to you—obligations which I shall endeavor to repay."

"Oh," protested Anthony, "I'm not thinking about that, sir."

"Well, I am," said Middleton; "and now let's see about the details. I shall telegraph Malvina at once and say you are coming on Friday afternoon. There's a train, as I remember, that leaves the Grand Central at 4:15 and gets you to Blenheim about an hour later. Malvina will meet you at the station. Fortunately, you know each other at least by sight; so you won't have to wear a green carnation in your lapel for identification purposes, eh?"

"Fortunately," murmured Anthony.

"You will stay at the inn—the Purple Lion, it's called—very fair accommodation too. Sunday evening you will be at liberty to return home, your own master. Needless to say, your engagement will not actually be announced; but it will, of course, be assumed to exist. In this way you will avoid newspaper notoriety, which would naturally be embarrassing for you."

"Very," agreed Anthony emphatically.

"And," Mr. Middleton continued, "once the graduation exercises are over, you will be under no obligation whatsoever to—to—well, let us say to carry on in your rôle. My daughter will be going up to Bar Harbor in any case for the summer, and Bar Harbor is a long way for a hard-working young business man to commute to. Nobody will expect it of you; nobody will accuse Malvina's fiancé of lukewarmness, I mean. Then, in the course of the summer, Malvina will announce that she has broken off her engagement. That lets you out with no harm done, and it lets her out with her pride unscathed. Yes, Avery, it works out very nicely, you see."

"I see, sir," said Avery ruefully.

"Good boy!" said Middleton, and rose and shook Anthony's hand and called it a day.

IV

WHEN the local train for Albany pulled out of the Grand Central station at 4:15 on Friday it contained, among other people and things, Anthony B. Avery and his large suitcase. It contained no more inwardly agitated young man than Anthony. During the three days that had intervened between his decision to undertake the venture and his departure upon it he had suffered the torments of one who, without training or experience, is thrust out upon the public stage to play the part of Romeo. Moreover, Anthony was not by nature an actor.

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MY SECRET AMBITION

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER DE MARIS

A Home, if It Is to Bear the Remotest Resemblance to Success, Must Have at Least One Parent Constantly in It

THERE is some kind of jolt that will act as cure to every habit in the world except matrimony. For all other addicts there is an open sesame to freedom—a sensitive place in the subconscious which, if the proper "Booh!" is shouted at it, will react instantly and for good and all. This, of course, is the simple basis of cure by suggestion and of all those faith healings which every day in every way are becoming more and more popular. It's getting the patient to work for himself, that's all, and the only way to do this is to throw a scare into him which really registers by hitting that guilty spot which the frankest of us are inclined to bundle up as long as possible in a comfortable wadding of self-delusion.

In order to reach said hot spot of conscious guilt, severe measures are sometimes necessary, and the more necessary the more severe. As a good illustration of what I mean, here is some dope from a dentist friend of mine. He told it to me himself in one of those cozy moments when he had the rubber dam spread neatly over my powers of speech, held there with a ten-pound weight, a steel vise, the jack out of his flivver and a couple of old spark plugs. At least that's how it felt at the time. Then he spoke that classic line beginning "Now this is going to hurt a little," and went after me with a pickax and something which sounded like the old saw Jake used to bring around to grandpa's farm, autumns, to cut the winter's wood supply. Then in my helpless condition he told me the following story.

When Joe, the Gas Fiend, Reformed

IT SEEMS this dentist had a young assistant who was a gas fiend. I don't mean he burned it, dear landlady; I mean he inhaled it. He loved to wrap himself around a couple of quarts of laughing gas and laugh himself unconscious, dream he was John D. Rockefeller with a full head of curly brown hair, or that Lillian Gish had asked him to marry her. What with business very slow in the Painless Parlors—which were painless chiefly because nobody came in to be pained—why, I suppose it was rather better fun than watching the Elevated trains go by, at that.

"For a long time," said my dentist, "I knew he must be taking the stuff because it went so fast, but I could never catch him at it. Then one day I came in the office, and there he lay in the chair, the pipe just dropping from his mouth. I was so darn mad I jammed it in again, put him well under and pulled out four front teeth. Then I set the teeth on the stand before him all in a row, nice and neat, laid the pliers beside them and walked out.

"Two hours later I came back and he was nowhere around. Finally I located him in the laboratory hard at work. He wouldn't look at me, nor speak, at first. Finally I hit him on the shoulder.

"'Hi, Joe!' said I. 'What's the matter, anyhow?'

"'Hang it all!' says Joe, like he had a flannel cake in his mouth, 'I took a shot of gash and pulled all my own teesh out! I'm off the stuff for lifsh!'"

And he was. Whether or not the doc made Joe a reformation present of a set of store teeth, he neglected to mention, but he did testify to the fellow's absolute cure.

But just what the cure for lady authors is I have not yet discovered. Nor do I know how to remedy the rapidly increasing habit in women of self-support. Like a cold in the head, we have become so used to the idea of having it among us, and considering it as catching but not serious, that we have ceased to pay much attention to the matter. It is no longer a question, it is a condition, and even I myself would probably never have reopened the discussion had not somebody recently inquired as to my secret ambition and asked me to discuss the matter in writing.

At once the subject struck me as interesting. To begin with, we all like to discuss ourselves, and particularly do we enjoy divulging our secrets, or something which will reasonably pass as such. Then again, it was palpable that we all do have secret ambitions; that pretty nearly every one of us has felt that, given the right conditions, we would have been, ah, so different! A subject which I have discussed sketchily in a previous article. But when it came right down to my own secret ambition, that was something yet again.

Did I know my secret ambition? Could I get honest enough with myself to discover what it really was, and when I found it would I be willing to confess? Faced by this problem, there was nothing for it but to take off the high-heeled shoes, pin back the front hair in that unbecoming but comfortable manner, smear a little cold cream around the eyes, and indulge in one of those hours of relaxation when, certain sure there is no one watching her, a woman can afford a thorough self-examination.

My first impulse was to acclaim that my ambition had always been to write. And in a way that is true. But then, earlier in my career I wanted, very badly, to be a boarding-house keeper. At one time there seemed to me no position more exalted, powerful and respect-commanding. I longed to inspire terror in the hearts of my subjects, to be the arbiter of prunes and gaslight, to float ponderously from floor to floor carrying Fate with me, groveled to by my boarders. It was a tremendous conception, soul-stirring; and at times the contemplation of it carried me into a frenzy of secret exaltation. I may mention in passing that at this period I was six years old and that we owed for about two weeks. I resolved that when I grew up and was a boarding-house keeper, I would board nice parents like mine with such a charming child, absolutely free, and feel honored to do so.

But the above was not an unclouded ambition. Side by side with it, and constantly in conflict with my longing to be a landlady, was the burning wish to be a ballet dancer. In those days ballet dancers still wore a few clothes, although the more conservative of our American ladies did not consider them sufficient, by any means. But I, with the customary daring of the younger set, was strong for the costume and craved to wear it. You recall the rig, I'm sure—a white tulle ruffle reaching almost to the knee, and a pink silk corset affair. With this went bathing shoes of sorts, strapped à la Ostend, and a carefree manner tra-la-la! I spent many an hour of terrific struggle striving to decide between dancing and dunning. I have entirely recovered from all desire to run a boarding house, but the dancing part of it has won out to a survival which occasionally crops out in my dreams. [Mr. Freud, kindly not take notice.]

Of course there followed in due sequence the ambition to be a nun, an actress and a suffrage leader, and all these went by the board in a perfectly normal, healthy fashion. I cannot truly say that I was ever ambitious to be a writer—I just naturally wrote. But one ambition, the earliest and still the most persistent, was to be a mother; a housewife with a good husband and a nice large family of troublesome, healthy children.

It All Comes From Playing With Dolls

I BLAME this entirely upon my own mother. The wretched woman, long before I was sufficiently conscious of self-determination to protect myself, gave me dolls to play with; dolls, tea sets, doll carriages, little beds, and all the paraphernalia of domesticity in miniature. Of course I will admit that she probably did not realize what she was doing, and in a more enlightened age would have provided typewriters, manuscript paper, income-tax-return blanks and Whosis manual of public speaking, instead. But why decry her ignorance, now that it is too late? The damage was done long ago, with the result aforementioned. She implanted in me a profound basic ambition to be a good wife and mother, and I have never been able to get over it.

That, on closest examination, is my secret ambition, and, as things look right now, it doesn't seem as if it would ever be fulfilled. True, I have a husband—a second husband, to be exact—and I am the proud possessor of the cutest, sweetest, smartest kid on earth—except yours, of course. But I am not a good wife and mother in the correct and accepted sense of the words. I am a professional woman—a work addict, a writing fiend with a taste for independence and an income of my own, and a craving for my profession which, break away from it as I might endeavor to, would leave me at the end of a short period nervous as the worst cocaine user, intolerable until I got my stimulant again.

To me those women who incorrectly claim that they can do two jobs at once, the professional and the domestic, and do justice to both, are bound in short order to lay the

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I Cannot be the Sort of Wife and Mother Which Seems to Me Ideal and at the Same Time Do My Job as a Purveyor of Public Entertainment

Mr. Harris Meets Mr. Harris

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

With Not More Than a Moment's Hesitation She Intrusted Her Fingers to the Large Lady's Coaxing Palm

WHERE are you going on your vacation, Harris?" asked Littlejohn. "Long Beach? Far Rockaway? Asbury Park?"

"None of those. I can't afford them this year," I said. I am perfectly frank with Littlejohn. He is a certified public accountant; he audits my books and prepares my income-tax statements. "Business wasn't so good this spring. I can't afford to go to a place where I have to put on a front."

"You can get accommodations very reasonably at any of those places."

"It's the people one meets," I said. "It's the neighbors. At those fashionable hotels they put on such a front that Mrs. Harris would not think of going there without a lot of new dresses. I'm tired of going broke to keep up appearances."

"You are looking for a quiet place where you would not have to fuss and put on," he said understandingly. "A place where there is no competition. How long a vacation are you taking?"

"Three weeks or a month. There's nothing doing in New York real estate in the hot weather."

"I've got the very place for you, Harris," said Littlejohn. "George Hewlett has a seashore place down on Shovel Nose Island that should suit you down to the ground. He's going to spend the season at his château in the Thousand Islands, and he told me I could use this other. But I can't get away until August."

"What's the rent?"

"There is no rent. It can't be rented; there's some restriction. Do you know Shovel Nose? It's as exclusive as that place where Robinson Crusoe lived. It's only fifty miles from the city line, but there's no transportation; you might get there in two hours, and it might take you two days. You take the South Shore Railroad to Bayhead, and then you catch the ferry across the South Bay, when you catch it. It runs, unless the captain has gone fishing. I believe it's a nice place. Hewlett says so; he talks about it as if it were the only place to go, and he's worth three millions if he's worth a dime. I know; I get up his tax statements."

"Are the people there nice? Mrs. Harris ——"

"Hewlett says they're the salt of the earth. They're a bit queer, possibly; you can imagine the sort that would be willing to be marooned on a desert island for the summer."

"Ah, school-teachers, I suppose; and writers, and retired business men."

"They don't need to bother you," he said. "Do you want it?"

Mrs. Harris was delighted when I told her that I had found a house for our vacation. I had told her that we might be obliged to remain in the city over the heated term; I am perfectly frank with Mrs. Harris. Indeed, if I may lay claim to any small virtue it is that of frankness; I have no patience with the small deceits and impostures practiced in a social and business way by so many people. I always say that such people deceive only themselves. If I had my way everybody would be frank and straightforward; but then one must take the world as he finds it.

"What is the good of all this pretending?" I have objected more than once when having a friend up to dinner and Mrs. Harris had taken in a waiter and a dinner from the local caterer. "He knows that we are very simple people."

"He does not begin to know how simple you are, Asa," she replied. "Run inside now and dress; and, mind, none of your simple jokes and remarks at the dinner table."

So now, as the launch which had ferried us across from Bayhead bumped against the crooked and staggering spiles of the Shovel Nose pier, she frowned at the lines of lowly bungalows ashore; but her disillusionment was not of my making.

"A millionaire's seashore place!" she murmured doubtingly.

"Exactly, my dear," I insisted. "A millionaire three times over."

The inhabitants of the bungalows had come down to meet the boat; its arrival was evidently a welcome break in the monotony of their lives. They had all come, some seventy or eighty of them, the men in army shirts and corduroys and steeple-crowned straw hats of a familiar twenty-five-cent pattern, the women in varicolored sweaters and worsted skirts, the children half naked. The women were bareheaded, quite a few of them were sunburned so that the whites of their eyes shone like those of colored people. The men, I discovered, wore hats because they were less hardened to the unmitigated glare of the sun, being mostly week-enders.

After the other passengers had scrambled to the pier and had been received with shouts and embraces, a stout and elderly female in a red blazer and duck skirt espied us sitting quietly. She approached, set a rubber-soled shoe at the edge of the pier and reached down a hand.

"Welcome to Shovel Nose, Mrs. Littlejohn!" she said with a cordial and familiar smile.

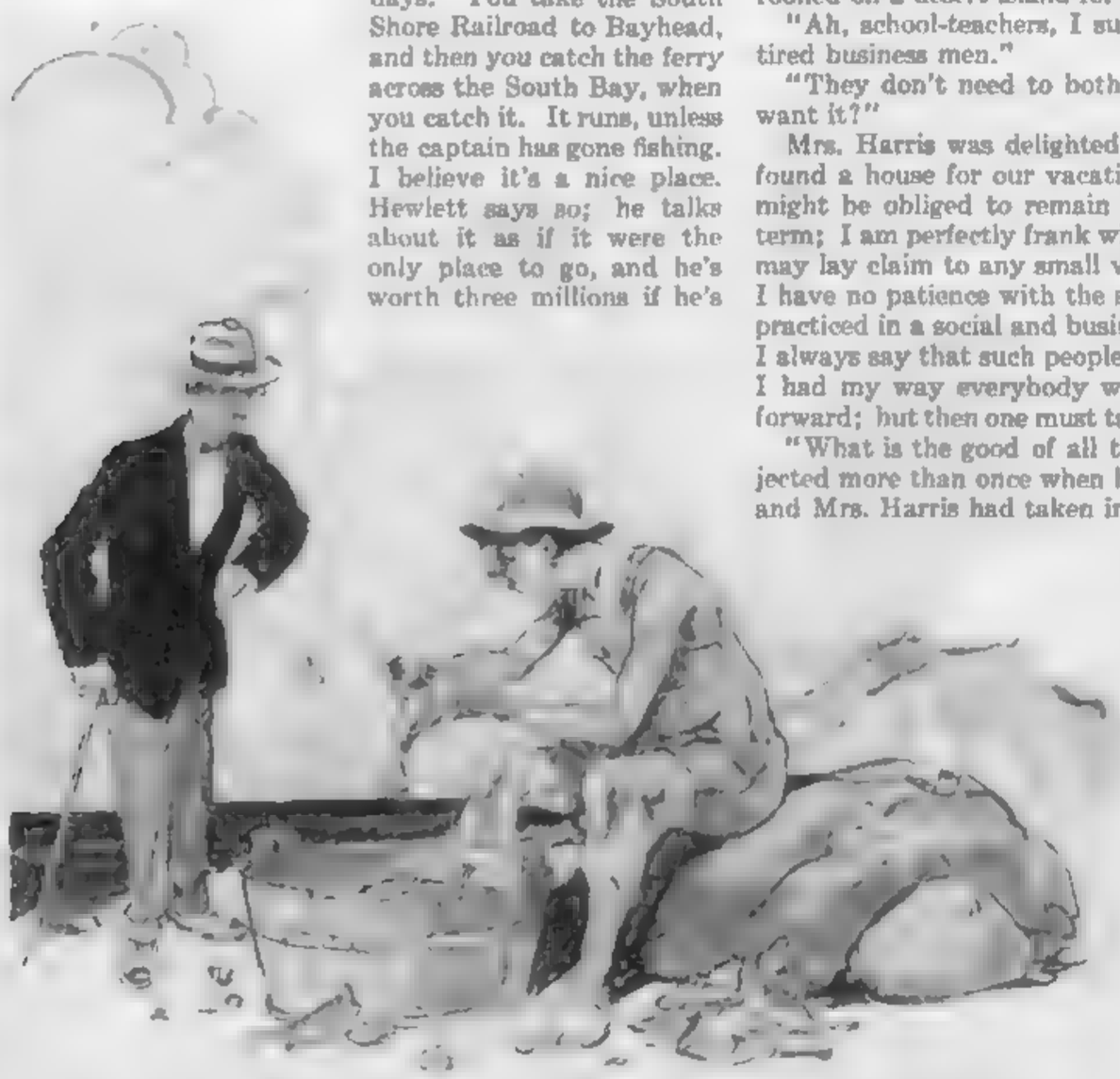
"The name is Potts-Harris," said my wife, after regarding this person uncertainly.

With not more than a moment's hesitation she intrusted her fingers to the large lady's coaxing palm. The large lady promptly leaned back and twitched Mrs. Harris to the wharf.

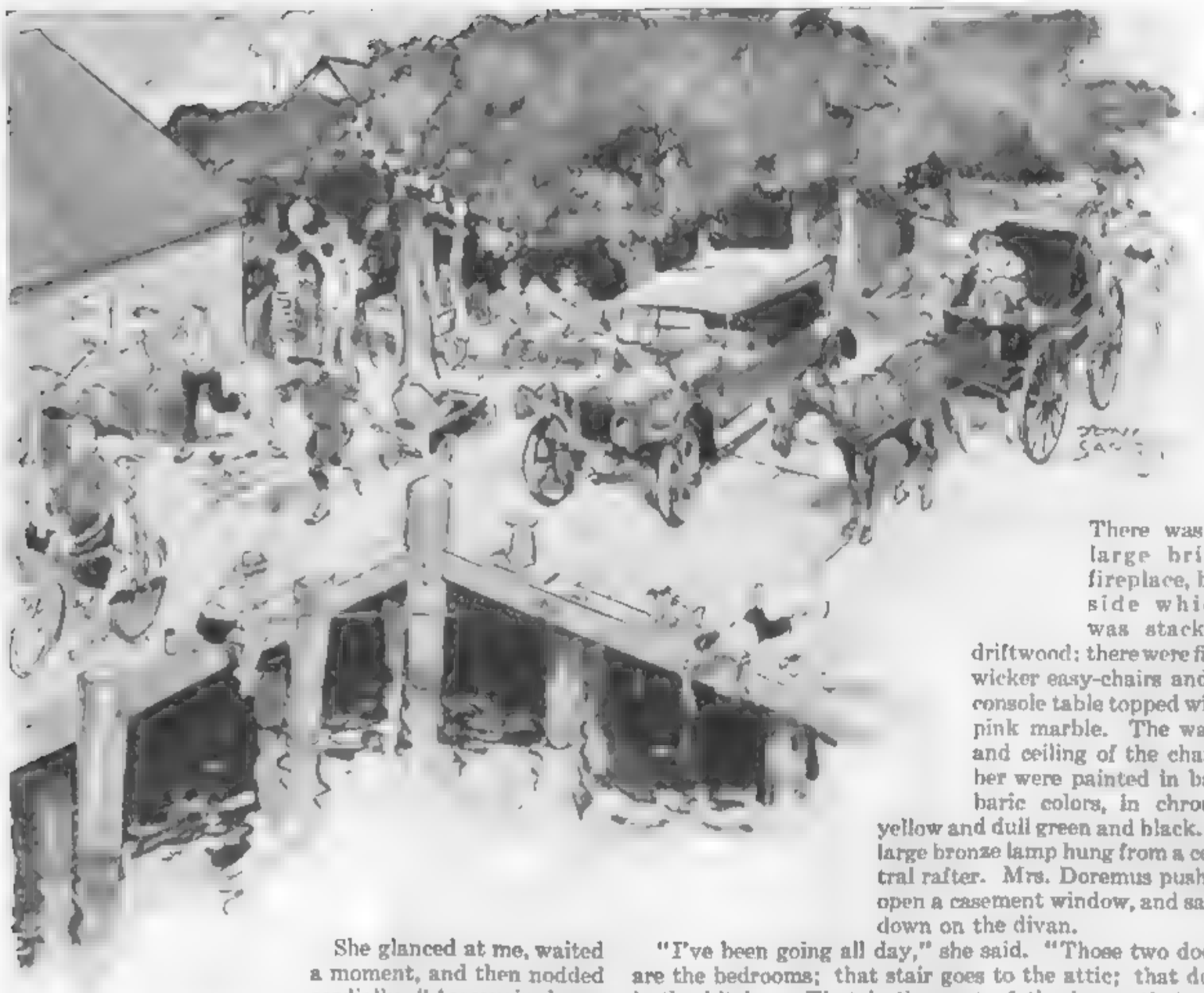
"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Harris reprovingly.

I clambered hastily from the boat. I am a small man, and I did not fancy the appearance I should present while being snaked out of the vessel by this muscular female.

"I am Mrs. Doremus," said the large lady, shaking her shoulders. "We expected Mr. and Mrs. Littlejohn, but we shall be ever so glad to have you, Mrs. Potts-Harris."



He Made Incredibly Quick Work of His Task, Seeming Indeed to Take a Grisly Pleasure in It



There was a large brick fireplace, beside which was stacked driftwood; there were five wicker easy-chairs and a console table topped with pink marble. The walls and ceiling of the chamber were painted in barbaric colors, in chrome yellow and dull green and black. A large bronze lamp hung from a central rafter. Mrs. Doremus pushed open a casement window, and sank down on the divan.

"I've been going all day," she said. "Those two doors are the bedrooms; that stair goes to the attic; that door is the kitchen. That is the part of the house that will interest you most, Mrs. Potts-Harris. Go in, dear, and see how nice he has it."

We went into the kitchen, which was painted a glaring white. There was a copper sink, a soapstone washtub, a coal stove and an oil stove. The water supply was from a tank over the sink; the tank connected with a hand pump under the dresser.

"No gas, no electric light, no running water!" I muttered in my wife's ear. "And no servant to do anything! It looks as if we've let ourselves in for a busy summer, Vera."

With the same mistaken sympathy, Mrs. Doremus watched us crossing the main room again and going in to view the bedchambers. The bedding was in place, as Littlejohn had promised, and the beds were clean, with good hair mattresses. There was a washstand in each room freshly filled with water, and fresh towels in a rack.

"Don't you just love it?" crowed Mrs. Doremus. "It's so cozy and homy. Imagine, dear, you will do all your own housework! You'll find ice in the box outside the back door, and some fresh vegetables and a lovely weakfish."

"There is ice, at least," I said.

"Oh, yes; we have everything here. You'll find an express wagon outside the back door, too; you'll need it to carry your ice and milk and groceries from the boat. You'll want it to fetch your coal up from the boat also. And when you want firewood you can get all you need out on the beach. There's an ax and bucksaw outside the back door too. There's a five-gallon oil can under the kitchen table; Mr. Potts-Harris can bring more when that is used. We are sometimes short of fresh meat, but that need not worry you; George Hewlett's sharpie is lying down at the pier, and Mr. Potts-Harris can catch you plenty of fish and dig you clams. Oh, I know you are both going to be so much at home here; you are going to love it!"

She arose, beaming at us, and strode to the door.

"I must run along home now to get Mr. Doremus' dinner. He's been up the beach, fishing in the surf. I do wonder what we are going to have to eat! Good afternoon."

I went out to the ice box and found the promised fish. It was large and slippery, bristling with spines, and altogether repellent. I filled a rusty dish pan at the pump and sat down on the back steps to disembowel the creature. I was still working over it when darkness came on, but I did not regret the lapse of time. I had left Mrs. Harris slumped down on the divan, disconsolate and unable to select among unpleasant and accusatory remarks for their very plenitude. I trusted that she would perceive the necessity for mutual forbearance and helpfulness between castaways. She still sat there while I bustled about, building a fire of driftwood, tending the oil stove, lighting the lamps, pumping water. Until one is thus thrown on one's own resources on a desert island one can have no adequate conception of the sum of manual labor involved in carrying on the processes of even semicivilized living. But she was so overcome by the prospect before her as to be incapable of spirited reproaches.

"I am not used to this, Asa," she said weakly. "You should not have brought me to this terrible place, Asa."

The poor girl's lament was justified; she had, indeed, not been accustomed to crude and primitive living. Mrs. Harris was city bred and had been reared among refined and genteel surroundings. When I courted her she was a saleslady in a department store, moving in a rich and cultured atmosphere among beautiful things. Her white hands were used to the caresses of silks and satins—she sold neckties—and were not inured to pot-keeling and kitchen drudgery. As we sat now in the bleak and limited shine of the lamp and pried at the recalcitrant fish I saw in my mind's eye the home from which I had taken this delicate creature; a home where water waited in the taps, where electric light shone overhead, where coal and ice came ever anew and of their own motions into their appointed boxes, where groceries and fish and meat lay on the dumb-waiter ready to the hands of her mother at the gas range. I had thought that home rather ordinary—it was a twenty-five-dollar flat on

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She glanced at me, waited a moment, and then nodded cordially. "Are you in charge here, madam?" asked Mrs. Harris, at once regaining her poise. "As much as anybody," said Mrs. Doremus with comic aggressiveness.

"Then perhaps you will be good enough to direct us to the Hewlett cottage," said Mrs. Harris.

Mrs. Doremus lifted two of our four grips and marched away with them.

I insisted upon taking them from her. I rather liked her, but I was on my guard against her, as one must always be on one's guard in strange communities; she was, for all I knew, the official baggage smasher of this place. She strode ahead of us down the single boardwalk which ran from bay to ocean across the island.

The houses of the settlement faced the walk on both sides. They were of the style of architecture which is called a story and a half, consisting of a ground floor and an attic lit by hooded windows. They were severally of four to seven rooms, with screened verandas; neat enough structures, but decidedly commonplace. There was no shrubbery about them; the only green things springing from the white sand roundabout were scrawny pines and thickets of beach plums and wild roses and huckleberries and tousled salt grass. They would have looked unsightly in the extreme if set amid stucco Colonials in any smart suburb; but here, in this vivifying air, with the rumbling of the surf on an inhospitable beach somewhere off there behind the dunes, they did surprisingly well for human habitations. A phonograph was going in one of them; on the veranda sat a row of the roughly clad natives, drinking in with silent enjoyment the hackneyed strains of the Sextet from Lucia. Before another stood a man in hip boots, holding up to view a large and blood-smeared flounder; two brown urchins raced, yelling, over the sand hills toward him. Our conductor paused and spoke at length about string beans to a wild-looking woman who was grubbing among some low and bushlike plants. Mrs. Doremus introduced us to the agriculturalist, whose name I did not bother to remember. It was late afternoon; the air was informed with a remarkably appetizing scent of frying fish and sizzling bacon grease.

"I know you will just love it here," said Mrs. Doremus.

The boardwalk rose steeply to climb the dunes, and we found ourselves confronted by the Atlantic Ocean. The sun was setting behind us, and the prospect of endless and restless water was wild and forbidding; but Mrs. Doremus looked at us with a sympathetic smile, as though she had invited us to view an ordered garden.

Then she turned aside and entered the veranda of a gray and weather-beaten shack which huddled among the dunes. On a rusted iron arm which projected from the veranda hung a painted board; on it was the name of the hut: All Hands.

The door was unlocked. We entered a square chamber whose furniture showed it to be a combination living room and dining room. A divan, beneath a row of casement windows, took up the farther side of the room; through the windows I saw again the glancing waters of the sea.

Doremus Let Me Carry the Fish

THE MAN WHO PICKED THE PRIMROSES

By May Edginton

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

"QUICK!" said Sir Edward. "Look! There goes Tristram." Lord Justice Henley looked up; Cathcart and Colonel Witts looked up swiftly; and indeed they saw Tristram passing out of the dining room, where he must have sat, unobserved, among them.

"Lunching in the club on his wedding day!" said the judge with a mild laugh.

"Fancy poor old Tristram," said Colonel Witts, "of all men in this poor old world, marrying his cook!"

"Aha!" said Sir Edward, and there were stories in his eye. "I remember ——"

Young Bertie Tristram got slowly off his bed—where he had been indulging in an after-lunch nap; he had fancied a nap, so he took it—and yawned. He stretched his well-knit strong body, and looked out of the window. It was a hot day; he could see the river shine through the fringing trees. The river was sleepy, for the time was midweek, and there was not a soul in view upon it. From the river Tristram drew his gaze back to the nearer vista of the garden. Like most riverside gardens, Sir Edward Little's garden was rich in flowers. They nourished themselves in the warm moist air. Two tennis lawns spread invitingly below him. Rose trees made avenues with shaven turf like a ceremonial carpet unrolled between. Tristram leaned from his window until he could see Lady Little wandering idly beyond the rose trees and the lawns, between the borders of delphiniums and lavender. She was a tall, willowy woman who wore white all summer, and she fancied her picture between the high blue delphiniums.

It was well. She was waiting there all alone, posing her solitary pictures; she had not taken the skiff as she sometimes did when she wanted to dream away an hour or two after Tristram's kisses.

She Was a Tall, Willowy Woman Who Wore White All Summer, and She Fancied Her Picture Between the High Blue Delphiniums

Young Bertie Tristram—and he was not so very young either; he would never see thirty again, only he looked as smooth as a boy, having all his life done nothing, suffered nothing—looked quickly into his mirror, approved the face he saw there, hitched his perfect flannels and went out. He dodged under the shadow of a yew hedge down to the boathouse, untied the skiff and pushed off.

The skiff glided lazily on the river's sleepy breast, downstream. He hardly had to propel her. It was so hot, and the sun burned. All things were sleepy.

He thought, "One of the loveliest times of life—a hot country afternoon."

His thoughts went very slowly, lazily, and yet with their usual anticipation, to the girl who awaited him a little way ahead. A few hundred yards ahead, half a mile before one reached the lock, she would await him. Concealed in the bushes on the green bank, the slimmest white thing in girls, he could image her peering through the whispering boughs for the first sign of his coming.

It was wonderful—the way in which almost every afternoon he had escaped Hester Little's jealous eyes, and glided down the river to this adventure, which he had found so delightfully the very first day he came for his visit to Edward's place.

The last hundred yards almost set even his accustomed heart beating faster.

Then he could see her, the little white girl, only eighteen years old, with her small emotional face as colorless as was her frock, and her big eyes shining, distended like black stars.

It came to him during that last hundred yards, vaguely as it often came to him, how endless and tireless was this adventure, the adventure of women.

He threw the tiller rope over an overhanging bough; he jumped out.

There she was, concealed, trembling and ecstatic among the bushes.

She was in his arms.

They sat on the bank in the shade. Time went drifting on. She was serious today; too serious. There were things on her mind. He wondered what they were, and instinctively guarded himself. The minds of young girls, the minds of women, were among the many marvels of the world which tremendously fascinated him. He loved probing. But their love meant much mischief; and, worse, much inconvenience if one was not careful.

There was one thing on which young Tristram—who was not so very young after all—prided himself, and that was that he had never been very careless. No. He was clever with women; subtle. He caressed and escaped. There had been several dangerous adventures, several extremely tight corners, and once or twice he had betaken himself to the other side of the world for a while. "My dear," he would say warily, with a sigh, to the love-struck woman, "I must be off again. You know what I am, a born rover. We met too late—you and I."

He had always got away.

The processes—eternally exciting as they were—were now almost mechanical to him.

But he found himself wondering, on the green bank beside the river, what exactly it was that passed agitatedly up and down the narrow ways of the little white girl's mind.

And, kissing her for the fortieth time that afternoon, he asked her; and she told him.

"Secrecy," she said.

Tristram knew that the inevitable difficult moment had arrived between him and the little white girl.

He rolled over on his elbows and considered the grass thoughtfully, regretting the end. She stole a little hand to his, and he kissed it

"Secrecy, Daisy?" he said.

"Well," she whispered, "why don't we ——"

Tristram understood.

He did not often really concern himself with young girls. Their minds were painfully undeveloped. But she had been a temptation. And her childlike coolness after Hester's exigence was rather charming. Still, he understood.

"You're very young, little Daisy," he said tenderly. "You imagine life between men and women is very simple. It is not simple, my dear. There is the thrill of it. It is tortuous; complicated; its ways wind into all sorts of countries that you will visit presently no doubt, because you are a very pretty little daisy indeed. But, dear, you're not thinking ——"

"I was thinking: Why not tell father?"

Tristram considered himself not so much lucky as clever in that he had never so much as seen father. But he could imagine him, in the study of his shabby parsonage, as narrow, as untried almost, as little Daisy herself. And he smiled.

"Daisy," he said, "come here." And she came to his encircling arm. "What on earth have we to tell father, my child? That we like each other very much, that we kiss each other very often, that we meet here daily, and that I am soon going away?"

"Going away!"

She shut her eyes. All the color that he had kissed into her face fled out of it.

"You charming thing," said Tristram caressingly. "I can't stay here forever, can I? You didn't imagine that, did you? A summer day is beautiful, but it comes to an end, dear. All things end, you know."

Then the little girl opened her wide eyes to watch Tristram, and he saw the terror and anguish of new doubt in them.

"But you and I ——"

"You and I have met too late or too early," said Tristram tenderly. "Too late for me, too early for you. I must be off again. I have loved loving you, little Daisy, but soon I shall be gone, you know. And soon, I suppose, you will forget me."

"Oh, I shall not forget you! Oh, you can't mean—you can't mean—that you don't want to marry me! Oh, you can't! You can't! You ——"

Tristram sat upright. He said, "If you only knew how impossible that is, dear ——"

"Oh, why?"

"I've never dreamed of it, dear."

"But—I—I've dreamed of it all night and day."

"Dear little thing," said Tristram in a voice of infinite compassion. "You and I are too far apart for that. Do you realize how far? You're very young."

"I get older every day."

"Very inexperienced."

"I'd learn!"

"Very —— Listen, my dear. Do you want me to tell you, to teach you lots of things before we say good-by?"

"Oh, what? Oh, what?"

Tristram, his arm around the trembling child, told her: "You're a little country girl, Daisy; a little untutored thing. You'd never be happy in my world, my dear. You'd never find your way in it at all. Ah, you've such a lot to learn, my dear, before you could marry a man. You must come out of that funny shell of yours, darling, and open your eyes and see; and open your ears and hear; and not live any more in that strange fairy-book place you seem to imagine is the world. The real world is very different from your fairy book, Daisy; and much better! Far better!" he cried exultantly.

And suddenly he tired, as he always tired, of the green bank and the white little girl; and he wanted to be away.

Never inartistic—though who was she to appreciate artistry in love or anything else?—he kneeled up. He took her hands and kissed them one after the other. He looked into her eyes and kissed them. In a voice full of tenderness he said, "You must grow up, my dear. You must be a mate for a man, not a little white goose. And you'll kiss many men, dear, and learn from them all, before you take yourself a husband, if you're wise. These are not fairy-book things I'm telling you, but they're real things; and you should make yourself woman enough for them."

"I'm not woman enough?" she whispered.

"No," he answered; "you're not woman enough for a man, darling child. But bless you; and forget me."

They were standing together, and she clung to him and cried, "I will never forget you! I cannot forget you! I will write to you, my dear dear! I must write!"

"Yes," he said, "write."

"And you will write too?"

"Whenever I can snatch time, dear," he answered; for he had a great deal of such correspondence.

He was in the skiff again, pulling against the stream; the afternoon sun was still hot over the lazy water; he did not look round to see her prone among the bushes, crying as if she might die with crying.

Tristram went into the garden, but tea was not beneath the chestnut trees, and Hester was not there. He sought her indoors

There she was, pacing up and down the shaded drawing-room like a fury. And indeed she was a fury, a woman scorned.

She had found him out.

It was a scene through which Tristram fought with a good deal of dexterity and some necessary brutality; which he remembered quite several times afterwards with satisfaction and a reminiscent thrill. He remembered how Hester had raged and wept; how the butler had come inadvertently in and slunk out again; how he himself had held her wrists, kissed her in spite of herself, used like a past master all those methods which against their passionate will subjugate women of the Hester Little type.

But before the tempest had worn itself out Edward came home.

Edward Little, home from his varied industries in the City—even then he was chairman of this and of that, director of one and the other great commercial companies behaved quietly and with extreme control. He looked from his wife to his friend, from his friend to his wife; he knew, of course, Tristram's reputation with women—it was common property of the clubs—but somehow it was not only women who forgave young Tristram most things. "If I'd his attraction for 'em I might profit by it too," was how Edward Little looked at the matter.

Yet, coming into that shaded room, seeing his friend and his wife ——

But he had not much to say.

He spoke to his wife. "The child will be here directly, eh?"

And Lady Little replied abruptly, "In a few minutes. Yes! Yes! I'd forgotten!" And she left the room.

Tristram was left alone with Edward.

Often he recalled that quiet moment, and the silence which he broke first.

"Edward," he said easily, "I've had the devil of a row with her ladyship. I'm sure I'm not conscious of offending But coinciding as it does with a wire from Yates telling me ——" So and so and so and so.

Naturally there had been no wire from Yates, and naturally Edward would not quibble over that.

Half an hour later young Bertie Tristram was in the hall with his bags packed, and the car which had just brought the Littles' young daughter from the station took Tristram back to it.

He saw the schoolgirl—home for her holidays—entering, and his rapid eye ran over her peachlike coloring and the fair bobbed head from which she had snatched the hat. He thought, "In a few years she'll be lovely. In a few years."

It was always good to get back from other people's places to one's own, where one was alone, one was natural, where it did not matter if one found oneself out.

The flat was cool in spite of the sultry heat; Yates always managed that.

Yates brought swiftly one of his own peculiar cocktails, and lying back in an armchair, surveying his well-kept window boxes under the sun blinds that still cooled the evening light of the room, Tristram recalled the events of the afternoon. They had verged on the difficulties which his soul abhorred.

His perfect servant, unapprised of his coming, was yet comfortably prepared for such contingencies

"Miss Low can serve you a slice of iced melon, cutlets and green peas, and some asparagus, sir."

"All right," said Tristram.

He dressed.

Miss Low, his cook-housekeeper, served the little meal delicately. Excellent woman! Excellent! Excellent! Another good servant was she, of any age or no age—perhaps older than Tristram, perhaps younger—a woman who never raised her voice, who never presumed, who had no mind beyond the kitchen, ambitionless save to perfect her service. In her way she was as good as Yates, who also was of any age or no age—perhaps older than Tristram himself, perhaps younger—sleek, quiet, dapper, tactful, a treasure of treasures.

"Has anyone called or rung up, Yates?"

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He Saw Himself Once More Mirrored as of Old in a Woman's Shining Eyes

SANDROCK FOLK—By Hal G. Evarts

THE words "pack" and "carry" long since have come to convey a synonymous meaning to the dwellers of the Western hills. It is not strange, therefore, that the little animal, pure Maltese from his pointed nose to the tip of his bushy tail, lovely to look upon but burdened with a bad name for the strange ways of the mountain rat have ever roused both the interest and the ire of the mountain men—should be known as a pack rat from his knavish custom of carrying the treasures of others to some secret cache of his own and there hoarding them.

Among animals, as among men, there is a vast emphasis placed upon property rights, and these rights are defended by cunning or by might, violated as well by the same means, according to the relative endowments of the participants.

Blue, the bushy-tailed Maltese rat, being no respecter of property rights, was well aware of the fact that all the world was against him as he peered from the shady depths of the crevice and surveyed the ten-acre expanse of the sandrock basin that dropped away from his stronghold. The pocket was walled on both sides by yellow sandrock that had been carved into grotesque designs by erosion. The lofty cap rock that rimmed its upper extremity was similarly weathered, as were the dozen or more pillars in the walls themselves that rose from the floor of the basin as so many giant mushrooms. Perhaps a score of gnarled and twisted junipers lifted their feathery green heads above the gray sage that carpeted the pocket. A dozen limber pines, torn and battered, found roothold along the various benches of the walls. A desert in miniature, this little pocket, yet the presence of life-giving moisture was indicated by the dense thickets of gooseberry, currant and wild rose and other brush that grew in matted tangles along the base of the cliffs at three different points where seepage water trickled through the porous sandrock. Similar growths, but of lesser dimensions, sprouted from various breaks in the walls themselves.

Braving the Perils of His World

BLUE scanned the expanse of his home range for some evidence of immediate danger, an element that was ever present in the hourly routine of all sandrock dwellers. Life in the pocket went on only through death, in that inexorable circle of Nature. Insects preyed upon other insects to keep life in themselves for a brief span, only to lose it that life might continue to pulse through the bodies of reptiles and the feathered denizens. These lives in turn were sacrificed that the meat provided by death might stoke the fires that kept life in birds of prey or the four-legged killers that took endless toll among the sandrock inhabitants, an interminable succession of rapine and slaughter, life fattening on death, and so on to the end—or, rather, so on to the beginning, since there can be no end, for it is inevitable that the mightiest killer must one day die and furnish food to keep the vital spark in the crawling horde of insects that prey upon his carcass.

The Maltese rat, of course, was aware of no such vicious circle, knew only his own part in it all, and the rôles played by other creatures whose ways had a direct bearing upon his own precarious existence; but he was fully aware of the fact that life was just one thing after another, and he was ever alert for the next.

His beady black eyes found no evidence of lurking death in his dooryard, his quivering nose caught no taint of menace on the breeze that sifted into his crevice, and his ears caught no stir of lurking killers. Largely nocturnal by habit, Blue nevertheless was not averse to prowling abroad at any time of day when his physical senses assured him that all was well.

Then One of the Little Hawks Landed Directly in His Path, Seized a Big Grasshopper and Repaired to a Rock. In Oval—The Picket Pin Moved About Through the Grass, Never Far From the Mouth of One of His Several Burrows. At Right—At the Slightest Sound the Slender Animals Reared on Their Hind Legs and Sat Erect, Listening

He whisked from the mouth of the crevice in the face of the cap rock that guarded the head of the pocket, traversed a slanting ledge, meanwhile casting a wary eye aloft in search of any winged killer that might momentarily swoop down upon him, scanning the ledge ahead for signs of any four-legged slayer. Reassured, Blue scurried down to the next shelf below, only to couple a mighty leap with a squeak of mortal terror as the big bullsnake struck and missed by a scant three inches.

Five minutes later Blue had forgotten the incident, or at least there was no retention of the horror of the experience, since escapes were of daily occurrence among the sandrock denizens, and served merely to augment and sharpen caution. Fear was the one dominant element in the lives of the sandrock folk, an ever-present dread of death.

The pack rat headed for an expanse of splintered rock from which a glittering point of light had intrigued his curiosity as he peered from the mouth of his den. A half dozen empty brass cartridges lay scattered among the rocks within a radius of ten feet. Blue selected one and carried it to a convenient crack in the face of the cliff, deposited it at the far end of the orifice and set forth to retrieve the others. His passion for hoarding useless objects was uppermost, but not to the extent that it obscured fear, which was ever with him.

A Warning

HE STOPPED short as a piercing whistle sounded through the basin. A family of woodchucks resided in a pocket of the cliffs that was floored with heaps of loose rocks that had fallen from the walls above, the gaps affording roothold for a matted jungle of brush. Tall grass waved in rank profusion along the course of the seepage water that trickled from beneath the rock heap. The whistle sounded again, and Blue saw the grizzled father of the woodchuck family mounted on the tall rock that towered above the brush and served as his lookout post. The big 'chuck slid from his perch to the security of his tunnel and repeated the warning whistle from underground, the sound now muffled and indistinct, as a shadow flitted round the floor of the basin. It was cast by a red-shouldered hawk that soared in lazy circles, and when the shadow had passed, Blue came forth from the rocks where he had sought refuge, selected a second cartridge and carried it to his cache.

His mate joined him and they retrieved the last pair of glittering brass shells. Another shadow swept across the sage-clad bottoms, but a raucous outcry from the cliffs above apprised them of the fact that it was merely one of the big black ravens returning with food for the ravenous brood of young that reposed in a huge nest of sticks on an inaccessible ledge of the walls.

The two Maltese rats separated, each to search for more treasures. Blue kept well under cover, prowling in heavy brush or between rocks that afforded a measure of protection.

A casual observer would have pronounced the pocket a lifeless desert, yet Blue found life teeming on all sides. As he skirted the upper edge of a sidehill meadow, the only bit of grassland of any considerable extent in the basin, he paused to peer from the brush at the two families of ground squirrels that resided there. They moved about through the grass, never far from the mouth of one of their several burrows. At the slightest sound the slender animals reared on their hind legs and sat erect, listening, watchful, a trait that had gained for their kind the name of picket pin, since, while holding this rigid pose, they so much resembled the stakes that men drive in meadows for the purpose of picketing their horses.

Twice Blue halted as great eyes stared at him from clumps of sage. In each instance they proved to be the orbs of cottontail rabbits that had bedded in the security of the sagebrush. Next it was motion that arrested his travels, a slithering motion that strikes terror to all other forms of life, the lazy forward writhing of a giant rattler,

his mottled spots blending well with the sunlight that dappled down through the brush.

Tiny lizards darted among the blistering rocks, some a deep gun-metal shade, almost black, others of lighter hue, their color changing to merge with those of their surroundings. Grasshoppers sprang aloft with a whirring crackle of red and orange wings. A pair of mantled ground squirrels left off their family bickering and joined forces in scolding the pack rat as he passed through the rock slide where they made their home. These flashy little fellows were as handsome to look upon as the Maltese rat, the deep chestnut of their hoods contrasting sharply with the soft buff tones of their sleek bodies. Others joined in scolding the pack rat that had invaded their sanctuary, but Blue paid small heed to their chatter. They were harmless, hence unworthy of notice save when he elected to rifle their caches.

Chipmunks darted about the rocks. A pair of sparrow hawks drowsed on the dead snags of a pine, and a magpie winged its way to the huge, loosely constructed nest in a stunted dead cottonwood. An overhanging ledge of the cliff afforded a roof for a score of mud nests that housed the young of the cliff-swallow colony. As Blue prowled about the basin he encountered life on every hand.

Again, the casual observer, even if aware of the teeming life of the pocket, would have pronounced the scene as one characterized by peace and contentment. Yet there was death stalking on every side, for wherever life is found, death ever lurks near by.

A Pair of Mantled Ground Squirrels Left Off Their Family Bickering. In Circle—Chipmunks Darted About the Rocks

An Air Raid

AN AGONIZED croaking attracted Blue's notice. A small snake had seized a tiny spotted frog in the rank grass along one of the trickling seeps and was proceeding to swallow its prey alive. The big pack rat approached cautiously, his black eyes fastened on the snake, now almost as helpless as its half-swallowed victim. With a single leap Blue drove his teeth into the reptile just back of the head, then bounced away. The slender foot-long body of the snake threshed violently for a brief space, the struggles subsiding to an occasional convulsive wriggle, a shuddering contraction.

Thousands of insects had been sacrificed to keep life in the frog, hundreds of frogs and other small creatures had been destroyed that the snake might live, and now yellowjackets clustered in hundreds and buzzed angrily as they feasted on the carcass of the snake.

One of the 'chuck family strayed out into the open sidehill meadow to feed upon the rich grass. The sharp trill of a picket pin sounded a warning, seconded by the piercing whistle of the old 'chuck on the lookout rock. There was a sharp hiss of wings planing through the air as the half-grown youngster in the open raced for the shelter of the brush, but when he was yet some ten feet from cover the big hawk, sheering to flatten his downward swoop, struck savagely and drove the vicious talons through the flesh of the woodchuck's back.

Swallows darted on swift wings, crossing and recrossing above the pocket, taking endless toll of the insects that ventured into the air. The sparrow hawks ended their brief period of rest, preened their feathers and set forth to slaughter enormously among the bright-winged grasshoppers. They made a dozen trips to the hole in the sandrock that served as a nest site in lieu of the usual hollow tree, and the clamor of the young birds drifted to Blue's ears as he passed below. Then one of the little hawks landed directly in his path, seized a big grasshopper and repaired to a rock, where it held the squirming creature with one claw while tearing it to shreds with its beak and devouring it piecemeal.

A swallow's nest, dislodged by the movement of the young birds, fell with a jarring thud; the heavy mud structure collapsed and left the helpless fledglings struggling feebly among the rocks at the foot of the sandrock wall. Here again the circle of life through death was consummated. Thousands of insects had been fed into the gaping maws of the young swallows. An hour after the fall of the nest Blue passed the scene of the mishap and ten thousand tiny ants swarmed over the cold bodies of the fledglings.

Blue found nothing that he desired to add to his cache, so started to cover it with sticks and trash, but soon wearied of the task and returned to the den. It was not his custom to linger long abroad in the light of day. His mate had preceded him, joining the four pack rats that now were sufficiently mature to shift for themselves. He curled up on a shelf of the crevice and slept for an hour, then sought a lookout post near the entrance, a point from which he could overlook the basin while his own form was effectually concealed from prying eyes by the gloomy shadows of the crevice.

There were occasional interruptions. A magpie landed on the ledge and peered into the den, its head tilting from side to side as if to secure a better view. After the bird's departure a chipmunk whisked into the crevice on a tour of investigation. The tiny striped squirrel discovered the pack rat and squeaked with surprise and alarm, scolded for a split second, then, as if terrified by his own temerity, rushed from the den with a frenzied vocal outburst. Next came a prowling pack rat from some other colony along the sandrocks. He entered stealthily, his nose quivering as he sampled the air of the crevice. Blue sprang from the shelf and drove his teeth at the intruder, who, dismayed by this sudden vicious attack, bounded away in a panicky flight that led him down to the broad brush-clad ledge below. Blue heard his squeak of pain and terror as the bullsnake seized him. Thereafter, for many minutes, there sounded the complaints of the half-crushed victim as the bullsnake leisurely swallowed its prey.

The conversation of the sandrock folk drifted to Blue's ears. The woodchucks whistled softly, the mantled ground squirrels chirped and quarreled all round the base of the sandrocks. Young birds called lustily for food and the picket pins trilled contentedly from the sidehill meadow. Then the notes changed. A woodchuck whistled a high piercing alarm call. A picket pin emitted a shrill blast that struck terror to his fellows. The chatter of the mantled squirrels had suddenly hushed.

The most ruthless killer of the sandrock country, more dreaded even than the rattler, entered the mouth of the pocket. The weasel advanced in leisurely fashion, his long lithe body buckling in a series of hops, his snakelike muzzle darting from side to side. The killer paid small heed to the whistled protests voiced by every woodchuck in the pocket. A fear-crazed cottontail sprang away before him and the weasel leaped forward to give chase, but slowed his pace after a few long bounds, and proceeded steadily on his way.

Blue's Most Dreaded Enemy

STARK fear gripped the blue rat on the shelf in the crevice. The weasel, addicted to a pack-rat diet, had been paying occasional visits to the various colonies along the sandrock bluffs, and there was no certain method of escaping this archfiend whose slender body could penetrate any passage through which Blue himself could travel, whose speed was greater than Blue's, and whose strength and ferocity were such that a dozen pack rats could not stand against him. There was sudden evidence that the killer had invaded the stronghold of some other family. Two half-grown youngsters flashed past the mouth of the crevice while an old male pack rat darted in and sought refuge in the farthest extremity of the galleries. Ordinarily Blue would

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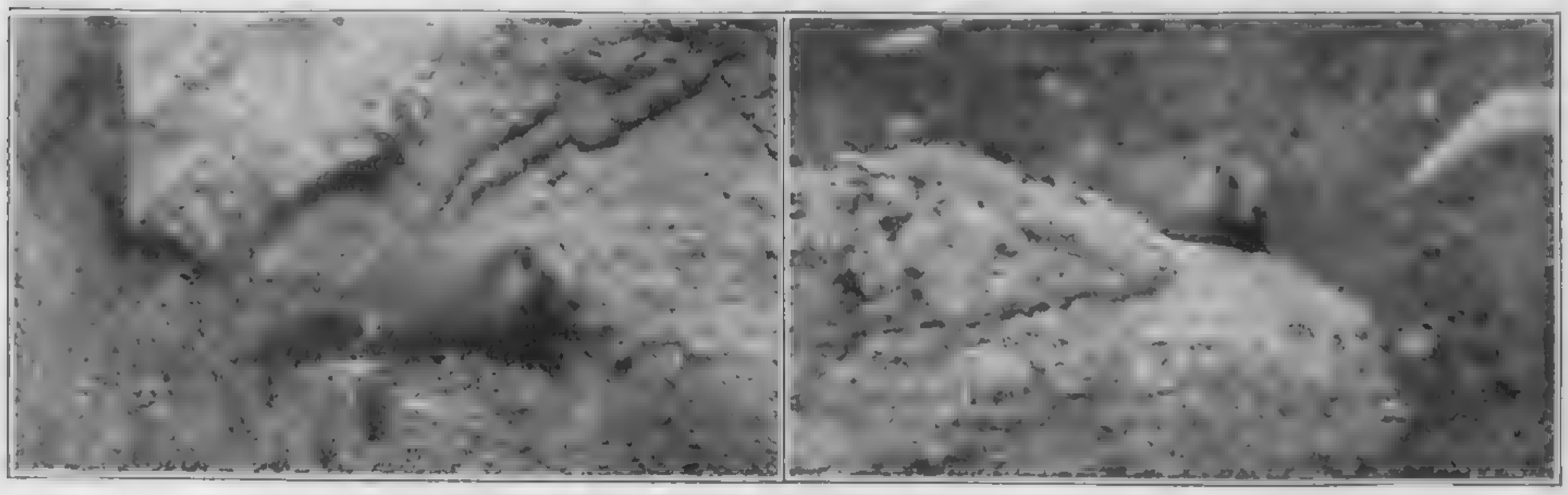

A Woodchuck Whistled a High Piercing Alarm Call and Mounted His Lookout Rock

THE TRAGEDIES OF MR. PIP

By Edgar Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

SIR CHARLES PYPPE *né* Charles Edward Pip had realized his dream of living among the Pyppe heirlooms at Pyppe Court. There had been an arrangement. The arrangement was that his distant cousin—they possessed the same great-great-grandfather—Sarah Ann Pyppe, should also live at Pyppe Court. Her uncle by marriage, Sir Algernon Wroughton, had made the arrangement. He and Lady Wroughton had had to take the responsibility of Sarah Ann after the death of her father, Lady Wroughton's brother. They had had ten years of it; they had had enough of it. When Charles Edward had been discovered in the office of Messrs. Walton & Woodberry, Oriental importers, and withdrawn from it to assume the Pyppe baronetcy, with the greatest decision and celerity they had thrust that responsibility on him.

Sarah Ann Pyppe, like the horse, was a noble creature; but when she was angry she would not do; and she was gifted with a power and quality of anger that were truly astonishing. Her anger was indeed even more astonishing than her distinguished beauty. That anger, or rather those furies, had been the bane of Sir Algernon and Lady Wroughton's lives. They had argued, selfishly perhaps, that since Charles Edward was a younger and more vigorous baronet, and the head of her family, it was only right to transfer this bane to him.

Though he had a profound and accurate knowledge of Sarah Ann in a tantrum, he had not seen his way to refuse the responsibility, because, though he did not look it, he was by nature a rather serious young man. Also, he was inclined to take the duties of his new station the more seriously that it was new.

He did not leap at that responsibility. Far from it. Fortune, or Providence, had four times brought him into contact with Sarah Ann when he was plain Mr. Pip. On each of these occasions he had suffered bitterly from the encounter. The thought that he was taking over his beautiful cousin with the Pyppe baronetcy had almost turned that baronetcy to Dead Sea fruit in his mouth. Not to put too fine a point on it, he was disposed to regard her as the black beetle in his ointment. But take that responsibility he did. It had the advantage that it enabled him to live at Pyppe Court. Sir Algernon, learning that that was the desire of his heart, had seen to it that he had at least that reward for his intrepidity.

Sarah Ann also wished to spend much of her life at Pyppe Court. She was fond of it; it had been her home as a child. Also, since it was on a hill in Surrey, it was only an hour's ride in her car from the pleasures of London. The revenue from the estate was enough for the upkeep of Pyppe Court, but not enough for the upkeep of Sir Charles Pyppe also. He had the Pyppe estate; she had the Pyppe money. There was a great deal of it. Also, she had a strong sense of the propriety of maintaining the dignity of the family.

Sir Algernon was in control of her fortune till she came of age; when he suggested that she should pay the new baronet for the privilege of living with her companion and duenna, the Honorable Mrs. George Lancaster, at Pyppe Court, a sum which would enable them to live there in the proper style, and still leave him the income from the property, she accepted the suggestion with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Charles Edward! Do You Really Want Me To?"

Charles Edward deserved this reward—the income from the property. As long as Sarah Ann had her own way she was probably the most charming and delightful of her sex. But in this world it is not possible to have one's own way on every occasion, and on the occasions on which she did not have it she was one of the most terrible of her sex. Indeed, Sarah Ann in a rage could have given any of the Furies cards and spades; and alarums and excursions prevailed at Pyppe Court with a more than Elizabethan lushness.

This violent temper had been a characteristic of the Pyppes for generations. But Charles Edward did not possess it. Some ancestor on the distaff side had injected a certain coldness into the dispositions of the younger branch of the family. Sarah Ann's hot furies merely induced in him a cold fury, probably of an equal intensity, which almost always gave him the best of it when a clash came. About twice a week it seemed that the arrangement must surely then and there come to an end. And this would doubtless have happened had not Sarah Ann's interest in Charles Edward been much greater than Charles Edward's interest in her. In truth, he had rather an aversion for her. It was the result of his earliest encounter with her, when he had ruined the trousers of his annual new suit in rescuing her from the Serpentine, in which, in a violent fury, she had been committing suicide. The loss had rankled long. This aversion had not been lessened by the three later encounters; and now whenever she fell into a tantrum it came to the top, and sank down slowly during the interval under the influence of her charm till her next fury caused it to rise again.

She had no aversion for him, though she had told him many times that he was the most detestable and disagreeable young man she had ever come across. He intrigued her. He was the only young man of her acquaintance who had never shown any desire to become her abject slave. That was a source of perpetual astonishment to her. It was one of the reasons why, though Charles Edward would have preferred to lead a separate life in the left wing of Pyppe Court and leave the rest of it to her and Mrs. Lancaster, they had their meals together. Moreover, she approved of Charles Edward. Tall, slender, clear-skinned, tanned, with sensitive lips with a humorous upturn at the corners, blue eyes, and the thin, high-arched, Pyppe nose, he always looked to her so extraordinarily it, an admirable representative of an old English family.

He seemed to her also to have more character than the other young men she knew; and though he could not do many of the things that they could—he was no horseman and a poor shot, for example—he was a better dancer than any of them, a very fair boxer and a first-class fencer. Fencing was his accomplishment; and now that he was a member of the London Fencing Club, he was one of the best of the English team. He was improving his riding with an indefatigable patience which, since she had so little of that quality herself, astonished her, and he had become an expert motorcyclist. He had decided that his income did not permit him to have a car.

Sarah Ann entertained many friends at the Court. She had established what she called an entertainment fund from which she paid for these guests. These payments were a frequent cause of furies, hers hot, his cold. She had a fixed idea that she would pay more than she ought. Charles Edward never allowed her to do so.

They were spending most of June at Pyppe Court. Sarah Ann performed the social duties which the season forced on her, sometimes from her uncle's house, 13 Mount Street, sometimes in her car from the Court itself.

She invited her persistent adorer, Mr. Montagu Morrison, to spend the second week in June at the Court. Sir Charles had no great liking for him. At their first meeting, in the days when he was Mr. Pip, Monty, inflamed by Sarah Ann's relation of the coldness with which Charles Edward had received her thanks for saving her life, had bashed in a new silk hat which Charles Edward had that very day triumphantly purchased from Mr. Henry Heath. It is true that Charles Edward had on the instant landed a punch on Monty's nose which would have broken it had there been enough of it to break; but in his mind Monty was still associated with a very painful event. Monty, for that other painful reason, had even less liking for Sir Charles. But they treated each other with a guarded tolerance at the Court, only meeting at meals and in the billiard room, where Monty obtained considerable satisfaction from beating Charles Edward by at least seventy in every hundred they played.

Sarah Ann gave considerable thought to devising occasions for Charles Edward to see her and Monty together. She had an obscure feeling that it was good for him to see her properly appreciated.

As a part of this process of rubbing Monty in, she took him for a long drive in her car after lunch on the Wednesday. At lunch she discussed at length the pleasureableness of the coming drive. She arranged to be home to tea in time for an evening's tennis and sent a note to the vicar's daughter, inviting her to come to make up a four. But when they were forty-five miles from the Court she changed her mind. She had a feeling that it would be good for Charles Edward to perceive that she had been too reluctant to end her tête-à-tête with Monty to come home so soon. She drove on into Sussex, and on and on. They had tea at Crowborough and went on as far as East Hoathly. There she turned, with plenty of time to get back to Pyppe Court in time for dinner at eight.

A mile out of the village the car developed engine trouble. She hunted earnestly for the cause of it. For an hour she hunted for that cause, with her temper rising. Then she threw a spanner at the magneto, as inoffensive a magneto as was ever carried by a car, and jammed the contact breakers. The car was definitely out of action.

It was fortunate that Monty was there—not for Monty. She had an object—a deserving object, she felt—on which to work off some of her fury. She worked it off. At the end of the working off, Monty, who had many times been employed for this purpose, was as usual rather shaky.

There was nothing to do but walk to the nearest station to take a train, or to the nearest town to hire a car to take them back to Pyppe Court. They started to walk to Horeham, the nearest station. They missed their way. They walked miles and miles. All the way Sarah Ann grew more and more dissatisfied with Monty. She made no secret of this. At 8:14 they arrived at the village of East Hoathly, which they had left at 5:45 that afternoon. They ate a hasty and rather unpleasant meal at the village inn. Then they started again to walk to Horeham station. This time they had the landlord's directions firmly in their heads. But they were no walkers. Walking was the last method of getting from one place to another that they ever employed if they could help it. They reached Horeham at a few minutes to ten. No train was stopping at the station before 7:30 the next morning. Sarah Ann, who ascribed their wanderings wholly to Monty, was too tired to tell him at the length she would have liked what she thought of him. No car, cab or cart was to be procured. There was no help for it. They put up at the village inn. They ate a rather unpleasant supper, rendered no more appetizing by Sarah Ann's frankness about the things that were lacking in Monty's mental equipment, and went to their two rather unpleasant bedrooms.

II

CHARLES EDWARD played singles with the vicar's daughter in a perfect content. He ate his dinner, unadorned as the loaded board was by the presence of Sarah Ann and Monty, with an excellent appetite. Then, still quite contented, he betook himself to his sitting room in the west wing. It was a large, rather low, paneled room on the first floor, looking over the gardens. To it he had had conveyed most of the smaller Pyppe heirlooms. He had a passion for the Pyppe heirlooms. He rearranged half a dozen of them, examining each with a fresh pleasure as he did so, and then settled down to read Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour. He had allowed his membership of the cultural circle of the Notting Hill Gate Polytechnic to lapse.

At half past ten he was disturbed by the entry of Mrs. Lancaster. He was not aware that the car had not come home, for he had not been listening for the car to come home. He had been reading Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour.

He did not accept Mrs. Lancaster's suggestion that since the car had not come home something dreadful must have happened. She had never grown really used to motor cars; she still found them sinister. He did not think that Sarah Ann was one of those young persons to whom something dreadful is likely to happen. He made no secret of this belief. The car must have broken down; they would get home somehow. Mrs. Lancaster went away unconvinced.

At half past eleven he was again disturbed by Mrs. Lancaster. She was yet more strongly of the opinion that something dreadful had happened. He still displayed incredulity.

Then she said, in accents of dreadful foreboding, "You don't think she has run off with Mr. Morrison?"

"No such luck!" said Sir Charles fervently.

This was ungrateful, for had it not been for the arrangement with Sarah Ann he would have had to let Pyppe Court and carry away the heirlooms from their natural home.

Mrs. Lancaster regarded him with grieved eyes. She had not formed so high an opinion of Monty as to be able to regard such a proceeding as fortunate for Sarah Ann.

"What are you going to do about it?" she asked.

Sir Charles, immersed in Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour, had for the time being forgotten that he was responsible for Sarah Ann. He remembered it with a jerk.

"Hang it all, what is to be done?" he said in a tone of lively annoyance.

Mrs. Lancaster could make no suggestion, and no very long consideration told him that there was nothing to be done. Surrey is too large a tract to find a motor car in on a dark night. Nevertheless, he stood for a while at the window, looking out into the dark night and discussing with Mrs. Lancaster the probability of finding the car, should he take his motorcycle and search a hundred miles of it. They decided that it would be useless. The car would probably be in some other hundred miles of it. There was nothing to be done.

Then Mrs. Lancaster said in a tone of some severity, "If she has gone away with Mr. Morrison, Sir Charles, it's entirely your fault."

"What on earth do you mean?" he said sharply.

"There are none so blind as those who won't see," she replied; and with these cryptic words she left him and went to bed.

For a little while Charles Edward wondered what on earth she meant. Then he found that his first feeling of relief, induced by the possibility that Sarah Ann had gone away with Monty, had passed and that he was oddly annoyed. It had never occurred to him that he would miss that disturber of the peace of Pyppe Court except pleasantly. Now he perceived that he would; that Pyppe Court without her would not be nearly so nice a place as

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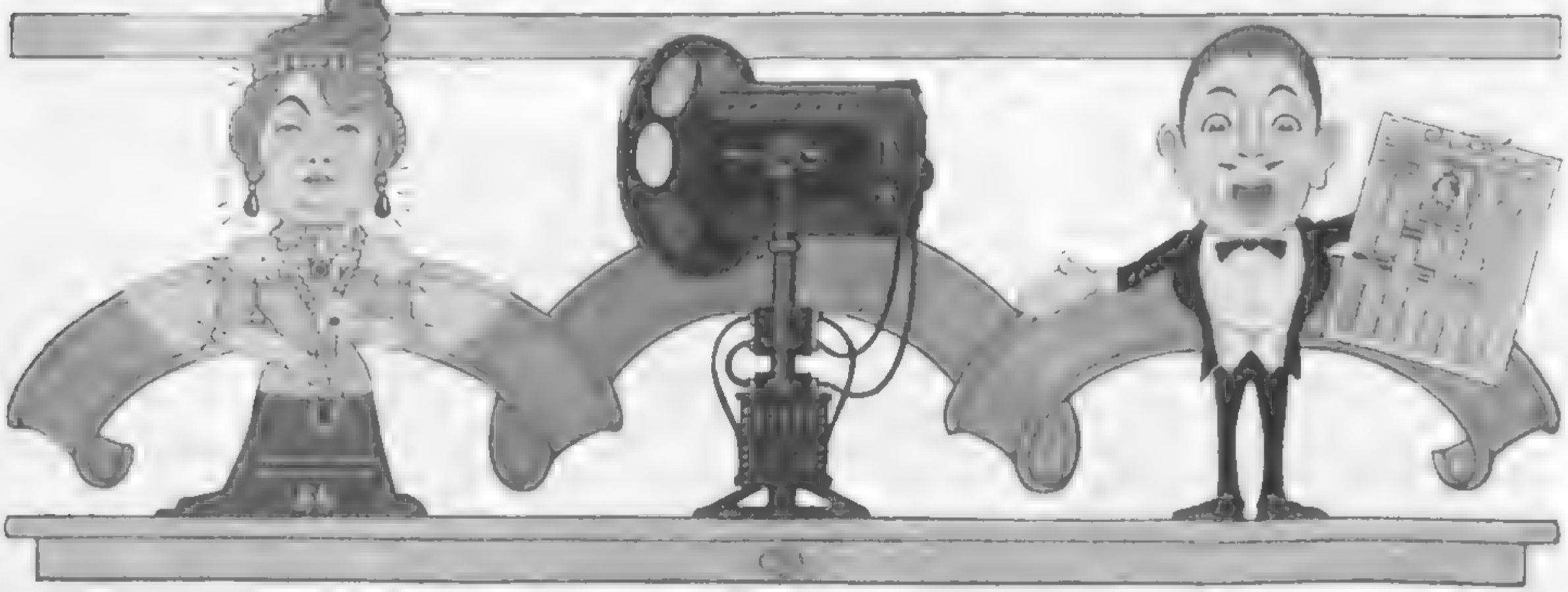
Sarah Ann Scowled and Said, "Really, Charles Edward, You Ought to Speak to That Cad"

PRO BONO PUBLICITY



By Samuel G. Blythe

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

A VERY rich man I know has hired a publicity director for his own death and funeral. He is well stricken with years and somewhat stricken with a few other things, such as hardened arteries and a tricky heart, and he has had ample time, lately, for meditation over his career. It has occurred to him, during the course of this review and reflection, that there is opportunity for references, in the notices of his death and in the record of his obsequies, to various episodes in his dealings with his fellows that will tend neither to create nor maintain that reputation for uprightness, good citizenship, integrity and square dealing that he desires to be recorded in his obituaries along with the recital of the number of millions of dollars he achieved by his practices. There is a basis for this belief; indeed, there is a certainty that he is right in his conclusions.

So, to leave behind him a pleasant perfume of probity instead of the strong stench of lifelong duplicity, he seeks to arrange matters before he passes in a way that will make the chronicle of his passing and the recital of his accomplishments a general and appreciative eulogy rather than an epitome of the facts and he has taken on the services of a most skillful and unctuous publicity director. When he dies, as he must die soon, the efforts of that expert will be rapidly and intelligently exerted along *de-mortuis-nil-nisi-bonum* lines. It is sincerely hoped, even eagerly, and with a considerable basis for the hope, by this rich man, that he will have a good press when he lets go his hold on his gains. Anyhow, he will have a good press if expert arrangement therefor avails, for he has hired the best publicity director, securer, influencer and, if necessary, as is sometimes the case, deterrer there is.

The Ubiquitous Press Agent

THIS is merely an interesting, not an extraordinary example of the utilization of the modern methods of publicity. It has come within the past twenty years to be the rule, rather than the exception, that every enterprise of every sort has its publicity agent, ranging from the advertisement direct and paid for, the palpable and obvious stuff put out by theatrical and picture and sporting and similar seekers for public favor, to the vast impalpable propaganda for governmental, national and international projects, embracing all phases of endeavor, from a world movement for a world reform to the efforts of a parvenu climber to get her picture in the society pages of the newspapers, or even, if she has luck, in the rotogravure section.

This great publicity enterprise has developed from the press-agent beginning until it is one of the most important features of American life in its ramifications and in its influences, because it touches everything and almost everybody. It utilizes every medium of public information—newspapers, magazines, and all the paraphernalia for appealing to the mind either through the printed, the painted, the pictured or the pronounced word, such as signs, billboards, movies, the radio, and the tremendous miscellany of pamphlet, letter, device and dodger, and every medium of public misinformation, also. It comprehends the stage, the pulpit, the lecture platform, the school, the university, the forum, the banquet, the convention, and so on down to the hotel lobby and the smoking car on the train.

It is ubiquitous and universal. It is incessant and interminable. It is skillful, crude, artful, ingenuous, coarse, intelligent, stupid, sly and obvious. We all are subject to it, and most of us fall for it one way or another.

It didn't take the war to teach us the value of it, but the war did advance us to a national expertness in the utilization of it. The war required a certain public state of mind, and that state of mind was achieved and maintained by publicity—propaganda—in every country and of every sort. A few glimmers of what actually happened in the war, of the actual causes of it, and the actual results of it struggled through the murk of propaganda, but not many. Now and again a bit of truth seeped out, but not much. This, probably, was necessary. In any event, it was held to be necessary, and the people who fought and paid for the war were fed the stuff that would exalt them into an uncomplaining fighting and paying, with the desired results.

All that aside, the use of propaganda for war purposes was so effectual that the use of propaganda after the war became a universal practice instead of an emergency enterprise. What began as press-agenting and developed into publicity-securing expanded into propaganda circulation that now embraces us all in its folds, and a good deal of the matter that appears in our mediums of public information, with some notable exceptions, is organized, expedited ulterior matter, disguised, camouflaged, standardized or sugar-coated to make its impression and divert public opinion in desired directions.

That, however, is a matter so wide in its bearings and so important in its influences that it deserves separate and exhaustive treatment. Leaving it for the time with the general observation that the free play of public opinion has almost vanished in this country because of the insidious and universal propagandizing its people are under—national, international, political, social, economic and religious propagandizing, to mention but a few of the demonstrations of it—we pass on and disclose the real object of the meeting, which is a discussion of the prevalent craze for publicity among all classes of the people—the high, the middle and the low.

It is a trite observation that in New York, in Washington and in other centers of population every person who isn't a press agent has a press agent, and that doesn't stretch the truth unendurably. The press-agent business, dignified into the publicity profession, has expanded from its inconspicuous beginnings to be one of the great industries of the United States, and responsible for many other great industries. It isn't so long ago that the scope of the press agent was limited to the theater, the show of whatever nature, the organized sport, and to similar inciting endeavor, not so many years since the press agents dealt almost exclusively with matinee idols, circuses, operatic stars, trick elephants, lost diamonds, dime museums, and so on; but now the press agent is ubiquitous. Hundreds of expert and ingenious men and women are employed in thousands of expert and ingenious manners to get into print—into public mind and appreciation—pleasant and profitable information, exaltation, notice and commendation about tens of thousands of persons, places, plans and propositions with a range from cabaret singers to mountain climbing; from the educated crow to a plan to secure universal peace.

This is the obvious trade aspect of the business, the journeyman end of it. This publicity is, largely, professional publicity, and is handled as such. It is a development and a corollary of our American life.

The expansion of the press-agent idea is one of the most amazing features of our business, social and political life. No person starts anything nowadays without organized publicity arrangements, whether he wants to run for President or run a foot race. In a recent sensational divorce case in New York the wife had a press agent, the husband had a press agent, the corespondents had press agents, the lawyers had press agents, the hotels where the contestants were quartered had press agents, and so did about everybody else connected materially with the mess, except, mayhap, the judge.

Advertising Affairs of the Heart

A FAIR but somewhat frail lady, seeking what the headline writers call heart balm from her erstwhile Romeo—the standard balm for the hurt heart being money—did not proceed to her lawyers, lay her case before them, and await the tedious and possibly unsympathetic adjudication of the courts; not she, nor any other lady in similar case in these days. She hired a press agent and laid her case before him—maybe it was her; anyhow a press agent. She took from the receptacle where she had them safely hidden the tender missives her errant swain had written to her in the days of his devotion, and the press agent, with wide knowledge of what is good newspaper copy, untied the baby-blue ribbon that held them together, brushed off the sprigs of lavender that perfumed them faintly, and read these burning epistles attentively.

With unerring precision the press agent selected the missives from the lot best calculated to cause the writer thereof, once they appeared in public print, to seek refuge somewhere in a cave away from the sight of his fellow men and remain there forever, photographed them and had sufficient photographic and typewritten copies made. Then the injured lady was dressed in her most becoming gown, posed in her most pathetic pose, and the press agent taught her lines—told her exactly what to say, when to break down and sob, when to register her demand for justice, when to cry piteously that she loved him still if he only would come back to her.

That done, all arrangements being made by the press agent, the newspapers were informed that at an hour certain this lady would receive the reporters and the photographers, and her sensational tale unfold. And at the hour certain the reporters came, and she received them. The press agent hovered about, exhibiting the originals of the letters, and distributing the copies of them. The lady posed and sobbed and demanded justice, cried out her enduring love, and told how it was for the sake of the kiddies she was demanding financial recompense. The photographers shot her in various fetching poses, and next day there were columns about it all, with photographs and

facsimiles, which columns the press agent clipped out, pasted up, and used as a voucher when collecting the reward for services expertly performed.

That, in its way, was mass publicity production, not at all unusual and entirely typical of 1923 methods. It was in this heart-balm instance entirely consonant with the methods used when a great business man has what he thinks is a great business statement to promulgate, when a leading statesman has views to set forth, when a financial magnate is paving the way for some scheme of his own, when a policy that needs public assimilation is to be announced. It is rarely that the publicity managers bother with individuals nowadays. All important publicity production is mass production. All the mediums of public information are given their hand-outs at once. What was once an enterprise of individual enterprise and initiative has become as standardized as the production of clothespins or wire nails.

All great and most lesser business, financial and other enterprises having to do with trade, commerce, finance, transportation, production and distribution—banks, trust companies, corporations and such enterprises—particularly those that have securities to sell, maintain their own publicity departments. So do all organizations, associations and combinations for the cure of political, moral, economic and other ills, of which there are hundreds in this country. All national associations, and all the political organizations, and all reform organizations, and practically all charitable and uplift and similar organizations, whether national, international, state or local, have their publicity managers and securers.

Every drive for funds, every campaign for any sought improvement or theory or idea or change has a publicity representative. The amount of publicity matter for all mediums of public circulation and of private consumption that is typed, printed, written and circulated every day in this country is incalculable, and it ranges from form letters with addresses typed in to elaborate publications, expensively printed and bound. It comprises millions of sheets, in a week, of statements, so-called news, propaganda, argument and opinion, and the country is flooded with it, submerged under it. Any editor will tell you of the vast amounts of it that come to his desk, and any citizen who is suspected of being a prospect for a contribution or a subscription or a vote or a dollar in some form or other is deluged with it.

Banking-House Propaganda

SOMETIMES the publicity machinery is obvious, but often it is not. The situation in many instances, in the cases of projects that require the subtler methods of treatment, is best hit off by the third oldest story in the world: The story of the unexpected overcoat, of the traveling man who put the expense of a new overcoat into his expense account, to have it profanely cut out by the boss. When the traveler handed in his next week's expense account the boss looked it over and remarked, "I don't see any overcoat in this expense account."

"Maybe you don't," said the traveling man, "but it's there just the same."

In many instances the casual observer cannot see the publicity works, but they are there—they are indubitably there. Take the case of the great financial institutions: Some of these have big publicity bureaus that work right out in the open. One vast trust company in New York devotes a whole floor of its building to this department, and its chief publicity man is not only one of the most expert but one of the best-paid publicity securers and preventers in the country. Conversely, you might walk around for a week in the building of another equally great and even more celebrated financial institution in the same city, search diligently all the time, and not observe a vestige of publicity machinery. But it is there, operating efficiently and always.

Twenty-five years ago financial institutions did not have publicity directors and managers. Mostly, reporters from the newspapers could not get in to see the moguls of finance, to say nothing of obtaining news and views from them. Now, in the persons of their publicity men, and often physically, the financial moguls stand on the steps of their institutions with statements, news, views and opinions in their hands, seeking the news gatherer; and are on tap at all hours for anything that may help along the cause, and equally on tap to stop anything that might deter it. The big bond issues, for example, are expertly put forth for weeks before the offerings are made. Take a recent foreign loan, of which some millions were offered in this country. Some months were used in paving the way for this with the most skillful publicity, and when the issue was offered by the banking house that had it in charge, the public oversubscribed it.

All that sort of thing is, in its highest form, a most intelligent use of the unexampled force of publicity, and in its lowest forms a groping after the same end. It is, in many of its demonstrations, a legitimate utilization of a mass condition making to the fostering of sentiment or the increase of business.

Publicity work has developed enormously since the war, because, although we were reasonably proficient at publicity before the war, the war taught us much we didn't know about getting things into print that seemed to be fact and were, instead, elaborate and opinion-making fiction. Also, the war got the publication end of it, the persons who run the mediums of public information, into a receptive frame of mind towards the hand-out and the prepared material. The publicity boys and girls are, in many instances, so skillful at their trade that the hardest-boiled editor frequently is fooled by their presentations.

The most interesting of the publicity-seeking millions of our population are the men and women who seek personal publicity in a big way. Nearly all of us are consumed with the passion for publicity, but most of us are restricted to a personal column in the local papers, to a marriage notice, a death notice, a bridge party, or something like—to such petty personal exploitations as our commonplace situations allow us to secure, albeit the delight in those is equal, proportionately, to the joy of the big fellow who maneuvers it to have himself spread over the front pages of the metropolitan press.

The New Englander who said in his will, a time ago, that the reason he didn't leave any of his fortune to public institutions and organizations was because a long experience had taught him that such action is mostly dictated by vanity rather than by charity came very close to penetrating to the core of the publicity-seeking endeavor of our prominent citizens. The wisest comment ever made on the human race was the six words of the Preacher: "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." That is the root of this scramble for publicity, the trunk and the branches, the leaves and the twigs of it. That is what is behind all this parading, posturing, posing and persistency.

That is why William Q. Bolus issues a statement, why John J. Beegin starts a crusade, why Arthur T. Magusalem indorses a movement. That is why these prominent citizens are so prominent. That is why the American people are instructed, lectured, led, uplifted, informed, harangued, warned, praised, urged, exalted, decried, by day and by night, engulfed in pronouncements on all subjects by volunteer guides, leaders and opinion mongers. Vanity.

These publicity seekers, who are most interesting, may be divided into three classes: The first class consist of those who seek to become prominent citizens; the second class are those who have attained prominent citizenship and fight to retain it; and the third class, most pathetic, are those who have been prominent citizens, have slipped off the pedestal and are scrambling to get back. Separating these into their two principal subdivisions, they are, first, those who seek their prominence and publicity by the broad national or international route; and, second, those who get their limelight by the personal or intensive method. To be most specific, the first class deal in problems of finance, statecraft, international finance, general economics and the welfare of the proletariat, while the second class attack some individual or combination of individuals or some particular abuse or wrong that harasses the body politic. All have the same general platform, which is the salvation of the common people; and all have the same personal and passionate desire, which is to see their names and pictures in print.

Genius for Free Publicity

IT IS an American trait that every line of dominant endeavor develops its superpractitioners, and that is true of the art of getting personal publicity. We have some most skillful performers. One might name half a dozen United States senators, say. Also, there are preachers scattered here and there, doctors, authors, professors, and others of the professions and high in business and finance; but our supremest success is Henry Ford. There are men abroad, and have been, who rose to heights in this engaging vocation—with only a few is it an avocation, and those are mere dabsters at it—but none of these, either abroad or at home within our times, climbed to the dizzy altitudes of the incomparable Henry, who is the greatest genius at securing publicity for himself and his product, without the expenditure of money other than in the organization of it, this generation has seen.

"Automobile advertisers are of two kinds," said a speaker at the recent convention of advertising men in Atlantic City, "those who pay for their advertising, and Ford." Why should Henry pay for it when implanted in him is the divine spark that enables him to get his publicity for nothing? From the time when Henry began to encourage the invention of Ford jokes away back yonder—because every joke has Ford in it, and established his bird sanctuary and, at the proper time, very kindly furnished all the newspapers with full descriptions of it, until his Muscle Shoals beneficence for the farmers—and, incidentally, for his tractors—his plan to use the Army and Navy to stop rum running, and his scheme for fiat money, Henry has let few days go by without landing somewhere in the public prints with his name in the headlines and without spending anything for the ad. Henry is in a class by himself; *sui generis et flireris;* incomparable and inimitable.

Henry's methods are subtler than were those of some of our earlier laborers in the same vineyard: Henry's fellow townsman, the excellent Pingree, of Detroit, and Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, and Golden Rule Jones, of Toledo,

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OH, DOCTOR!

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

Miss Schultz Would Have Said "And How are We by Now?" Miss Hicks Merely Said "Here's the Stuff," and Looked Out of the Window

X

IN HIS broad bed in a large, well-lighted, ground-floor room of what Mr. Clinch had eventually chosen to describe as a classy bungalow-villa with all modern conveniences, and furnished to the limit, Rufus Billop stretched in languid ease. For a moment he was forgetting that the processes of decay, so conspicuous in his own wasted frame, are inevitably continuous.

The room was warm, a shaft of the morning sun came genially through the glass doors that opened to a stretch of lawn; and outside a bird, perched on a tendril of bougainvillea that climbed a white pillar of the porch, carelessly sang of life that might be lasting or brief as a pulse throb. On a table at the bed's head was a spreading bowl of pale green ware holding a mass of poinsettia, valiantly scarlet amid their pointed leaves. They sent no fragrance to him, only the message of the bird song that life was best lived with a heedless jubilance. Further, these gracious manifestations were agreeably accented by certain headlines he had just caught in Aunt Beulah's New York paper:

City in Grip of Blizzard —— Storm Halts Traffic

He continued to bathe in the novel flood of well-being. The new house was irresistible in its green and already blossomed setting. It fronted on one of those wide palm-bordered avenues that had rejoiced him the first day of his coming. Nor had it any immediate homicidal implications, although Aunt Beulah had begun to tell him brightly that from an upper window she could see the grounds and a corner of the house where ——

He had avoided the details with a shrewdly calculated fit of coughing. He would never look from that upper window. And there was no flaw in the gratitude he felt toward Mr. Clinch for finding him this delightful place. Mr. Clinch had brought him out in a car that seemed less emotional than Aunt Beulah's little bus; and his kind friends, Mr. Peck and Mr. McIntosh, had followed to make certain for themselves that he was comfortably installed. He had been touched by their genuine solicitude.

And floating lightly on the current of his present high mood was a golden galleon of relief that Miss Schultz had gone out of his life forever. She had stayed on, grimly formidable, until the day of his removal. Then she had pressed his hand in a last farewell, her eyes eloquently without hope. When, from the doorway, she paused to look back at him her expression of decorous farewell had fallen to something quite different.

He divined then that she was feeling cheated. She was hurt, disappointed, if not actually irritated, by this inconclusive separation. She would be powerless to add the case of Rufus Billop to that extensive repertoire of bedtime stories with which she had regaled him. She might use him as the beginning of one, but she would lack the conventional ending. She would be unable—he dwelt on the thought not uncheerfully—to continue: "And he failed right before my eyes, day by day; but his mind was clear to the very last." Still, he thought a little resentfully, she might, indeed, take him over, after all —— She might read the papers closely. He hoped he would pass out inconspicuously.

He stretched again on the broad bed in sheer relief from the well-meaning but overtactful woman, who had not been content to let him face the inevitable alone; who had run ahead to point it out. Now he was to have a new nurse; one, he had been warned, with less than the years of Miss Schultz, but still with a wider experience of the vexing and peculiar problems his own case presented. Seaver had said she would doubtless bring a note of harmony to the relationship which Miss Schultz had been unequal to achieving; and his benevolent friends had been warm, almost exultant, in their praises of her manifest suitability. It had plainly rejoiced them that a nurse of her quite obvious and peculiar talents should have been available.

Their pathetic eagerness to see him improve brought him a fresh access of remorse. It did not lessen this to reflect that they had dared the venture with open eyes; to recall his own clear warnings that his case was hopeless. In spite of his honesty, they had let themselves be misled, and he was going to hurt them. They had become attached to him. They were going to grieve for him, over and above a mere money loss.

His mood of cheer had fallen. The blaring poinsettias now merely recalled his impermanence; their bravery of scarlet would fade, their petals wither. And of the bird song, still pealing staunchly from the bougainvillea, he thought: "How queer, how meaningless! The morning after I've gone, perhaps that same bird will be singing there; nothing will have changed but me. So it's no matter." Yet he felt a slight easing of mind when the bird became still. He shot a knowing look at the poinsettias, perishing unconsciously, after the quite human habit, and stoically reached for a volume opened at a chapter heading, The Fallacy of Vitalism. He grasped again the nothingness of matter:

And if a thimbleful of solid substance were magnified to the dimensions of the earth, the curious circumstance is that we should actually see nothing at all. The electrons would still be too small; we should be aware only of the interspaces, which are relatively so great as to occupy apparently the entire field of view.

So much for matter—for the discordant assemblage of matter now, to limited human vision, composing himself; and there was the constant degradation not only of matter but of energy. The progress of physics had left this in no doubt at all. The universe was running down, to leave infinite, silent, lifeless space. Cleaver had been right, at least in his sane days. In all life there was no valid refutation of death. Only organisms slightly more complex than the poinsettia or the singing bird sought to refute it, and they merely by the puerile pretenses of mythology. Or some, it seemed, found oblivion from the facts in an even less dignified puerility—as Cleaver, who, drunken with some noxious spring opiate, had forsaken the straight highway built by science, for a blind bypath leading off through tangled thickets, carpeted with violets, perhaps, and fragrant with arbutus, but relentlessly ending after a pitifully brief delirium in an impasse where vernal elixirs could no more sustain him.

He dropped the book to ponder again the mystery of Aunt Sena, who, at a propitious season, had been able to corrupt Cleaver's soundest reasoning. She had possessed a baneful power and used it without ruth. Yet he knew so much of women as to be certain that Aunt Sena would commonly have been no invincible enchantress of men. Cleaver must have been weak.

He dwelt pleasantly now on his own stouter resistance to such insidious toxins. True, he had of necessity led a severely cloistered life; but he could not doubt that he had more than once been exposed to the same hazards that had been too many for Cleaver. He vividly recalled the yellow-haired German girl at their last spa; she did not talk too much of her own symptoms—indeed, she boasted but few and had tirelessly questioned him about his own, never wearying of his recitals, even playfully demanding their repetition. He had liked to be with her, and he had done most of the talking under attentive stares from her enamel-like doll's eyes of blue. He had even felt that he was interesting her more deeply than might be well for her peace of mind, for he had himself felt none of the inebriations that later made Cleaver a thing of pathos. But his fears proved baseless.

He now tried to remember precisely how it had come about—his cooling discovery that the girl sought him merely as an admirable well of English speech. There had been, he could recall, many small but signif cant leadings to this conclusion which had relieved and yet a trifle piqued him. Anyway, he had forgotten the girl he left there with an excellent vocabulary, especially adapted to converse with English-speaking invalids.

And there had been other contacts, perhaps richer in menace than he realized before Cleaver's downfall, especially one just preceding this catastrophe; that girl, mildly suffering from malnutrition, whom he had talked a great deal with at the Bide-a-Wee Sanitarium. She was not too young a girl, though she wore her brown hair short. Her eyes, peering through thick-lensed glasses, were entirely serious, and her mind readily conceived the dying aspect of the universe after his first presentation of it

She had been, it is true, a victim of the dualistic superstition, believing in mind as apart from matter; yet with little difficulty he had swayed her to the intellectual integrity of a bald monism and won her gratitude for this. He had found her, after that, still intrenched in the vitalistic fallacy, believing in a celestial force; but even from this error he had converted her to a sound mechanism, though with a perverse tendency to fall back at odd moments on the phrase, *élan vital*, which she had especially liked to use. They had agreed that she was a mental type—a cerebral—but even under the silvered light of a spring moon he had instructed her in the triviality of human ephemera without ever being stricken by anything so morbid as the vagary under which Cleaver was presently to dismay him.

It was comforting to be thus assured that he was immune to such human frailties as would unfit him for an intrepid facing of the abnormal thing called life. He took up his book. The earth on which he blindly crept had passed from a luminous gas to a dark solid in what would be a day on a larger star; and on this unstable sphere, meanly small, life had swarmed to live forthwith upon itself, the stronger tearing down the weaker for sustenance, growing in complexity but not in dignity; ravenous, fleeting, inconsequent. He could leave it gamely, he thought.

An hour later Seaver found him anxiously reading his own pulse and taking his own temperature.

"And I wish you'd look at my tongue, doctor," he began when he had removed the tube of glass from his mouth. "It doesn't seem quite up to the proper tone." He revealed the accused member.

Seaver patiently scanned it and looked grave.

"A little, perhaps —— H'm!" He looked again. "I'll leave something to take care of that. Nothing serious is indicated." He took a tiny vial of white powder from a wallet and poured a small quantity of it into half a glass of water, where it dissolved. He brought it to his patient. "Drink it off," he directed, and the patient drank. Seaver paused expectantly. "Feel any effect?" he demanded.

The patient considered, his hands clasping his head.

"It seems to have relieved that pressure I was feeling right around here," he admitted.

"Good!" said Seaver. "That's what I counted on its doing. And from now on you won't have to do those other things for yourself. The new nurse, Miss Hicks, is here. I think you'll find her agreeable and I know she's competent. You mustn't suspect she isn't because she seems so young. The girl has a head on her shoulders; she's older than she looks. She's changing into her uniform. She'll be here shortly."

"I'm sure she'll be good for me. Mr. McIntosh and the others were favorably impressed with her, too—seemed to feel a real enthusiasm about her. And it's all the same to me so long as she isn't ——" He stopped.

"She isn't a bit," said Seaver.

"Not an—an oppressive personality."

"Not in the least. And she isn't convinced, as the other was, that you're not to be with us long." Seaver tried the whimsical.

His patient considered this. Of course, there was the other extreme, almost equally disturbing. Aunt Beulah, too, didn't feel about him as Miss Schultz had felt, yet he would emphatically not have endured Aunt Beulah as a nurse. Miss Hicks would assuredly have more positive qualifications than a mere disbelief that he was moribund

"As long as she doesn't go to extremes," he said. He wanted to add "in either direction," but feared it would sound too much like a fretful invalid.

"You'll see," promised Seaver. "And whatever she feels, she won't bother you with it. Miss Schultz has fallen into the habit of many elderly nurses, and takes too much on her ——"

There was a brisk double knock on the door, and Miss Hicks, receiving permission, entered. She was now in uniform of white duck skirt, with waist and cap of immaculate lawn. The brim of the latter lay back close to her head, revealing an ebon lock of the hair that had roused a lyric strain in the elderly Mr. McIntosh. She did not wear the felt slippers so characteristic of Miss Schultz. Beneath the modishly short skirt might be seen the patent-leather slippers that the aged Mr. Peck had found noteworthy. Her stockings, for the moment, were black silk of discernible sheen

"Miss Hicks, this is our patient, Mr. Billop, and Mr. Billop already knows who you are. In fact he's been told a lot of pleasant things about you by those friends of his you met the other day."

(Continued on Page 59

She Floundered in a Vortex of Fear and Hope, Stopping to Read Over the Most Pithy Clauses of the Fight or Merely Staring With Wide Eyes at the Thrilling Words

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 4, 1923

Big Business Speaks Up

NO DEVELOPMENT of business policy and practice has been more marked in recent years than the increasing outspokenness of large corporations in their own defense. Big business is learning to speak up and out. It is learning to reply to its critics in the news and advertising columns of the papers, in letters to the editor, in house organs, in pamphlets, in books and in numerous public addresses delivered by the presidents and chairmen of boards of directors of even the most potent and awe-inspiring corporations.

There is nothing new in the idea that big business tries to take care of itself. Considerable portions of it have long shown real skill in that most important of arts—the art of self-defense. But in the past such efforts have followed in too many instances the more subterranean channels, such as the planting of apparently independent lawyers in small communities, affiliations with political bosses, and the payment of large retainers to persons with political influence. The new method of defense has at least the advantage of openness.

Big business has a perfect right to tell its story. It has an important story to tell. The large oil companies, the telephone, gas, electric light, power and railroad concerns—these and a great variety of manufacturing enterprises should supply the public not only with details concerning their relations to the public itself but with an account of their financial and operating problems. The technical and operating processes of any large modern business enterprise constitute an absorbing tale.

But big business commits a serious blunder if it becomes so absorbed in the effectiveness of publicity for the service which it renders that it overlooks the quality of the service itself. It still remains true that rendering service is more important than talking about it. Corporations, like individuals, must, in the slangy jargon of a commercial age, learn to sell themselves. But no advance of the commercial spirit can alter the fact that in the long run it is much more important to have something worth selling than to be able to sell it. Corporations should not become so engrossed with the absorbing possibilities of publicity that branch managers and employes are allowed to continue calmly in the old rut of discourtesy, arbitrariness and wasteful inefficiency.

Nor is it altogether wise, perhaps, for the leaders of big business to announce as generally as they are beginning to do that it is their duty to educate the public in economic essentials. In the speeches and articles of our business leaders there is a constantly growing tendency to start out by saying that the business men of the country must educate the people. Naturally the heads of corporations which are subject to demagogic attack from designing politicians cannot but feel in the course of a wholly human irritation that many citizens need education. Any attempt on their part to dictate public thinking along economic lines is sure to result in an anticorporation reaction like that which followed the public-be-damned period of American history. It is one thing for the corporation to tell its story. But if it attempts to fill and crowd and choke the channels of journalistic inquiry and comment with its mass of boiler-plate publicity the public will be stuffed rather than educated, which is quite another thing.

The vexatious thing about this whole question of the good and bad attaching to big business is that arguments so seldom meet, a dialectic necessity which is one of the first lessons taught schoolboys in logic and public speaking. Yet apparently some of our noisiest senatorial friends of the people and some of our most astute corporation advocates have alike failed to take this elementary bit of debating practice to heart.

There is very little teamwork on the part either of those who make a business of hounding corporations or of those who defend them. Every now and then in the last generation suits have been brought by various governmental agencies against alleged monopolies. Many lawyers have been retained by both sides, extensive court proceedings indulged in, and the public generally has remained in the blackest ignorance of what it was all about. Indeed, the public knows very little concerning monopoly. The word is mouthed continually, but in any given case the people at large have only the vaguest idea of what it means.

There is so much firing at cross purposes, so much wasted ammunition, both on the part of those who condemn and of those who approve the big corporations. The corporations too often do not meet the critics' issues and the critics rarely meet those of the corporations. The public is merely confused. It is one of many prices we pay for modern size and complexity. If the various Standard Oil companies and the packers, together with a group of Middle-Western senators of advanced, or rather of vociferous, views could be transported back to the platform of an eighteenth-century New England town meeting-house, the people might be made to understand the truth.

One may safely conclude that big business is not quite so good as made out in the speeches of corporation presidents and chairmen of directors, nor quite so bad as painted by persons whose political life depends upon aiming at the largest target. Big business is not an end in itself, and large corporations sometimes tend to become self-perpetuating bureaucracies and autocracies. They need the wholesome medicine of intelligent criticism. Unfortunately the loudest strictures are those which have merely clamor rather than thought behind them.

It will be a glad day when big business is compelled to square itself to studious analysis rather than obliged to meet the platform adjectives of statesmen who still think in terms of demonology and witchcraft. The ideal to strive for in this whole field of the function, powers and public relations of large corporations is an attitude, a spirit of fact analysis rather than one of emotionalism. If the increasing tendency of big business to tell its story conduces to that end, all honest-minded citizens should say well and good.

British Liquidation of War Remains

THERE are no two opinions about the British on two points: They are good financiers; and their government handles financial matters well at home and abroad. Since the close of the war the British Government has been engaged in a series of liquidations of war controls and trade stocks. These have been carried out with acumen and ingenuity. The several Dominions are prone to complain that the home government has passed the buck of liquidation losses to them. American and other mercantile interests have had occasion to realize that these liquidations have been executed with the idea of improving the position of the British Government. Considering the circumstances, there is very little red ink on the books of the British Government, in striking contrast to the situation in this country.

The new budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer affords another illustration. One item of income is forty million pounds sterling from sales of war stocks. These stocks are now announced as closed out with the sales yielding this sum. The next budget must present economies to this extent or new sources of revenue must be sought. Not only have the sales of war stocks been accomplished with profit to the exchequer, they have been carried out with minimum injury to competing interests at home and with maximum injury to competing interests abroad. It is not that the men are better over there, but that the system is better. Contrast British handling of the postwar problems in railways and shipping with ours! The system is better, since it is more specialized and less political.

International Chamber of Commerce

THE recent meeting in Rome of the International Chamber of Commerce was from several standpoints a noteworthy occasion. Many countries were represented, the delegates were far above the average in ability and standing, and the transactions of the conference gave evidence of unusual preparation. The American participation was particularly prominent. The meeting was in a sense a counterpart to the lamentable Genoa Conference. Just as the politicians at Genoa wandered into economics, so also the business men at Rome wandered into politics. In truth, the two are inseparable.

Apparently, the American delegation drafted most of the resolutions and the conference accepted them with few alterations. Whether this amiability on the part of the foreign delegates, quite in contrast to their behavior at previous international meetings, resulted from logical conviction or from the realization that the American delegation came from the country that has debts to collect and money to lend, is not yet clear. Let us trust the unanimity of opinion came from conviction and not from policy.

The conference went on record on principles of international finance, governmental finance and interstate trade. It was agreed that international debts must be paid, including reparations and war loans. Countries were urged to remove the checks to international intercourse of persons and goods. Strictures were applied to tariff laws and regulations that hit us as hard as anyone else. "More business in government and less government in business" was restated. The problems of transportation were given careful consideration, including both rail and ship commerce. The resolution calling for private ownership of railways must have sounded a little strong to countries that before the war had state ownership of railways.

The meeting was strongly indicative of the desire of business men in all countries to get back into the middle of the road. The conference was not a fact-finding commission and no new facts were disclosed. The resolutions contained no new principles, nor were such to have been expected. Old principles, some nearly forgotten, were restated effectively. Old-fashioned homilies were dressed in new-fashioned clothes. Occasionally the temper of the gathering led to a drastic recommendation, such as to the effect of urging the restoration of the gold parity in all countries—if prewar gold parity was really meant—when it is notorious that in many countries this will be impossible. The convention wisely dodged the question of allocation of raw materials, to which the League of Nations has attached so much importance. The American delegation was apparently able to hold the soft pedal on the subject of restriction of immigration. All in all, the meeting must be said to have been unusually well conducted and reflects credit on the Americans who assumed and carried the leadership. Probably as valuable as the transactions were the personal contacts, since these must have led many Europeans to realize that we are not such Shylocks as we are commonly portrayed in the European press.

THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

XVII—Pre-War Preparation

Part IV. The Dominions in Council (Continued)

By Herbert H. Asquith

Former Prime Minister of Great Britain

SIR E. GREY'S statement was followed by a discussion which was mainly concerned with questions arising out of the proposed prolongation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. It was demonstrated on behalf of the imperial government that the alliance enormously relieved, to the benefit of the whole empire, the naval strategic situation in the Far East, and that the autonomy of the Dominions as regards the question of Japanese immigration was in no way prejudiced by its extension in point of time. The committee, including the Dominion delegates, unanimously approved the prolongation of the alliance, with the suggested modification, until 1921.

At the two subsequent meetings, held on May 29 and 30, 1911, the vitally important questions were considered of the coöperation of the naval and of the military forces of the empire; the first being introduced by the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. M'Kenna, and the second by the Secretary of State for War, Lord Haldane.

Mr. M'Kenna at the outset laid down the general object of our naval strategy in time of war:

> The object of the imperial fleet will be to obtain by unity of maritime effort the command of the sea with the least possible delay. By command of the sea we understand keeping the sea open to ourselves at every point, and closing it to the enemy. Keeping the sea open means that we could at any time and everywhere transport our military forces, and that we should be able to continue our commerce in war almost as well as we can in peace.
>
> Closing the sea to the enemy means that not only the shores of these islands but, with the exception of Canada, all the Dominions would be free from fear of invasion, and the trade of the empire would be secure. The enemy, on the other hand, would neither be able to transport his forces nor continue his trade, and the result of the economic pressure of the destruction of overseas trade in almost any modern state would be so serious as I believe to constitute something even more than a crippling blow.
>
> On the outbreak of war our problem, which will be one and the same all the whole world over, would be to seek out, to bring to battle, or to mask the enemy fleet and enemy cruisers wherever they might be found. And, further, whatever the distribution of our fleet may be, which must be determined by the distribution of the enemy's forces, there is the same imperial interest affecting us all alike, to protect imperial trade wherever it may be found.

The Admiralty made no secret of their opinion that the best plan would have been to have one imperial navy, with contribution in ships or in money from the Dominions, and this view was shared by New Zealand. But it found no favor in Canada or Australia, which had preferred to develop separate navies of their own. The imperial government had, of course, acquiesced, and the problem submitted to the committee was, therefore, What was to be the status of these Dominion fleets in peace and in war?

In time of peace the question presented no difficulty. All were agreed that the fleets should constitute one imperial navy, each administered by its own separate admiralty, each conforming to a common standard of discipline and training, with complete interchangeability of officers and men.

But what was to happen in time of war? Here it was obvious that there was room for much difference of opinion. For it was bound up with the larger question, What is the status of a Dominion on the outbreak of war?

It would serve no useful purpose now to recapitulate in detail the animated and protracted debate which ensued. It was admitted that if war were declared upon or by Great Britain, the whole empire would, from the point of view of international law, automatically be at war also, in the sense that its territory might be invaded and its sea-borne commerce harassed and destroyed by the enemy.

The representatives both of Canada and of Australia strongly asserted that it was an incident of Dominion status that the question of the active participation of a Dominion in the war was a matter for the local parliament to decide. It was at the same time agreed that in the new conditions, economic and strategic, of the modern world, it is almost inconceivable that in such a contingency the Dominions would not spontaneously offer their naval and military cooperation. The imperial government willingly allowed that every autonomous Dominion which offered its coöperation must have the right to determine whether it should retain control over the strategic and other dispositions of its own forces, or should, at once or later, put its navy entirely at the disposal of the imperial admiralty.

Colonel Edward M. House, President Wilson's Confidential Adviser

Walter H. Page, Former Ambassador to England

The final conclusion arrived at with unanimity was in these terms:

> In time of war when the Dominion fleets, in whole or in part, have been placed under the control of the imperial government, the ships are to form an integral part of the imperial fleet, and to remain under the control of the Admiralty of the United Kingdom, and be liable to be sent anywhere during the continuance of the war.

The theoretical possibilities of partial coöperation and divided command disappeared completely on the outbreak of war.

Lord Haldane's statement of the functions which fall to the army in an empire like ours deserves, even at this time, to be set out in full:

> The British Army—and by the British Army I mean the army which is immediately under the British crown—is a very composite body. It is very different from any other army in the world, and in some respects different from any other army which has ever existed in the time of history. People are fond of speaking of the small British Army, and so it is very small if you take what is at home; but they might just as well speak of the enormous British Army, because it is enormous in another aspect, compared with what Germany possesses, for instance. We are an island, we are surrounded by the sea, and it has been our tradition to look to sea power not only for carrying our troops over the seas but for protecting these islands. The result is that our defenses have been very different from those of other countries. If we were like Germany and France, with land frontiers over which a neighboring army could mobilize and come at once, we should no doubt have resorted long ago to compulsory service and put every citizen through a period of training, which would enable us to produce an enormous citizen army, a short-range weapon to operate only for a very short time to repel invasion; but that has not been our main problem, because we have no land frontiers. We have sea frontiers which we can defend better and more cheaply, relying largely on the navy for the purpose. We have concentrated our strength on producing an oversea army or a set of oversea armies which are for the defense of India, which are for the defense of Africa, and which are for the formation of the Egyptian and Mediterranean garrisons; and in addition to that we have concentrated now on producing an expeditionary army which is in this country ready for mobilization and which we can send to any part of the Dominions of the Crown to your assistance as you may need. That has meant that we have had to create a professional army in this country. Our army is raised on a professional basis—that is to say, it is composed of men who do not go abroad by compulsion, because you could not compel men to make the army a profession for twelve years of their lives, and to go abroad; it is an army which is recruited out of our population, and is recruited for the purpose of supplying men to go to India, to Africa or to Egypt or to whatever part of the world they are wanted, and to remain there in peace; and there are others who relieve them in drafts from time to time, but who are at home, and form the nucleus of that expeditionary army for reënforcements.
>
> That expeditionary army, I need not say, on mobilization would be completed by reservists who have passed through their training with the overseas units with which they have served, and have come back to this country and are here available. Now it is plain that our army is totally different from the armies of the Continent, and cannot be compared with them. We have a very small army at home, but in India we have some 77,000 British troops; elsewhere, in Africa and in Egypt, we have other British troops, and also troops for the Mediterranean garrisons and other places, which bring up the total to something like 115,000. In addition we have an expeditionary army, ready to be mobilized at home, of over 167,000 when it is mobilized. . . . We have altogether something like 300,000 men enlisted for oversea service, for long terms, and thereby we differ totally from the armies of the Continent.
>
> What then of the Dominion armies, separated as they are by vast distances both from the Mother Country and from one another? The two purposes for which the entire army exists . . . are local defense—which as you will see with us at home is a less important matter—and oversea defense and mutual assistance.

As to local defense, we had constituted here our territorial army—fourteen divisions of territorials and fourteen

(Continued on Page 58

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

High Living and Simple People

TH' WAY we're spendin' money t'day is enough t' make th' ole-time banker an' leadin' citizen that washed his own buggy an' milked a cow squirm in his grave. We used t' blacken our own boots, but t'day it's all we kin do t' find parkin' space in a Greek shinin' parlor.

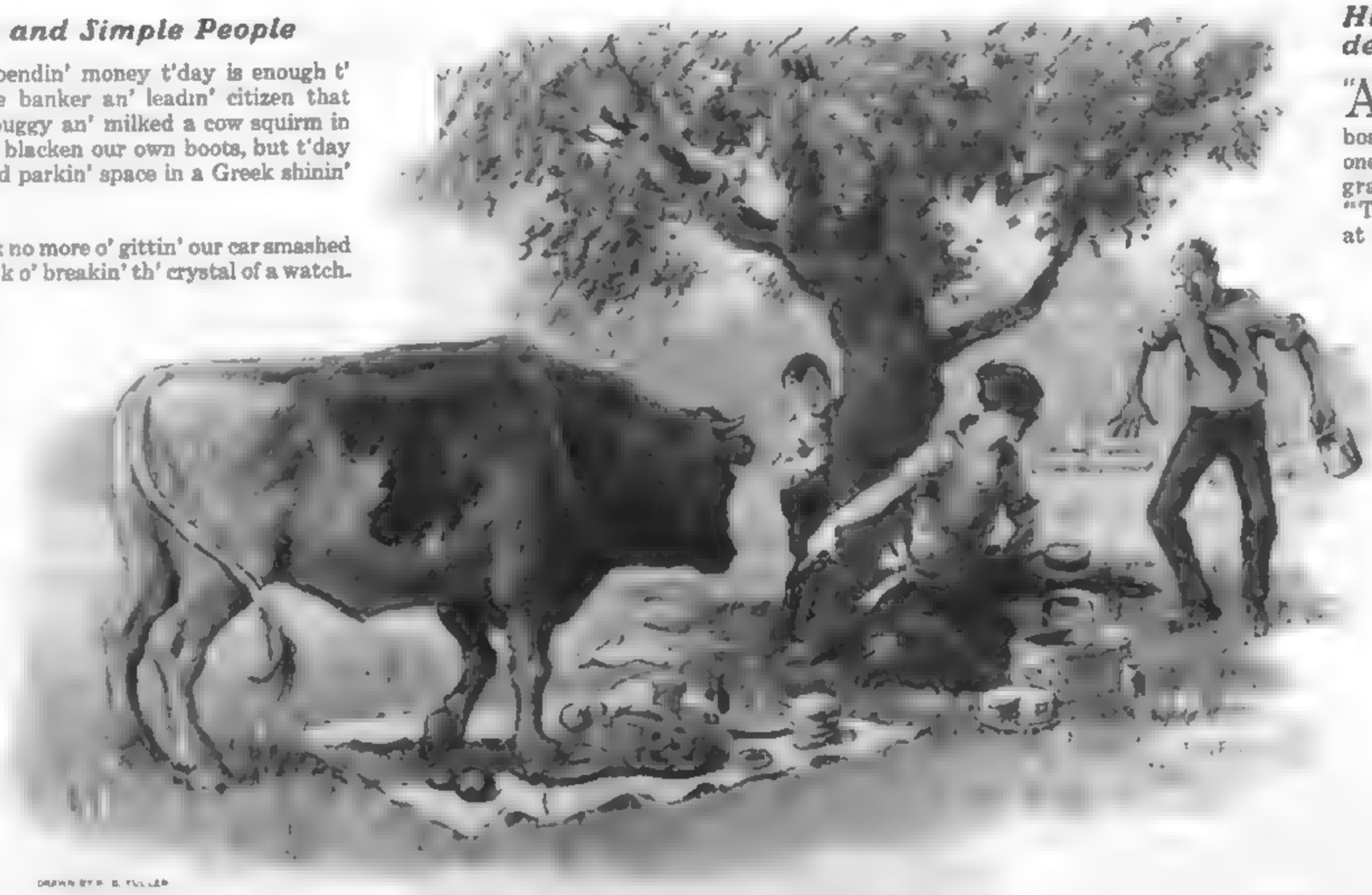
T'day we don't think no more o' gittin' our car smashed up than we used t' think o' breakin' th' crystal of a watch.

Women used t' be satisfied with ther own faces, but nowerdays they won't even let a meter reader see 'em before ten o'clock.

We used t' doll up a little on Saturday night, but t'day we're slicked up all th' time.

We used t' drop a pustal card occasionally, but now we use th' long distance or wire.

We used t' keep butter in th' cistern, but t'day we have ice-makin' machines.



Wife—"John Henry, are You Going to Stand for That?"

We used t' steal off t' Niagury Falls ever' summer or so, but these days goin' t' bed is a bigger event than goin' t' Europe.

Doctors used t' whittle up great people only as a last resort t' save ther lives, but t'day ever'body we meet is jest out o' ether or about t' go under it.

We used t' run three blocks t' see a dude, an' t'day we're all dudes.

T'day we kin buy a pair o' fairly good socks fer what it costs t' have our nails plowed up an' polished.

Calico is no longer worn, except in reformatories.

We could keep a cow fer what it costs t' keep our hair washed.

We used t' spend a little money ever' Christmas, but t'day we go th' limit fer a dozen anniversaries.

We used t' go t' th' theater in th' winter, but now we go all th' time.

Gasoline stations are three times as thick as saloons used t' be, an' they don't give away no bologna.

A husband now squanders three times as much on his wife's feet as he used t' spend on her back.

We used t' make a pitcher o' lemonade on extremely hot evenin's, but now we take th' whole outfit t' th' sody fountain.

We used t' be content with lettuce an' violets in season, but now we buy 'em th' year round.

We used t' study a long time before we broke a dollar, but t'day we don't even choke up when we lose ever'thing we've got.

We used t' be goin' some t' even play croquet, but t'day no man is complete without a country club.

We used t' give a blind accordion player a nickel now and then, but t'day we contribute t' ever'thing.

But what's t' be done? Th' only way t' combat th' present system is t' die or cut out th' necessities o' life. Some fellers even wear a belt an' suspenders too.—*Abe Martin.*

"Henry, Take That Pipe Out of Your Mouth and Set Up Straight! That Ain't No Way to Listen to a Church Service"

Huldah on Misunderstood Husbands

"AIN'T it a shame?" said Ethel, the new switchboard girl, as she watched one of the office men go gracefully out the door. "That fellow is so unhappy at home that he says he wouldn't mind workin' twelve hours a day just to be away from it all."

"Huh!" answered Huldah, crunching down on her gum until it popped, and languidly making a connection. "So he's been springin' that old gag o' his on you, has he, dearie? Now take it from me—an' I been here enough years that I know all about him and his kind—they ain't likely to be any more unhappiness in that bird's home than he carries there himself. Gosh, ain't you worked around enough to get wise to these misunderstood husbands? They ain't no office without 'em, and I'll bet I've had a dozen of 'em try to hand me that line of stuff. What they want to do is work on your sympathy, see, and then first thing you know they're telling you if they'd only had somebody like you they would have been greater wonders than Henry Ford or Thomas Edison. Inspiration is what they say they need, and it's been my experience that most of 'em was too little acquainted with perspiration. Honest, I believe some of 'em actually believe, though, that us girls is pityin' 'em when we're only laughin' at 'em.

"Misunderstood? Why, the trouble with them sweet papas is that their wives understand 'em too well. The pretty lies they used to tell ain't so easy to believe now, and they get their hands called once in a while. These wives know just what darn fools the men are, but bein' married to 'em and probably tied down with a bunch of kids—why, they just have to make the best of it. But they understand 'em all right, and let the men know it—which, they havin' sensitive souls, leads 'em to heap pity on theirselves and try to get some vacuum-brained girls to sympathize with 'em.

"Sure, their home life is unhappy. Once in a while the wife is too tired to mow the lawn after she has been taking all the kids through the measles, and so husband has to do it. Or maybe in the grand excitement of gettin' all the kids off to school and hubby off to the office, the wife forgot to comb her hair real pretty before she sat down to breakfast. They ain't no column writer on Advice to the Lovelorn that don't score the wife that neglects to powder her nose before she sets down to bacon an' eggs with her dearly beloved. Consequently, hubby is apt to feel sore at his wife for not being able to cook a nice breakfast, act as nursemaid to the children, and still look like the brides do in motion pictures at breakfast. He don't never kick himself for not bein' able to provide a little help around, even if he has to put on an apron hisself—that is, these misunderstood husbands don't. They just eat more bacon and

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Who's hungry?

Your appetite can't be too big! Here's just the dish for it—meaty, delicious, substantial beans and a tomato sauce that brings your plate back for more.

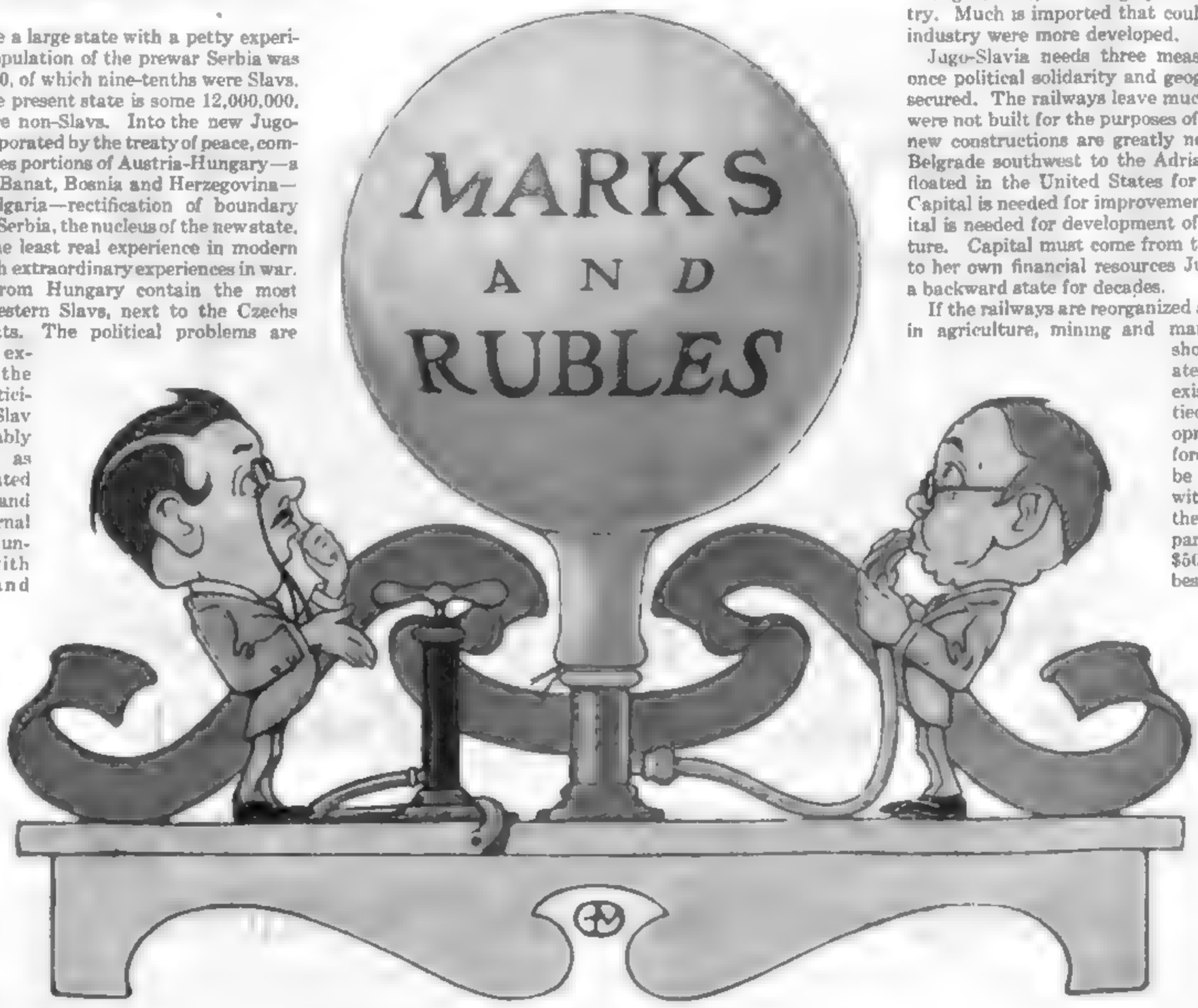
Slow-cooked
Digestible

12 cents
a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States
and in Canada

CAN EUROPE PAY HER DEBTS?

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE



What is the situation in the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes?

WE HAVE here a large state with a petty experience. The population of the prewar Serbia was some 3,000,000, of which nine-tenths were Slavs. The population of the present state is some 12,000,000, of which one-third are non-Slavs. Into the new Jugo-Slavia have been incorporated by the treaty of peace, commissions and plebiscites portions of Austria-Hungary—a part of Batchka, and Banat, Bosnia and Herzegovina—Montenegro and Bulgaria—rectification of boundary line. The older state, Serbia, the nucleus of the new state, is the section with the least real experience in modern statehood, though with extraordinary experiences in war. The parts derived from Hungary contain the most progressive of the western Slavs, next to the Czechs and Poles, the Croats. The political problems are both internal and external. Internally, the difficulties to be anticipated with the non-Slav minorities are probably not so much feared as those to be anticipated between the old Serbs and the Croats. The external difficulties include the unsettled relations with Italy, Hungary and Bulgaria. With Bulgaria and Rumania, the new state is apparently on the way to friendship. The tensions with Italy and Hungary, however, remain unrelieved. The sense of isolation of the southern Slavs was so intense after the creation of the new state that at the time of the peace negotiations in Paris the proposal was advanced to create a corridor across Austria in order to unite the northern and southern Slavs, a geographical absurdity so stupendous that even the nationalistic extremists of the Paris Conference disavowed it. If the Jugo-Slavs succeed in consolidating the internal factions and are able to maintain the political integrity in the international sense, the new state should have little fear of economic problems. Jugo-Slavia is a semideveloped country, requiring regular accretions of fresh capital to maintain the normal rate of development.

The external debt is difficult of definition because it is the composite of the external debts of the component states, plus the war advances of Great Britain and France. It is about as follows:

Great Britain	£27,000,000
United States	$59,000,000
France	1,350,000,000 francs
Czecho-Slovakia—apparently	299,000,000 crowns

The interest is in all cases in arrears, and all obligations will need to be refunded.

Jugo-Slavia is held liable, under the treaty of peace, for her share of the prewar debt of Austria-Hungary, estimated at some 700,000,000 gold crowns. These are obligations held largely outside the state. Also, standing against the new state are small debts of the newly added component states, in terms of Austrian crowns.

Against these external debts the Jugo-Slav state has equities in the reparation due from Bulgaria under the Treaty of Neuilly. Due from Bulgaria are 2,250,000,000 gold leva; costs of the army of occupation following the Armistice; payment for destruction of properties, rights and interests of Serbian nationals during the war; an indemnity to the Danube Commission; and a number of smaller obligations of considerable aggregate value in figures. Out of this imposing array Jugo-Slavia has received to date little beyond war materials, some livestock and a little coal. Whether the bill against Bulgaria is collectable, in more than small part, is doubtful. The reparation obligations of Bulgaria have recently been fixed at 550,000,000 gold francs. The largest share Jugo-Slavia can secure from this will be small contrasted with her claims.

The internal debt, funded and floating, and including the prewar internal debts of the component parts, runs to about 6,000,000,000 dinars—as reported to the League of Nations—of which only one-sixth is funded, and of the remainder considerable is tangled up in the paper money. The note circulation at the end of 1922 was some 5,000,000,000 dinars, the gold reserve only 60,000,000.

The budget of the state is sadly out of balance. The trade balance is negative. There has been much unnecessary import, and, owing to friction between the states, harmful repression of exports. The Serbian child—Croatia—is very glad to return home; but feels that since he has had schooling abroad he should run the family. The monetary policy is largely *laissez faire*. Fiscal control exists only on paper. Adequate legislation for increase of revenues cannot be secured, the expression of rivalries of the several states again operating through political blocs. With no power of increasing revenues and little control over expenditure, the printing press has been called in to cover the budgetary deficits.

Jugo-Slavia is a country of rich and amazingly undeveloped resources. The land is to a large extent fertile and there is great diversity of crops. Wheat and rye, the coarse grains—especially corn—hemp, tobacco, sugar beets, olives, grapes and fruits of all kinds—especially prunes—form the basic crops. The livestock of the lower Danubian country is famous in Europe. Sericulture is widely distributed. There is no need of imported food, and large amounts of grain and animal products were exported before the war from the territory that is the present Jugo-Slavia.

The mineral and metal resources are equally rich, but only scratched in development. Coal, petroleum, gold, silver, iron, lead, zinc, chrome, manganese, copper, antimony, mercury, graphite, salt and limestone and other commercial stone exist in different parts of the country. There is also considerable hardwood timber.

The agriculture is primitive in the older state, but progressive in Croatia-Slovenia and the parts of the lower Danube obtained from Hungary. There is, of course, the ever-present land problem, but it has not been treated by the method of radical parcellation. Industry is backward in Jugo-Slavia; it is largely household or petty industry. Much is imported that could be made at home if industry were more developed.

Jugo-Slavia needs three measures of development, once political solidarity and geographical integrity are secured. The railways leave much to be desired. They were not built for the purposes of the present state, and new constructions are greatly needed, especially from Belgrade southwest to the Adriatic. A loan has been floated in the United States for railway construction. Capital is needed for improvement of agriculture. Capital is needed for development of mining and manufacture. Capital must come from the outside. If limited to her own financial resources Jugo-Slavia will remain a backward state for decades.

If the railways are reorganized and new capital placed in agriculture, mining and manufacture Jugo-Slavia should prosper immediately. The payment of existing foreign debts is tied up in the new developments. Not that the foreign debts might not be paid by the country with present capacity—the total foreign debt at par is only something like $500,000,000. But the best way to bring in new capital is to fund it with the old foreign debts, for the sake of efficient and consistent financiering. Europe needs the exportable surplus of the soil of Jugo-Slavia. The corn of Serbia is closer than that of Argentina, the lard closer than that of Chicago. Jugo-Slavia is a natural provider for Czecho-Slovakia, Italy and Germany. When the time comes to make use of the soil of the Balkans the foreign debts of the countries will be paid as integral parts of the transaction. Certainly, Jugo-Slavia will pay her debt to the United States.

What is the situation in Rumania?

The enlarged Rumania has a population of some 17,000,000. The population swells when the ethnographic boundaries of the country are under discussion and shrinks when taxpayers are being sought. In 1914 Rumania had a population of about 6,500,000. The treaty of peace brought into Rumania the rich Dobrudja, from Bulgaria; Bessarabia, from Russia; and Bukowina, Crisana, Máramaros, Transylvania and part of the Banat, from Austria-Hungary. These lands are rich in resources. Rumania suffered very severely under the invasion of Mackensen and the German occupation. But the country scored heavily in the outcome of the war.

The foreign debt of Rumania is well distributed. The books of Rumania do not seem to be kept in any consistent manner, but the following list roughly conveys the items:

Great Britain	£25,000,000
United States	$42,000,000
France	1,000,000,000 francs
Italy	101,000,000 lire
Germany	70,000,000 marks
Czecho-Slovakia	300,000,000 crowns

In addition, there are scattered debts in terms of Swedish kroner, Swiss francs and pesetas, to an inconsiderable amount. Our loans were largely for relief, the loans of the Allies largely for war. In addition, Rumania is liable for a share of the prewar foreign debt of Austria-Hungary and presumably also of Russia, amounts not yet even broached in negotiations. As against these Rumania has claims against Russia, for gold deposited during the war and for damages; Austria-Hungary, for conversion of notes of the old Austro-Hungarian Bank; Germany, for notes issued during the occupation, war damage and share of reparations; Great Britain, for destruction of property in the oil regions to prevent German use of it; and Bulgaria.

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The "Wild West" of Two Centuries Ago

They had their "wild and woolly west" in the seventeen hundreds, just as we had it a few years ago.

The first "Wild West" was in the uplands of North and South Carolina, on the rich, rolling, wooded slopes of the eastern foothills of the Appalachians, before the push-over of population into Kentucky and Tennessee.

There were open ranges, cow towns, cowboys; rough-riding, hard-living, plain-talking, straight-hitting, picturesque frontiersmen; boisterous, noisy, unruly fellows, dead shots, full of pranks.

They were vital to their times, because they furnished meat, serving the society of their day as their successors—the western cowboys—serve theirs today.

Huge herds, half wild, ranged the forests, knee-deep in luxuriant pea-vine grass. Here and there great cow-pens were built. Cabins clustered about them. Towns sprang up.

Here the cattle were rounded up and branded, some to be turned back on to the range again; some to be driven off to Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore or Philadelphia, to be killed, dressed, salted, packed and shipped, or eaten fresh on the spot.

* * *

Those early "cowboys" tapped the outermost resources of the country of their day and brought meat to man in the best way it could be done at that time, just as the cowboys of our later day brought the wider abundance of newly opened country under tribute to the necessities of their times.

Three factors—railroads, refrigeration, and the packing industry—made this later service possible.

While cattle were still ranging in the West in mighty herds, Swift & Company was placing packing plants (23 of them) at convenient points, buying live animals sent in by rail, dressing the beef, and sending the meat country-wide in refrigerator cars to be distributed through refrigerated branch houses.

It is a far cry from the freshly killed, and therefore tough meat of early days to the tender, corn-fed, refrigerated, government-inspected beef which Swift & Company delivers today to retail dealers everywhere.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders

Swift & Company's profit from all sources averages a fraction of a cent per pound

Acknowledgment

Swift & Company is indebted to Mr. Rudolf A. Clemen for permission to use historical data from his book, "The American Live Stock and Meat Industry"

(Continued from Page 28)

The sums under these headings look very substantial but have not been fixed by negotiations. Possibly the claims for and against Rumania may be regarded as a stand-off.

The internal debt, funded and floating, at the close of 1922 was nearly 6,000,000,000 lei—2,000,000,000 at the opening of the war. It is on the increase. The note circulation at the close of 1922 was some 16,000,000,000 lei. It also tends to increase. The currency is badly demoralized. The budget was heavily negative in 1922. The imports exceeded the exports in 1922, grain and petroleum being low in amounts; only timber held up well. Rumania is now trying to borrow from French bankers anything from 100,000,000 to 500,000,000 francs. The system of taxation is illogical, inequitable and unproductive. If the country recovers its gold from Russia, Germany and Great Britain it will have a fair-sized gold reserve—now 37,000,000 lei—and should be able to check printing of paper money and make its devalued notes convertible.

Rumania is a country rich in resources. The country lacks a middle class. The upper class in the cities is exotic, the peasant lower class densely ignorant. Agriculture is the chief industry. Before the war lands now included in the boundaries of Rumania raised large amounts of wheat, corn, oats, barley, legumes and grapes. Fibers, tobacco and sugar had to be imported. The wheat was raised particularly on large estates, and went mostly into exports. Corn was raised especially on the small holdings. Since the war, parcellation of the land has been undertaken as part of an agrarian reform, and this has had the result of wiping out, for the present, the exportable surplus of wheat. Cattle, horses, swine, sheep and goats are raised in large numbers. Agriculture is carried on by rather primitive methods, and the peasants will need to be educated before a large export can again be developed. The country has extensive timber resources, for construction purposes rather than for pulp.

The mineral resources are also extensive. The most noted are the deposits of petroleum and natural gas. There is some coal of rather low grade, iron, copper, gold, lead and manganese. These deposits are probably richer than commonly estimated.

The railways are inadequate and not designed for the present state. In addition, roadbed and equipment are badly out of order. The Rumanians appear to have little talent for railway administration. The Danube is of great value, but is sadly in need of dredging and construction of efficient loading facilities.

With these resources, Rumania should have a heavy export balance of trade. The prewar Rumania had an excess of exports over imports of goods valued at over $100,000,000 annually. Rumania is a semideveloped agricultural country, in the extractive state, and needs capital for development. If she can pay for new capital she can pay present debts. The administrative capacity of the country is low, of the petty-state variety, and not of the caliber needed for a state of the present dimensions. The monetary system, fiscal policies and political traits of the country are antiquated and inefficient. Much of the best brains of the country is Greek. If political security is definitely attained, especially from the directions of Russia and Hungary, the country ought to be able to import administrative talent to undertake the essential reorganizations. The resources of the state available for taxation are ample to enable the state properly to cover adjusted expenditures and pay the foreign and domestic debts.

Rumania must have fresh capital to insure proper exploitation of resources. These capital additions will naturally be merged with the foreign debt. Under these circumstances our loans to Rumania should be gold and recoverable in the course of half a century or less.

What is the situation in Greece?

The present situation in Greece is an exemplification of the Furies in modern life. The prewar population of Greece was some 2,800,000. In 1920 the population of the enlarged Greece was nearly 5,500,000. It is doubtful if the prewar population will be retained when the present debacle is completed. The soil of Greece is still rich, the agriculture primitive and inefficient. Work animals and farming implements are poor. Animal husbandry is on a low plane. The tendency of agriculture is to raise and export special things and import the staples. Thus large amounts of fruit and oil are sent out, larger amounts of grain brought in. The country has passed through veritable epidemics of currant booms. The land is cursed by absentee landlordism and usury. Many minerals and metals are present, but rarely in large commercial amounts. Transportation is primitive and inefficient. A large part of the population was engaged in trade and shipping; indeed, a large part of the revenues of the state was derived from services rendered in the commerce of the Levant.

In 1921 the external debt of the country was large for the population and resources of the state. To the United Kingdom was owed some £21,000,000, to the United States $15,000,000, to France some 200,000,000 francs, and to Germany about 220,000,000 marks. In addition, Greece owed to Great Britain, France and Russia nearly 900,000,000 drachmas. What the present external debts may be is not known. They have certainly been materially increased during the past year. Greece has war indemnity coming to her from Turkey and Bulgaria. These may be discounted 90 per cent. Indeed, the Turks claim reparation.

The internal debt was reported to the League of Nations in March, 1921, as over 2,800,000,000 drachmas. The note circulation early in 1922 was over 3,000,000,000 drachmas. The budget of the state has been heavily negative, the deficits ruinous. The balance of trade has been heavily negative. In 1922 the imports were valued at 2,361,000,000 drachmas, the exports at 1,568,000,000. Immigrant remittances are apparently the largest item in the international account of the country.

The finances of Greece have long been matters of international concern. The state went into national bankruptcy in 1893. Following this, control over finances was vested in an international commission. Increase in note circulation was subject to the veto of this commission, and the service charges of the foreign debt were under its administration. Considerable improvement was accomplished before the onset of the Balkan Wars. These wars were exhausting and the finances of the country displayed the results of these injuries. The World War was equally exhausting. The downward trend of affairs has been greatly accelerated by the recent defeat by Turkey, through which Greece has lost all she gained by the war and finds herself reduced to her prewar territory, population and resources, with enormous exaggeration of her burdens. The gold reserve was reduced in 1922 to 30,000,000 drachmas. More than this, as the outcome of the present situation Greece will probably have lost for years her trading and shipping in the Levant, her revenues being therefore only those derived from the soil, waters and mines of the native land. The currant was not able to win the war with Turkey, and it will not be able to pay the debt—even if assisted by a menu tax in the United States.

Under these circumstances there seems no foreseeable possibility that Greece will be able to pay her foreign debts. If the debts were refunded, collection could only be accomplished by an international commission. The day for such commissions is probably over. In any event, it lies outside the temper of our people to collect our debt through an international sheriff. It will be best to consider our loans to Greece canceled in recognition of the influences of Greek art and writings on the development of culture. Hellenic statesmen having been misguided by the siren voice of the Lorelei of Wales, the ship of Greece has gone on the rocks.

What is the situation in Austria?

The accumulated wrath of centuries has been poured on this tiny state. The population is some 6,250,000, of which nearly 30 per cent live in Vienna. Once the capital of an empire of over 50,000,000, Vienna is now the ball and chain on the ankles of a small republic. The country is being administered under what amounts to a receivership of the League of Nations. The present inevitable deficits of the state are being paid with borrowed money.

The foreign debts are numerous. The creditor countries have all granted priority to the new loan of £27,000,000, being floated by the League of Nations under guaranty of Great Britain, France, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia and several neutral states. The superseded foreign debts were largely for relief and budget needs during the past four years. The list is as follows, in rounded figures, plus interest for several years:

United States	$24,000,000
Great Britain	$16,000,000
Great Britain	£9,000,000
France	55,000,000 francs
Italy	$16,000,000
Italy	70,000,000 lire
Czecho-Slovakia	500,000,000 crowns
Germany	200,000,000 marks
Holland	17,000,000 florins
Scandinavia	3,000,000 kroner
Switzerland	24,000,000 francs

This is only the beginning of the tale. Austria is held responsible for 2,300,000,000 gold crowns of the prewar debt of the old Austrian Empire. At least this much she is to be asked to shoulder; possibly more. Some of these prewar debts are secured by railways and salt mines. She is held responsible for some 24,000,000,000 crowns of the war debts of Austria-Hungary, though only so much of this will be paid as "is in the beneficial ownership of nationals and governments other than those of the Succession States." Under the treaty of peace Austria is liable for sums in reparation that under the action of the Allied Finance Ministers—March 22—cannot be more than 6,000,000,000 gold crowns. Payment of this sum in reparations has been generously and ostentatiously deferred for twenty years. Austria is further under obligation to make restitution, under the treaty of peace, for property taken from occupied territory during the war. The sum is large, and is under negotiation. Lastly, she is held responsible for the clearing-house account of private prewar debts, also estimated as large.

The internal debt of the new state, contracted since the Armistice, is enormous. It was reported to the League of Nations in November, 1921, as over 97,000,000,000 crowns. It has been increasing rapidly. The floating internal debt is tied up with the note circulation. This has risen to four trillion crowns. There is no purpose in discussing it.

Austria has paper assets in her share of war loans made by the Central Powers to Bulgaria and Turkey. She has wisely decided not to attempt collection and has stricken them from her state accounts.

The present Austria was always an import state in foodstuffs, fuel, minerals, metals and fibers; an export state in forest products and salt. The excess of imports was paid for out of invisible resources, services tendered to surrounding countries and arising from foreign investments. These are largely extinguished. In 1922 the imports were

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News of The New Hupmobile

(*Picture and detailed description of the new Series R-12 on page 47 of this issue*)

We feel sure that every Hupmobile owner, or even observer, will agree with us that in order to dominate its field, the Hupmobile has only to improve upon its own past.

In this new Hupmobile, that triumph has been accomplished, not merely in one, but in every important essential—with results in performance so marked that they validate more strongly than ever its legitimate right to be called the best car of its class in the world.

We direct the attention of Hupmobile owners in particular—because they know and admire its fine points of performance more intimately, perhaps, than any other owner-group in the world—to these results, which they can absolutely count upon in the new Hupmobile:—

Noted as the Hupmobile has always been for settling down instantly to smooth, steady, straight-ahead going, this new Hupmobile has a coasting, skimming quality that surpasses any Hupmobile which has preceded it.

Prized as the Hupmobile has always been for the smoothness of its operation, this new Hupmobile is even more free from noticeable vibration.

Celebrated as the Hupmobile has always been for snapping away in the flash of a second, this new Hupmobile is even quicker on the trigger than any other Hupmobile before it.

Easy-riding as the Hupmobile has always been, this new Hupmobile—in front and rear alike—outdoes all of its predecessors in bump-absorbent spring action and restful riding.

Comfortable as the Hupmobile has always been, this new Hupmobile is more roomy and affords greater convenience to driver and passengers alike.

These are the high points of new Hupmobile performance—a positive promise to the public from the Hupp Motor Car Corporation which fifteen minutes' experience will prove to your delight and satisfaction.

The means by which these splendid results have been attained are described in detail on page 47 of this issue.

Hupmobile has not veered nor varied a hair's-breadth from time-tried Hupmobile principles, but, applying and extending them with infinite care and fidelity, the Hupp Corporation has produced the greatest car in its history.

We realize that announcements from this corporation are accepted as careful statements of fact, and realizing it, we urge you to put our promises to the test.

(*Turn to page 47 for picture and detailed description of the new Series R-12 Hupmobile*)

(Continued from Page 30)

valued at 6,188,000,000 gold crowns, the exports at 1,591,000,000. Austria may become again a self-supporting state on a modest scale. But she will never pay her debts, internal or external. We would best erase the Austrian debt from our memory, and if possible erase it from our books by a formal cancellation. Let us write this off in consideration of what Vienna has done for music during the past two centuries.

Why are the problems of the debt payments of Belgium, France and Italy more difficult than those of the new countries of Eastern and Central Europe?

Before the war these three countries were creditor states—Italy very slightly. Now they are debtor states. They had negative balances of merchandise trade. But they had such invisible resources that they had positive international accounts. Since the war they still have negative balances of trade. But now they have not sufficient invisible resources to enable them to pay for excess of imports over exports of goods. They have lost a part of their prewar invisible resources. They face the necessity of development of new invisible resources in order to balance merchandise trade. This development of new invisible resources must be enough also to enable them to pay their foreign war debts. The problems of pensions and reconstruction of areas devastated by war are internal. But they impinge directly on the international problem because the money to purchase foreign bills of exchange or other means of payment must come out of taxation, and this is impossible as long as the state budgets cannot be brought into balance, with inclusion of the revenue needed for the foreign payments.

These countries, therefore, not only need to develop new invisible resources but must also increase production and reduce consumption to an extent never experienced before the war. Settlement with Belgium, France and Italy must therefore be still more considerate than in the case of the other debtors. The terms of settlements must be liberal, as contrasted with the settlement with Great Britain, in proportion to their resources and powers of payment relative to those of Great Britain.

What was the prewar economic position of Belgium?

The population was about 7,600,000 at the outbreak of the war. Few Belgians had emigrated, though nearly 500,000 of Belgian extraction lived in the surrounding states. The national wealth was 35,000,000,000 francs, the national income about 5,000,000,000 francs. There was practically no foreign debt. The domestic debt was some 4,500,000,000 francs, of which five-sixths was funded. The note circulation was roughly 1,000,000,000 francs, the gold reserve was 295,000,000 francs. The revenue of the state was 800,000,000 francs—300,000,000 of which came from taxation—of which the service charges on the national debt absorbed 135,000,000 francs. For the five years before the war, the average imports of goods were valued at 4,497,000,000 francs, the exports at 3,493,000,000 The adverse balance of merchandise trade in 1913 was 1,000,000,000 francs, having practically doubled during the previous ten years.

To pay this excess of imports, Belgium had several items of invisible resources—services in shipping, returns from colonies, interest on investments abroad and tourist expenditures, but no immigrant remittances. These various invisible resources were more than enough to make good the balance of the international account, and each year Belgium was elaborating her standard of living and increasing her foreign investments In the years before the war the industries were flourishing, the people prosperous. The debt was increasing but slightly, and the expenditures of the state, though growing, were not burdensome.

What is the present situation of Belgium?

The picture of the present Belgium is different. The population has not increased. The domestic debt is now about 28,000,000,000 francs, of which only 11,000,000,000 is funded The foreign debt is 3,600,000,000 francs, due to France, £13,000,000 to Great Britain; and $437,000,000 owed to the United States. There are also small debts due to Canada and Holland. In terms of the present Belgian franc the total debt amounts to nearly 40,000,000,000 francs, nine times the prewar national debt. The note circulation is now nearly 7,000,000,000 francs, the gold reserve only 260,000,000 francs. The service charges on the internal debt are nearly 1,500,000,000 francs annually. The annual national savings are estimated at 8,000,000,000 francs.

The revenue of last year was estimated at 4,500,000,000 francs, the expenditures were over 7,000,000,000. Two-thirds of the expenditures were for pensions, repair of war devastations and subsidies. The ordinary budget is only 2,500,000,000 francs, scarcely more in prewar francs than the budget in 1913. The balance of merchandise trade is now heavily against Belgium. Statistics are very indefinite just now, so that the exact deficit in the merchandise trade cannot be stated, but it is heavy. In 1922 the imports were valued at 9,389,000,000 francs, the exports at 6,183,000,000. To cover this, Belgium has not sufficient invisible resources. These were largely sacrificed during the war and have not been recovered.

Two factors complicate the financial situation. Under the Treaty of Versailles the sums advanced by the Allies to Belgium during the war are not chargeable to her as foreign debts, but are set against Germany. Belgium has further a priority in reparation to the extent of 2,500,000,000 francs gold. The war advances were some 6,000,000,000 francs. In the figure of debt to France given below, about a third is in this category. The figure for debt to Great Britain is net. The figure for debt due to the United States contains our war advances. Since we did not sign the Treaty of Versailles, our war advances to Belgium remain a charge upon her. Just what will happen if Germany does not pay is not clear. If Germany does not make repayment to Great Britain and France, will they attempt to place the burden back on Belgium? Thus the future of the country in the matter of public debt is contingent upon political developments.

If we set the order of priority of the obligations of the Belgian state as follows: Reconstruction of devastated areas, pensions, American debt, other foreign debts, domestic debt—it is clear that for a number of years the country will not be in position to make payments to us. Belgium will need the moratorium of five years offered to Great Britain. The service charges on the debt due us, on the basis of the British debt settlement, will amount to something like $18,000,000 a year. At the present value of the Belgian franc, this would represent less than 300,000,000 francs, about 12 per cent of the present normal budget. A prewar Belgium would have been able to carry this impost without trouble. For the Belgium of five years from now to carry this, the country must return to stricter economy in public expenditures, reorganization of taxation on a higher plane than was known before the war, restriction of nonessential imports and increase of production sufficient to find expression in a notable enlargement of exports. To what extent American capital may flow to Belgium to aid in balancing her account is problematical.

A great deal depends on the administration of the fiscal policy of the country, especially on the decision as to revision of parity of the franc. If Belgium decides to bring the franc back to the prewar gold basis she faces an enormous accentuation of her internal problem, with little alleviation of her foreign problem. A definite revision of parity—for example, at half the prewar gold value—would enable a stabilization to be attained within a relatively short time.

If Belgium regards the debt to the United States as a first obligation among her items of national debt, this can be paid without particular hardship. Under these circumstances we should be particular to grant such a moratorium as will enable the repair of devastations and establishment of pensions to be attained When the settlement of German reparations is accomplished what might be called the interim period of Belgian finances will become clearly defined.

The Belgians have given a good account of themselves since the Armistice. The largest tax raised in a prewar year was about 350,000,000 francs The taxes to be raised this year are 2,500,000,000 francs, equal to some 830,000,000 prewar francs This year it is proposed to pay off some 650,000,000 francs of domestic debt This illustrates the spirit of the country Because of its heroic resistance to invasion its helpless position in the war, and its self-reliance in the problems of reconstruction Belgium has the right to expect and will doubtless receive considerate treatment at our official hands.

What was the prewar financial and trade position of France?

In 1914 France, with a population of 39,000,000, was the most self-sufficient state in Western Europe. On the basis of the 1912 figures of Théry, the wealth of France in 1914 was some 310,000,000,000 francs, of which about 42,000,000,000 was in one kind or another of foreign investment. There was no foreign debt. The revenue of the state was about 5,000,000,000 francs, of which 70 per cent came from taxation. The budget was in balance. Of the expenditures 26 per cent went to pay the service charge on the public debt. The internal debt was roundly 32,500,000,000 francs, of which only 2,000,000,000 was floating. Of the 30,500,000,000 francs funded internal debt quite a large part was in the state called perpetual, bearing no date of maturity. The service charge of this debt was about 1,300,000,000 francs annually. The money of the country included over 4,000,000,000 francs in gold and silver. The note circulation was 6,000,000,000. Behind the notes stood a gold reserve of 4,697,000,000 francs.

The balance of merchandise trade was negative. For the five years before the war the value of imports averaged 7,773,000,000 francs, exports 6,525,000,000 francs. In 1913 the imports were valued at 8,424,000,000 francs, the exports at 6,876,000,000. The imports of merchandise and specie were approaching 2,000,000,000 francs in excess of exports. This deficit was more than covered by invisible resources. From foreign investments, the colonies and shipping the estimated income was annually 3,000,000,000 francs. There were large tourist expenditures, but no immigrant remittances. Everyone came to France, the French traveled little. Probably the total invisible resources may be estimated to have been 3,500,000,000 francs, certainly not over 4,000,000,000. This was nearly, or fully, twice the deficit in her trade in goods and specie. The excess went mostly abroad. The foreign investments of France were largely of two kinds—developmental in her colonies, and semipolitical, such as her investments in Russian bonds and railways. France was the most thrifty nation in Europe. In particular the peasant class was both diligent and saving. The oft-quoted extravagances of Paris and the coast resorts were very largely committed by foreigners—Germans, Russians and South Americans, as well as Americans. The annual national income was estimated at 37,000,000,000 francs, the savings were apparently nearly 15,000,000,000 francs.

What is the postwar situation of France?

The present state of affairs in France is very different. The inclusion of Alsace-Lorraine has probably made up the war losses, so that the national wealth is still to be regarded as some 300,000,000,000 gold francs. But Alsace-Lorraine cannot be distributed over France; therefore the northern part of the country that was devastated by Germany is being repaired at the expense of the taxpayers of the entire state. Estimations of the present national income are not available; but if one were to compute from state revenues and rates before the war and now the national income might be guessed at 70,000,000,000 paper francs. The national savings have been recently estimated at some 30,000,000,000 francs. From these figures it follows that national income and savings have both declined from the prewar level, judged on a gold basis.

France has a heavy list of foreign debts and loans. These may be appropriately placed in a table, as of December, 1922:

Foreign Debts	
Great Britain	£583,000,000
United States	$5,344,000,000
Spain	489,000,000 pesetas
Japan	153,000,000 yen
Switzerland	40,000,000 francs
Netherlands	35,000,000 florins
Argentina	42,000,000 pesos gold
Uruguay	$15,000,000

Foreign Loans	
Russia	5,775,000,000 francs
Belgium	3,270,000,000 francs
Poland	1,480,000,000 francs
Jugo-Slavia	1,750,000,000 francs
Rumania	1,150,000,000 francs
Czech-Slovakia	574,000,000 francs
Greece	918,000,000 francs
Italy	932,000,000 francs
East Baltic States	35,000,000 francs
Sundry	130,000,000 francs

Of the sum set against Belgium the larger part was advanced during the war, and the obligation has been transferred to Germany. The items are difficult of definition, since supplies are included of which the prices are in part still unadjudicated. It is to be noted that the French estimates of their receivables are not identical with the estimates of the debtor states.

Certainly this is an appalling list of borrowings and lendings for a state whose national wealth is 300,000,000,000 francs. If the service charges were operative France would be receiving interest in cheap francs and paying interest in dear foreign currency. Spain, Japan, Switzerland, Netherlands, Argentina and Uruguay certainly expect to be paid the loans made as commercial transactions, largely credits for supplies. Great Britain has possession of some 1,800,000,000 gold francs as security for loans. It is commonly expected in Great Britain that this will be applied to the British debt, though the French contend that this gold is earmarked as security for specific advances and will be returned when these are repaid. It may be taken for granted that the remaining £500,000,000 will not be collected by Great Britain.

The movement led by Keynes to cancel the British loans to France and Italy, irrespective of the position of the United States, is gaining strength in the United Kingdom. As the Spectator puts it: "We shall pay America what we owe her, let off our Allies, and not collect for ourselves what is due from Germany." We may expect to see this proposition replace that of the Balfour note. Naturally Great Britain will not cancel this debt without a *quid pro quo*, but this will be political and not financial. The French people now understand that the debt to the United States must be funded into a long-term obligation, with easy payments, at reduced interest, preceded by a moratorium of several years. France does not blame us for collecting the debt. But she does blame us for the rejection of the treaty of protection, which would have enabled her to pay the debt with feelings of security.

The domestic debt at the end of 1922 was about 260,000,000,000 francs. Of this nearly 100,000,000,000 is floating debt, constituting a source of great danger to the state. Up to December 31, 1922, France had paid out in restoration of real and industrial properties 54,000,000,000 francs, and further outlays are estimated at 48,000,000,000 francs more. If the fiscal affairs of France be projected into the future, with the completion of the reconstruction program in mind, the internal debt of the country at the end of 1925 may be as much as 320,000,000,000 francs. The interest charges on the present internal debt are 14,000,000,000 francs annually.

According to old experience France may be expected to refund the internal debt at 3 per cent, with .5 per cent amortization. When that time comes the service charges on the 320,000,000,000 debt will be 11,200,000,000 francs per annum. This is the sum the French people must face if the new debt is not to meet the fate of the assignats of over a century ago.

Of the debts due France, those of Greece, Italy and Austria we may regard as uncollectable. Belgium will pay for the advances made outside of warfare. The debt of Russia we regard as good, though deferred. Russia is a land of very large resources. To develop the country foreign capital will be necessary. Fresh foreign capital cannot be secured unless the existing obligations are refunded and amortized. If France will negotiate with her debtors, and not trade her loans for political alliances, she can fund them for payment for the most part. The Bulgarian reparation is already in process of settlement. Assuming that these loans are refunded at 3 per cent, with .5 per cent for amortization, the annual service charges due France will be about 450,000,000 francs.

The foreign debt of France, apart from that to Great Britain, is about $4,200,000,000. The service charges on this sum at 3 per cent interest and .5 per cent amortization, would—at fourteen francs to the dollar be 2,058,000,000 francs Against this large sum the service charges payable to France would be only 450,000,000, leaving a payment burden of roundly 1,500,000,000 francs per annum. This sum, large

(Continued on Page 34)

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as it is, is small contrasted with the present figure for the interest on the internal debt, 14,000,000,000 francs, or the suggested figure for the refunded debt, 11,000,000,000. Heavy as the foreign debt is, the domestic debt is much more oppressive. When we recall to what extent the internal debt of France has been caused by expenses of reconstruction that should have been carried by Germany, we get some idea of the feelings of the French on the subject of German default on reparation payments. Now that our war bill against Germany—including the cost of the Army of Occupation and incidental losses of American nationals—is fixed at $1,500,000,000, the French bill for reconstruction looks modest.

The present note circulation is 37,000,000,000 francs. The gold reserve in December, 1921, was 5,490,000,000 francs, of which 1,940,000,000 gold francs are in foreign deposits, largely London. There is also considerable silver in the reserve. The note circulation was higher a couple of years ago, and strenuous efforts have been made not merely to check note printing but also to reduce the circulation. The achievements in this direction have not been so real as apparent, however. National defense bonds have been issued to the extent of nearly 80,000,000,000 francs. These have denominations of 100, 500 and 1000 francs, and since they are used like paper money and instruments of credit, inflation has gone on just the same as though notes had been issued.

The state budget is in a very bad way. The gross total receipts in 1922 were 24,692,000,000 francs, the outlays 48,720,000,000 francs. There are two budgets, ordinary and extraordinary, the latter containing the items that are being carried in lieu of German reparation payments and chargeable to Germany. The deficit on the ordinary budget in 1922 was some 4,000,000,000 francs, the deficit on the extraordinary budget was 20,000,000,000 francs. For 1923 the forecast total deficit, in the absence of payments by Germany, may be as much as 30,000,000,000 francs. The real revenues last year were about 20,000,000,000 francs. These are to be enlarged this year to at least 24,000,000,000.

Leaving aside reconstructions, the chief items on the theoretical budget of the state this year would be: Civil, 7,000,000,000 francs; military, 5,000,000,000 francs; pensions, 4,000,000,000 francs; internal debt charges, 14,000,000,000 francs, and foreign debt, 1,500,000,000 francs—disregarding the British debt; total, 31,500,000,000 francs.

The item of 5,000,000,000 francs for military outlays is to be compared with the corresponding item in our new budget of $547,000,000. The same item in the British budget is £122,000,000.

In the present state of industry in France that sum cannot be raised in state revenue without a capital tax levy. In a few years, with peace and economy, the civil expenditures should be reduced to 5,000,000,000 francs, the military outlays to 4,000,000,000, pensions to 3,000,000,000, service on the internal debt to 11,000,000,000 and on the foreign debt 1,500,000,000—a total of some 25,000,000,000 francs. The incoming 1923 revenues are in excess of estimates. The present savings of France are presumably some 30,000,000,000 francs per annum. During the years 1919, 1920 and 1921, the French public absorbed 83,000,000,000 francs' government securities and 27,000,000,000 industrials. Some of this was hoarded money. But the figures speak eloquently for French thrift. With the demonstrated production and consumption of France, we may expect in a few years to see the normal budget balanced at something like 25,000,000,000 francs of the present value. This, however, is contingent on cessation of outlay for reconstruction beyond the figure stated for internal debt in 1925. When one considers the national wealth and income, such a budget could represent about the high-water mark of history. Possibly no people but the French could fulfill such an undertaking.

The balance of merchandise trade is negative. The imports in 1921 were valued at roundly 23,500,000,000 francs, the exports 21,500,000,000 the deficit, therefore, being 2,000,000,000. The trade deficit of 1922 was less than anticipated according to preliminary estimates. Imports were valued at 23,900,000,000 francs, the exports at 22,391,000,000. Computed in terms of 1913 prices, the trade of 1921 was quite similar to that of 1913.

How was this negative balance of trade covered? Partly by loans and sale of francs abroad. No estimate of the present state of French invisible resources is publicly known. How much of her foreign investments France sacrificed in the war is not known. Possibly her invisible items may be worth 1,000,000,000 francs a year, as against 3,500,000,000 before the war. To this must be added the tourist expenditures—invaluable just now because they come in terms of dollars. With improvement in world business conditions, returns from the colonies and shipping will be augmented. Unless we encounter very hard times tourist contributions will continue on a high level. A survey of the imports and exports makes it clear that with improvement in world business and settlement with Germany the French imports could be reduced and the exports increased. For a time last year imports and exports balanced. This must be the goal of French administration.

What is to be expected of France in the near future?

Given economy in the people, restraint of imports and stimulation of production resulting in an increase of exports, France will be able to raise the taxes to pay her debts. But four special factors exert a decisive influence on the psychology as well as the finances of France—German reparations, the program of reconstruction, repudiation of internal debt, revision of the franc.

There is no indication that Germany will pay more than $10,000,000,000, as from date. It may be much less. Of these new payments, France would receive from 50 to 70 per cent, depending on the position of Great Britain, where a large and influential group led by Keynes urges the country to abjure any share in the reparations. One hundred million dollars a year would be a help to France, $200,000,000 would be more than twice as much help. The psychological effect of settlement, the stabilization of European industry, trade, exchanges and relations would be worth more indirectly than the payments would be worth directly. Until the reparation question is settled France can make no commitments or undertakings for the future; nor should she be pressed to do so.

The program of reconstruction, carried out under the assumption that Germany would eventually pay the bills, has not been done efficiently or wisely. There has been waste in the constructions and excess in the disbursement—probably also graft, as is inevitable in such handing out of public money. The balance of the program of reconstruction should be carried out under the assumption that France must shoulder the costs. Then the task will be completed efficiently. Further issue of internal bonds on the theory that Germany is to pay them will simply mean more waste.

After the French Revolution France repudiated billions of assignats, a special form of bond of the state. Will this occur again? No one speaks of it in France except in a whisper. If such a thing were done the method of dispossession would be by taxing away the proceeds of the bonds. No one wants this done; not even the debtor class. But if Germany emerges into the new industrial era devoid of internal debt—the complete repudiation of which seems already assured—other countries of Europe may be driven to follow in the same road in order to get their taxes down to such a level that they can compete with a tax-low Germany. The situation threatens to be very trying.

Finally, is the franc to be subjected to revision of parity—devaluation? The economists of the world seem agreed that France can bring back the franc to par only by a terrific struggle. Obviously it would be much easier on the debtor class and the workingmen to have the value of the franc revised, at, say, half the prewar value. Even then it would be high in comparison with the currencies to the east, all of which, except that of Switzerland, are sure to be revised. Each country must see to it that industry is a going concern, and the monetary policies must be adapted to this end. The French taxpayer cannot hope to pay the debts of the country if the franc is to be advanced to par. As Keynes has said: "The level of the franc is going to be settled in the long run not by speculation or the balance of trade but by the proportion of his income which the Frenchman will permit to be taken from him by taxation to pay the claims of the *rentier*." The credit users of the country could not continue to do business with the franc being driven back to par. Devaluation sounds bad, but the process is mild in effects on the country compared to deflation. A revised gold standard is better for many countries than an unattainable prewar gold standard, with perpetual depreciation of currency. Whatever the decision of France, the decision must be made before she can balance her budget and shoulder her obligations.

Why should France not float bonds in this country to pay off her debt to our Government?

There is every reason why she should do this. This holds true also of Belgium and Italy. Germany should float loans in France and apply the proceeds to reparation payments. Our debtors should float issues here and apply the proceeds to debt payment. Naturally this cannot be done until interest rates for long-term paper have reached what is regarded as a definite level. But the principle demands continuous reiteration. Speaking of European wishes for new loans, Secretary Mellon stated the case for all loans when he said: "Foreign governments desiring to find finance in the United States should appeal to the investing public and not seek governmental aid." Private investors will not take European securities until political and industrial conditions are stabilized; the Government should exhibit the same reserve. When stabilization has been attained to the extent to make it safe for governments to lend, the investing public will also be prepared to invest. If the issues are sound, they appeal to private investors; if unsound, the Government should not touch them.

Is there any objection to France paying her debt in part with German bonds?

Certainly no objection. Many reasons speak in favor of such a transaction. When Germany is stabilized her bonds, if given proper priority and guaranties, may be good investments. When they are good enough to be accepted by the Allies' publics they are good enough to place on our market. The Government should not accept them in lieu of bonds of the Allies unless they enjoy first priority. Far better than this would be the marketing of German reparation bonds, properly safeguarded and guaranteed, to private investors in the United States. The central thought of all schemes for payment of international debts must be to transfer them from governments to the investing public.

Has the financial position of France been fundamentally changed by the acquisition of Alsace-Lorraine?

The future must answer this problem, and much depends on the answer. Before the war France was the country of petty savings, whose cumulations represented large capital savings. Is France, in addition, to achieve world prominence in the heavy-metal industries? The result of the war transferred to France the largest part of the minette fields and removed the ores of Luxemburg from German control. Germany is now an import state in iron, and must import from France, Luxemburg, Spain and Sweden. But Germany controls the coke situation of the Continent. In the present France, including the Saar, are few mines whose coal produces high-grade coke that will stand up in the modern furnace. Germany needs the iron ore, France needs the coke. Technically and essentially, the ores and coals of Germany, Belgium, Luxemburg and France should operate together; divisions of the fields are uneconomic. But political conditions seem to make integration impossible. In free competition with Germany and England, it is doubtful if France can attain leadership in the iron industries. She will be essentially a producer of fine finished wares, not a bulk producer. France will find great difficulty in conquering the foreign markets.

The potash deposits of Alsace make France independent of import of this essential fertilizer. With large deposits of phosphates in Algiers, and in possession of the method of fixation of atmospheric nitrogen, France is self-sufficient in fertilizers. She has a large export trade in phosphates. Whether she is to acquire part of the world trade in potash remains to be seen. The German deposits are less rich and concentrated, but more varied. The fuel costs are lower in Germany. Some trade, of course, France will acquire. In any event, the

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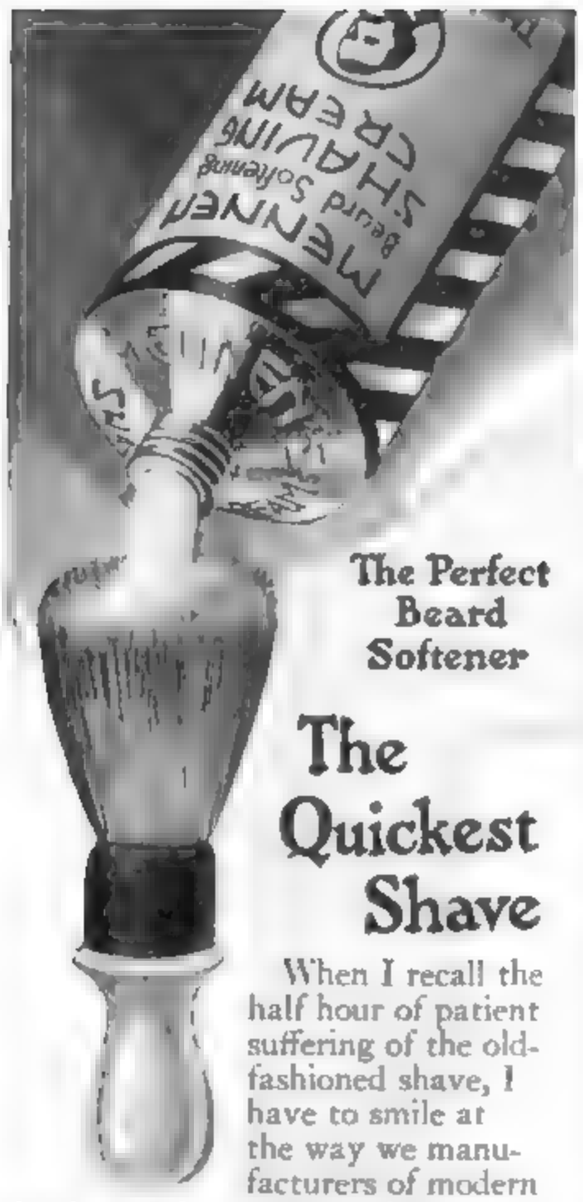

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Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
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(Continued from Page 34)

value of the potash trade is currently exaggerated. The prewar export of German potash was only some $15,000,000 a year; less than 1 per cent of her exports, less than the toys, and scarcely more than the musical instruments. The big business is in the metals, and in this direction the expansion of French export business remains for future demonstration.

What was the prewar financial and trade position of Italy?

Italy had a population of some 36,000,000. The agriculture was highly efficient. The urban industries were skillfully developed. But the natural resources below the soil were very deficient. Since the sulphur deposits gave out, Italy has not had a single basic raw material, mineral or metal, in quantity. Coal and petroleum are not present, lignite in small amounts. Stone and clay are, however, freely available. On account of the varied topography, with climate from semitropical to semipolar, the flora of Italy is very rich. Literally every fruit, cereal and vegetable is to be found in some part of the country. The forests have been depleted. Northern Italy possesses large amounts of water power, only partly developed and of great importance for the future of the country. Of Italy, more than of any country in Europe, could it be said that the chief potential of the country lay in the labor of man and not in the resources of Nature. Italian products faced fierce competitors—in Austria and Switzerland to the north, Greece to the east and France to the west. Only in her ruins and art did she stand pre-eminent. The national wealth was estimated at 115,000,000,000 lire—low for the population. The national income was valued at 20,000,000,000 lire—high for the national wealth and reflecting efficiency of labor. The South Italian was not so thrifty as the North Italian. As a whole, the nation stood below the French in thrift.

Italy had no foreign debt. The domestic debt was about 15,700,000,000 lire, of which 94 per cent was funded. The service charges were some 500,000,000 lire. The note circulation was 2,680,000,000 lire. The gold reserve was 1,140,000,000 lire. The budget of the state was in balance. The revenues were roundly 2,500,000,000 lire, of which nearly 60 per cent came from taxes. Nine hundred million lire of the expenditure went to military outlays.

The normal balance of merchandise trade was negative, imports exceeding exports. In 1913 the imports were 3,648,000,000 lire, the exports 2,521,000,000 lire. The average deficit in the years before the war was 1,200,000,000 lire. Against this stood invisible resources of about 1,500,000,000 lire. The largest was emigrant remittances, between 1,000,000,000 and 1,100,000,000 lire annually. The tourist expenditures came next. Italy had few foreign investments; the earnings of shipping were small. These resources exceeded the deficit on trade of goods to the extent of some 200,000,000 lire annually. Part of this remained in Italy, part went into her colonies, which were liabilities rather than assets.

What was the particular meaning of Italian emigrant remittances?

More than any other country in Europe, Italy exported labor. Pascoli described Italy as the great proletarian. Her position was just the opposite to that of Germany. Germany had the fuel and raw materials, and imported labor to aid in their elaboration; Italy had no fuel and raw materials, and exported workers to other countries. The emigrants were of two groups. One sought permanent residence abroad, the other planned to return. The outflow of emigrants just before the war had risen to 800,000 a year. About 60 per cent of the outgoing number returned. Many Italian workmen went regularly out into foreign fields and returned every year. Many went into European countries, Germany taking the largest number. A third of the total movement came to the United States. South America absorbed well over 100,000 annually. These workers were of every kind—skilled operatives in metals and textiles, miners, artisans, agriculturists, seamen and unskilled labor.

The Italians who took up residence in foreign countries sent money back to relatives. The returned emigrants brought back their savings. The combined resources represented in these remittances were the dominating factor in the Italian international account. Thus, prosperity or hard times in the outer world were reflected in Italy; every crop failure in the Western Hemisphere entailed a lower income for Italy, every mining boom or railway expansion meant a higher income for Italy. In a direct sense world conditions in employment always reacted on Italy. The outlet also represented the excess of the Italian birth rate over the death rate. Thus the movement was of social as well as financial importance. The net transaction was the export of 300,000 people and the import of 1,000,000,000 lire.

What is the present situation in Italy?

Though Italy did not enter the war until ten months after the beginning, and in the interval was supposed to have made much money out of the combatants, the present economic position of Italy is bad. In a certain sense the problem of Italy is more desperate than that of Belgium or France. This is due to the nature of her resources.

The foreign debt of Italy is as follows, as of December, 1922—for the United Kingdom and the United States, one year earlier for the other items—with accrued interest not added:

France	932,000,000 francs
United Kingdom	£503,000,000
United States	$1,932,000,000
Canada	$6,000,000
Brazil	$10,000,000 gold
Sweden	5,000,000 kroner
Netherlands	3,000,000 florins

As against these debts, Italy has made loans to Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Rumania to the extent of possibly 1,000,000,000 lire, the exact figures not yet being settled. She has an equity in the reparations from Austria, Hungary and Bulgaria, the last of which she will collect. Assuming that the foreign debts of Italy are refunded along the lines of the British debt settlement, the annual service charges would amount to about $160,000,000; at the present price of the lira, about 3,200,000,000 lire.

The domestic debts of Italy had mounted to some 93,000,000,000 lire at the end of 1922. Of this sum over 25,000,000,000 lire is floating debt. One of the great dangers of Italy lies in the possibility that the holders of the floating debt may decline refunding and demand payment. The interest charges on the funded internal debt are 4,200,000,000 lire annually.

In 1920–21 the revenue of the state was 18,800,000,000 lire, the expenditures 36,200,000,000, the deficit 17,400,000,000 lire. In 1921–22 the revenue was 18,000,000,000 lire, the expenditures 26,000,000,000, the deficit 8,000,000,000 lire. The deficit is estimated at 4,000,000,000 to 6,000,000,000 lire for the present year. Just at present Italian tax revenues are coming in at the rate of 10,000,000,000 lire a year, which, with other income, should make the year's revenue 20,000,000,000 lire. Since the new régime has effected economies, the deficit this year will be small, or may, indeed, be wiped out.

The deficits were due largely to extravagances in railways, posts and telegraph, and these are being energetically reduced by the present government. The present national savings are estimated at 25,000,000,000 lire annually.

The note circulation is now over 13,000,000,000 lire, the gold reserve only 1,075,000,000 lire. The note circulation represents a goodly reduction from the level of two years ago, but so long as the huge floating debt remains, used as currency, little has been achieved.

In 1920 the excess of imports over exports was nearly 15,000,000,000 lire. In 1922 the excess of imports over exports had fallen to some 5,000,000,000 lire. The imports were valued at 15,063,000,000 lire, the exports at 9,324,000,000. Emigrant remittances and tourist expenditures were low in 1920, much better in 1922. The present flow of these remittances is unprecedented. The position of the Mussolini government has aroused such response from Italians the world over that the remittances this year promise to equal 5,000,000,000 lire. Under these circumstances it is possible that, with good tourist trade, the international account may be brought into balance. The lira has held up well against the huge import of wheat. It is worthy of comment that Italy has maintained her wheat-import program this season, while France and Germany have not been able to do so.

Conditions are improving rapidly. Unemployment is decreasing. Emigration is on the increase. Practically, emigration has doubled and unemployment been halved during the past year. Industrial capital is scarce a serious hindrance to the necessary hydroelectric installations. Italian labor troubles seem to have been overcome and the plane of productivity of labor has been elevated.

What are the prospects of Italian debt payment?

If the internal and external debts were refunded at 3 per cent interest, with amortization at .5 per cent, the service charges would be about 6,400,000,000 lire at the present value of the lira. Such a debt charge, with an income of 20,000,000,000 lire, is impossible. No one believes that the French and British will attempt to collect their war debts. The debt to Great Britain is due to a large extent to advances for coal and shipping during the war. These accounts the British will not wish to thresh over. The extortions practiced on Italy during the war in the matter of prices for coal and shipping were extreme. At times coal cost 800 lire a ton, as against forty lire before the war. Over considerable periods Italy paid fifty-five shillings a ton more for coal in England than the home price. Charges for wheat also were extortionately high. Subtracting the debt of France and Great Britain, the service charges on the national debt would be reduced to some 4,800,000,000 lire per annum.

The war has brought no increased resources to Italy. The increased African colonies are not assets. Triest and the upper Adriatic area are potential assets, but up to the present the port of Triest has brought in no income. With the building of a new line of railway from Belgrad to the coast, the port of Triest loses its monopoly. Though the relations of Italy to the countries of the Petite Entente are cordial, little trade has been gained thereby. The population has been augmented by 1,000,000, but that is no direct advantage.

Italy can increase her production and reduce her imports to some extent. It is probable that she can recover her positive balance of the international account of $50,000,000. This will do little toward paying her foreign debt. In the nature of things Italian it will be much more difficult to pay the foreign than the internal debt. And if the internal debt were wiped out the payment of the foreign debt would not be made much easier. It is clear that devaluation of the lira is inevitable. Public opinion seems reconciled to the fact. The discussions rotate around the point of revaluation. Most European experts feel the lira could and should be revalued at about five cents. It was reported that Mussolini had determined to revalue the lira at ten cents.

Commenting on this rumor, Keynes remarked: "But would so good a politician as Signor Mussolini have propounded, even in bravado and exuberance, such a policy as this if he had understood that, expressed in other but equivalent words, it was as follows: 'My policy is to halve wages, double the burden of the national debt, and to reduce by 50 per cent the prices which Sicily can get for her export of oranges and lemons'?"

The painful experiences of Czecho-Slovakia in elevating the exchange value of her crown have made a deep impression in Italy, since the countries are politically close. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that with continuity of policy in Italy, the lira will be revalued at about the present level; then the budget will be brought into balance and Italy will enter on negotiations for the settlement of her foreign debts. *(Continued on Page 38)*

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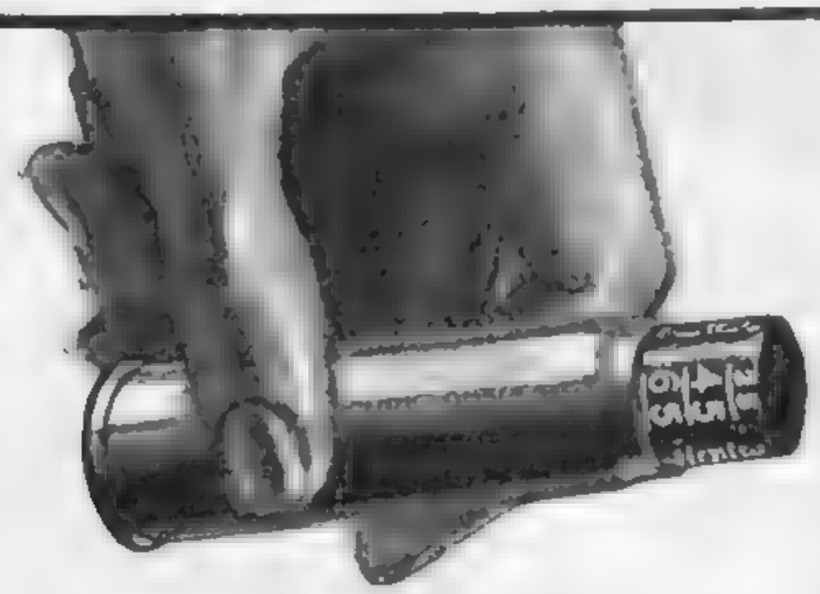

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SCHRADER
TIRE PRESSURE GAUGE

(Continued from Page 36)

It seems probable that the domestic debt will be refunded in such manner as to reduce the figure for the sum. The foreign debt can only be paid by tourist moneys, emigrant remittances and foreign loans. Under all circumstances, a moratorium of at least five years will be needed. Loans for hydroelectrical development, with the United States supplying the materials, would seem eminently indicated to our investing public.

The problem of debt payment by Italy is more simple than in the case of any other country, but for that reason more difficult. Countries that have particular resources in raw materials are able to make mutually advantageous agreements, but a country that has only labor to offer is at a serious disadvantage. Under these circumstances Italy is deserving of the consideration fitted to her status as proletarian of the world.

What, in summary, may we expect the inter-allied financial situation to be when the war debts due us are funded and in process of repayment?

For practical purposes, we may disregard all means of payment of the international account but four—new gold, goods, tourist expenditures and emigrant remittances—American investments abroad. The annual sum coming to us will be about $400,000,000 for the first period, later rising to about $450,000,000. One may hazard a guess at the order of magnitude. Investments will head the list, with new gold second; goods, tourist bills and emigrant remittances will complete the balance. These items Europe can furnish without lowering the standard of living in essentials.

The amounts of invisible resources included in this sum are not needed to pay for essential imports and can be properly applied to debt payment.

The war was, for the United States, a discovery of Europe, and we may expect tourist travel to reach and maintain a level higher than before the war. For one or two decades we may expect the emigrant remittances to be as high or higher than before the war. Later on we may receive more in goods, especially from Great Britain, France and Belgium, which have raw materials we require. Possibly we shall also acquire title to European properties and may import works of art. These items in repayment we can absorb and assimilate in our national economy. The added goods will not constitute a menace to our industry in any other sense than the competition naturally to be expected from the increased manufacturing potential of Europe. The plain truth is that repayment of considerately funded war debts is a matter of the will, and of little else.

Is it possible to indicate in a statement of the international account of the United States how we can annually absorb debt payments of $400,000,000?

It is possible to indicate the absorption in figures. The best formulation of the international account of the United States has been prepared by Williams, of the Harvard Committee on Economic Research. The statement that stands below follows his model. The account for 1923 may not be like this, but the statement represents reasonably the potentials of the situation. It is a reasonable projection:

INTERNATIONAL ACCOUNT OF THE UNITED STATES	
	United States Creditor
Export of merchandise	$4,000,000,000
Export of gold and silver	50,000,000
Foreign loans in U. S. paid off	200,000,000
Interest on American capital abroad, all kinds	350,000,000
Freight payments receivable	100,000,000
Payments on war debts	400,000,000
Total	$5,100,000,000
	United States Debtor
Imports of merchandise	$3,500,000,000
Imports of gold and silver	250,000,000
Freight payments payable	150,000,000
Interest payments of foreign capital here	150,000,000
Purchase here of foreign-held American securities	50,000,000
New foreign investments of American capital	400,000,000
Tourist expenditures	250,000,000
Immigrant remittances	400,000,000
Total	$5,150,000,000

These items may be too high or too low by millions. But the slack that may be taken up in either direction is large. For the first four months of this year the imports have exceeded the exports of goods. The balance of exports for the year may be much lower than the figure given. This would make the solution all the easier. If the exports fall off or the imports increase, less gold would need to flow in, or gold might flow out. If the exports increased or the imports fell off, more capital would need to be exported. All the items are reasonable in absolute and relative amounts. One reason so many have questioned our ability to absorb the debt payments is that they have held to the abnormal balance of export trade in goods of the years directly after the war. This mistake was made as late as 1922 by Keynes—A Revision of the Treaty, p. 160. Describing our international account, he says: "Her excess of exports of commodities over imports approaches $3,000,000,000 a year." Then he makes the point that to balance this we would need to lend abroad $2,000,000,000 a year, plus the sum of payments of debts. But if one substitutes for $3,000,000,000 the actual excess of 1922—$719,000,000, or less—the entire argument falls to the ground. With any foreseeable normal import and export trade in merchandise, the United States can absorb the debt payment of $400,000,000 a year up to the full amount of the $10,000,000,000 principal and interest.

In the above tabulation exports of goods were rated as a half billion dollars in excess of imports. Our balance of exports was small in January and February. In March the tide of trade was reversed, and for the first four months of the year the value of imports exceeded that of exports by some fifty million dollars. These large imports were mostly raw and half finished materials, largely of tropical and oriental origin, drawn in by the intensity of the present industrial activity and accentuated by the high price level in the United States. It is not commonly believed that this is to endure, but it would seem strongly to suggest a small balance of merchandise trade. Such a situation only makes the argument on payment of war debts more simple. We would have still less gold to take, or quite likely we might again export gold. We would need to make lower investments abroad.

The sum required each year to make the annual payments of the European debtor states might be covered by our immigrant remittances and tourist expenditures. Correctly argued, we could assimilate large debt payments despite a considerable positive balance of merchandise trade. But if the positive balance of merchandise trade is inconsiderable, even the most theoretical objections fall.

Nationalism is the curse of Europe. It was the misfortune of ex-President Wilson to have intensified this curse. Once it was thought that nationalism had its chief roots in insularism. Now it has become clear that nationalism is intensified by competition. The concert of Europe is a cut-throat concert. The countries of resources utilize these for the exploitation of the countries of deficiencies. A trade federation of Europe will permit of the generalized and maximum utilization of the resources of the Continent, and this only.

If the nations of Europe realize this and act accordingly the debts of Europe will be paid the more easily, since wasteful expenditure will be reduced while production will be elevated. So long as Europe remains an armed camp production will be restrained and waste promoted.

In each country the political ability to pay debt is less than the economic ability. The economic position can never be predicted until the state budget is based on the premise of debt payment and contains the item for debt payment with the same validity attaching to the usual items of the budget. If military outlays are the first charge on the treasury and political blocs prevent revenues being raised to apply to the program of debt payment, the debt-paying capacity of the country is denied a trial. In a certain sense every country on the Continent is to some extent guilty of the same obscuration of the national finances that has been such a prominent feature in Germany. The problem of Europe lies primarily in her own hands. The other parts of the world may be trusted to do their part if Europe does here.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three articles.

PACKARD

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The admiration won for the Single-Six by the brilliance of its performance and the economy of its operation is not less marked than the enthusiastic approval of its appearance.

Single-Six performance and beauty account for the widespread desire to own a Packard.

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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

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Health is simply the avoidance of sickness. You can't *get* health—you already have it. All you can do is to lose it.

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Nearly every disease germ of danger to you comes from another human being—generally from what doctors call a "carrier"; that is, a person who has recovered from and is immune to a disease but continues to propagate the germs by millions. Everything a "carrier" touches is of deadly menace to everyone else. There are thousands of "carriers" moving about in all classes of society and in all public places.

You cannot help touching things but you can avoid most of the danger by frequently *purifying* your skin with a true health soap.

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Its rich, creamy lather of palm fruit and cocoanut oils releases copiously a wonderful antiseptic which is carried deep down into every pore, combating the invisible germ foes of health. The "Health Element" is identified by the pungent, vanishing odor.

Mothers—you who are "Health Doctors"—to guard the health of your little ones and husband, train them to purify skin many times a day with this wonderful soap. Place a cake wherever there is running water.

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LIFEBUOY
HEALTH SOAP

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE

(Continued from Page 10

His mood, then, was as dark as the Park Avenue tunnel through which the train was carrying him with a clash and a clang; and the very fact that he found himself so apprehensive only served to increase his misgivings of his ability to play the part to a successful conclusion. Stage fright? He groaned. That would, he knew, be fatal. No, he must pull himself together. He must treat this mad adventure lightly, laughingly, debonairly, as if it were some huge joke that he was perpetrating on the world in general and on the young ladies of Miss Bent's school in particular. In truth, he told himself, that was exactly what it was.

His thoughts turned, not for the first time, to Malvina Middleton, his fictitious fiancée, the Juliet of his Romeo. He had disliked her; but, he admitted, on very brief acquaintance. Was it not possible that he had done her an injustice—had jumped, catlike, to a too-quick conclusion? After all, he really did not know the girl except superficially. At heart she might well be pure gold. And she was so very young that her surface faults could be attributed entirely to her youth.

He wondered with what emotions she was looking forward to his arrival. It occurred to him, surely a little tardily, that the ordeal would be doubtless as difficult for her as for him; and with this thought there developed in his heart a first feeling of sympathy for the poor, deserted girl.

"She's undeniably pretty, too," he kept telling himself.

Suddenly, then, he blushed deeply; for, as has been indicated, he was a modest, earnest young man. He blushed as the thought came to him that he should have to kiss her—in public, at least.

"Well," he repeated, with growing conviction, "she's undeniably pretty."

Before the train rolled out of Yonkers he had made up his mind that, having embarked on this adventure, he would see it through as capably and as successfully as he could.

"An ability to obey orders not only in the letter but in the spirit, coupled with an ability to exercise when necessary his own initiative, is an invaluable asset in the make-up of any young business man."

He was quoting from a prospectus of the correspondence school. How aptly it applied to him at the moment! How earnestly he hoped that he possessed those two abilities!

Yes, he was determined that so far as his orders covered the situation he would endeavor to prove himself a soldier; and where the orders ceased to be adequate, and his own discretion and strategy were demanded, he would endeavor to prove himself a veritable general. He would be ardent if ardor were required; he would be attentive gracefully and chivalrously to Malvina, with just that touch of outward restraint that would hint at the fire within. Never would a girl have so perfect a lover to display to her envious friends!

He was wrapped in this very praiseworthy mood when the conductor announced "Blenheim!" Apparently there was a large crowd of passengers purposing to alight at that station, and Anthony had leisure to survey the larger crowd who had come to greet their guests. The station platform was filled with brightly clad young ladies, amazingly pretty, charmingly young. Malvina he did not at first see; but his roving eye was caught by and lingered on the pleasantly rounded face of a girl who was standing quietly but, it seemed, rather dejectedly alone, with no one to wave to and, alas! none to embrace. It was a face, he reflected, that would never launch a thousand ships; but it was, in spite of that, a face that might well make one man happy.

"There's a member of the young generation that is honest and unaffected and exquisite," he said to himself as he swung down to the platform.

For an instant he stood alone, a little at a loss; and then, with no warning in the world, he felt a pair of strong slender arms clasped about his neck and he was aware that Malvina was kissing him enthusiastically on the mouth. After one more wistful look at the other girl, he remembered that he was a soldier and he did his duty.

V

MALVINA'S greeting, which was enforcedly affectionate for the benefit of her numerous schoolmates who thronged the platform, plunged Anthony into some confusion. It was completely evident that she was by far the better actor of the two. She was playing her part consummately, coolly, and with just enough deviltry to make him realize that she considered the play a laughable but unimportant farce. The only thing, apparently, that she held to be of consequence in the affair was that he should play up to her convincingly. Of her misgivings as to this she was unflattering enough to make no secret.

"Anthony"—she began, when in one of the station jitneys they were on their way to the Purple Lion—"you might as well make up your mind to taking this seriously but cheerfully, if you understand what I mean. The girls are pretty keen-eyed, I can tell you, and they're quick as lightning to notice any little slip. That's why you've got to be serious enough to keep your wits about you, and at the same time you've got to be cheerful enough not to make it look like a funeral. I mean, no fiancé of mine ought to act like a chief mourner—the way you do now, for instance."

He forced an uneasy laugh.

"Of course not. I'll try not to," he said. "But, you see, I've never done just this sort of thing before."

"No, I suppose not. I haven't, either. That's what makes it rather amusing, I think. You'd better start calling me Malvina right away so that it'll come fairly naturally to you when you really have to do it."

"Yes, Malvina," he said obediently.

"And," she continued, "a certain amount of affection will be expected of you in public. I need not explain that none will be expected or allowed in private."

"You can rest assured," he replied, a little angrily, "that none will be offered in private. I am thoroughly aware of just what fool stunt I was sent out here to perform. I shall obey my orders strictly, and we'll be equally glad, I know, when the business is finished."

He was looking straight ahead of him at the chauffeur's back, so he failed to perceive the effect of this ungracious speech.

"Noble six hundred!" she murmured.

"Exactly," he agreed; then, in a thoroughly businesslike manner, he asked, "Is there anybody here who is likely to give us away? Anybody who knows that your real fiancé was young Blaine?"

"No one. I had just enough sense not to tell his name, so you needn't be the least worried about that part of it. By the way, do you know him?"

"Only by hearsay," he replied.

She frowned a little, resentful perhaps of the implication.

"Well, so much the better. Here's the Purple Lion, where you get out. Come over to the school for supper about half past six. There's a play and a dance afterward. I'm not in the play, but I've an idea I'll prove I'm a better actress than any of them. I might add that I can dance, too, so your ordeal will not be so grim as it might be."

As he stood, hat in hand, watching her drive away, he thought, "She's hard as nails and cold as a cucumber. Young Blaine can't have hurt her heart, because she has no heart to hurt. He's hurt her vanity—that's all."

When he had dressed for dinner, he inquired and was told the whereabouts of Miss Bent's school. It was merely a short quarter of a mile up the main road, a castle-like graystone building, set in a broad, green, tree-shaded lawn, and hemmed in conventually by a wall of the same graystone in which a high iron gate, now hospitably open, served on less festive occasions to keep out undesirable men and to keep in desirable girls.

In the large reception hall to which he was admitted he encountered a chattering mob of people, men and women, boys and girls, fathers and mothers and aunts and brothers and eligible young men who were doubtless potential husbands. Miss Bent, herself, a terribly refined spinster, tall and angular in black, received with her sister, who was known as Miss Sophie, and whose refinement was not quite so overpowering.

"Ah, yes, of course," said Miss Bent when Anthony had bowed, introduced himself and explained that he was a guest of Miss Middleton. "We are very glad to have you here, Mr. Avery—so sorry Mr. Middleton could not come up himself. No doubt he is a very busy man. Malvina you will find, I think, over—let me see—yes, of course, over there in the far corner near the palms. She has her back turned and so is not yet aware of your arrival. We shall see more of you, Mr. Avery, I trust, during your visit."

Miss Sophie trusted so, too, and Anthony bowed again, thanked them and threaded his way through the crowd in the direction of Malvina's back. On his way he passed within a foot of the girl whom he had seen on the station platform. Their eyes met, and he fancied that in hers he detected a trace of recognition—friendly recognition even. He found himself inexcusably exhilarated.

Malvina turned quickly at his approach, gave a little gurgle of delight and crying "Oh, Tony, it's you! I never saw you come in at all!" slipped her white arm inside his elbow in an affectionate if proprietary gesture. She introduced him to the two young girls and the youth with whom she had been conversing. Her introduction was extremely informal.

"Mary Stevens, this is my Tony. And this, Tony, is Audrey Wakeman and her brother, Bob. There, now you've all got to know each other awfully well, because you're all my best friends."

Mary and Audrey, at this, giggled tentatively but knowingly; and Anthony, playing his part like a man, produced an equally knowing smile in return. But he was somewhat disconcerted by the fact that Malvina, her cheek laid lightly against his shoulder, was looking up at him with an adoring gaze that said as plainly as words, "Isn't he just simply adorable, girls? Isn't my man just simply wonderful?" Moreover, never before in his life had he been called Tony.

"We have supper," explained Malvina, "at little tables, and I've arranged to have the nicest crowd in the world at ours. Mary and Audrey and Bob here, and two awfully peach boys, the Canter twins from Yale—at least they're going to Yale this fall—and another girl."

Here Malvina paused, and Anthony, filled with a sudden and inexplicable premonition, asked the name of the other girl.

"Oh," said Malvina carelessly, "she's called Sally March. She's not exactly one of us—not one of our crowd. But she's got nobody here to look after her, and Miss Bent absolutely insisted that we take her at our table. Newly rich, I guess she is, because old Bent's awfully crazy about her, and scared to death of doing anything to offend her father. She moved to New York just lately from Squeedunk or Hicksville or some place not on the map. But don't bother about her, Tony. The rest of us'll give you a good time. I only wish they'd let us have champagne, or at least a cocktail or two or three."

"Wouldn't do to get all you young things stewed," pointed out Bob Wakeman, who was a sophomore and a connoisseur.

Anthony looked at the youth and thought how much older he, himself, was at twenty-six than Bob at twenty.

"Is it possible," he asked himself, not without complacency, "that six years can make all that difference in a man?"

But he recalled that it was his part to act as young as any of them—to adapt himself to their calfishness; to join, or, if necessary, to lead in their rather vulgar clowning. Above all, he must not be a wet blanket.

"Hard as nails," he repeated to himself. "They're all hard as nails. Thank God, it will be over on Sunday and I can go back to things worth while!"

Truly an ungracious thought, even for a serious-minded, earnest man of twenty-six.

But Malvina, with a soft pressure of one of her admirable arms, was directing him to their table in the high-ceilinged dining hall. On the way they picked up the Canter twins, nice-looking boys with too much velvet on their dinner coats and too much oil on their black hair. And then, just as they were approaching the table, Anthony saw once again the lonely girl of the station platform; and he heard Malvina saying in her loud, hard voice, "Oh, Miss March, I want to present Mr. Avery. Miss March is sitting with us."

VI

ANTHONY, looking back on it later, was convinced that had not the rest of the party treated Sally March with deliberate rudeness, had they not excluded her from their conversation and turned their backs

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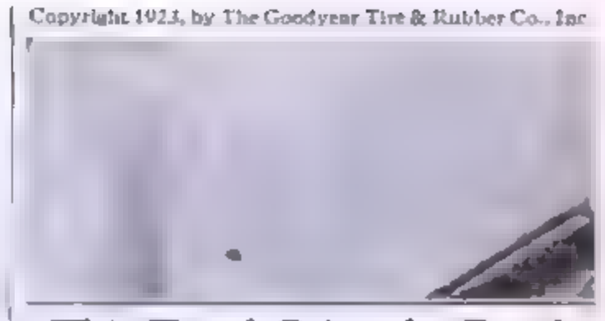

This Tread Grips the Road

From an actual photograph

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The surest traction you can put under your truck is the All-Weather Tread of a Goodyear Tire. The thick, deep, sharp-edged blocks of that genuine non-skid tread grip hard in any going—on slippery streets, in mud or snow. They are an aid to fuel economy, engine efficiency, and full-load, on-time, low-cost hauling.

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The right tire for your hauling is made by Goodyear—Cords, Cushions and Solids with the All-Weather Tread, and smooth-surfaced Solids, also. Sold and serviced everywhere by Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station Dealers

78 Seconds from Lather to Towel!

A speedy shave means a comfort shave, whether you are surrounded with home conveniences or "roughing it" in camp

The world's fastest shave

Try it, sir, and you'll adopt it

A quicker, better way of shaving is now known to millions of men. The fastest in the world—78 seconds from lather to towel

And every shave a super-velvet shave. You can't shave rightly nor quickly with a dull-edged blade.

The reason so many men are adopting the Valet AutoStrop Razor is simply this: We've processed a barber's edge—the keenest edge known on a safety blade!

We invite you to become acquainted with the greatest shave ever known. For the delight we know you'll get, we urge you to try the Valet AutoStrop Razor without delay.

A New-type Blade

Like all razor makers, we knew for years that the safety method was correct in shaving. Also, that the old-time safety razor blade was open to much improvement—the final-type razor edge had not been attained. So we spent a fortune experimenting—seeking a better way.

Nearly three years ago we found the secret of a super-keen blade—we processed a barber's edge on our blade.

But before announcing it we made 18 months of tests. We wanted to prove first, on thousands of men's faces, that our achievement was supreme.

Now millions of men, using our razor today will tell you how well we have succeeded

Once over enough

With this new super-keen edge you run over your face one time—*only*. Slow, harsh shaving is needless

You can reduce your shaving time one-half. And spare your face, for dull-edged blades hurt the skin.

Too many men mistreat their skin, aging it prematurely. Much harm is due to improper methods of shaving.

But with a Valet AutoStrop Razor there is no scraping. No after-shave smart. No irritations.

The set consists of a self-stropping razor, leather strop and blades, in a variety of cases.

You can use new blades or you can automatically strop them. Either gives you our super-keen edge. Every day a velvet shave.

Buy a Valet AutoStrop Razor today—for sale everywhere—$1 to $25, according to finish, case and number of blades. See how this new way of shaving not only saves time, but protects the skin—a wonderful combination of speed and comfort.

Valet AutoStrop Razor

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AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO.
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Enclosed is one dollar ($1.00), for which send me one of the Model C Valet AutoStrop Razor sets complete

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Street Address

City and State

on her both actually and metaphorically, he might, himself, have refrained from displaying any undue interest in her. She was not, in truth, a girl to compel attention; she was not of those who are habitually surrounded by eager, obsequious young men; she had not the determined vivacity, the easy flow of inane small talk and the ability to leap at once to intimate personalities that are such important factors in the make-up of a popular girl. Rather, she was quiet and, though not exactly shy, at least reserved. She did not chatter or shriek or giggle. She was not forever insinuating that she meant more than she said—that her remarks could bear other and less innocent interpretations.

"She's simple and honest and straightforward and there's no nonsense about her," thought Anthony approvingly; and he said aloud, "I saw you, Miss March, I believe, on the station platform when I arrived."

"Yes," she said frankly, "I remember. I was hoping up to the last minute that father would be able to come on the train. He warned me not to hope any such thing however. He couldn't get away from business."

"What a pity!" Anthony exclaimed. "We'll have to try to make up for him as well as we can."

It was difficult to say much more, and utterly impossible to talk to her consecutively, since he was obliged to shout across two intervening people in order to reach her ear.

Moreover, Malvina on his left and Mary Stevens on his right had no intention that he should neglect them. In fact, Malvina, quickly putting her hand on his just openly enough so that all might witness it, whispered to him, "Here, keep your eyes in the boat!"

The almost languorous smile which accompanied the stern command led the watchful Bob Wakeman to cry out gayly, "Look at 'em! Cooing in public! Isn't it awful to be in love?"

"Not so awful," replied the unblushing Malvina.

And Anthony, reporting back for duty, said with what he felt to be a horrible smirk, "Never mind, Wakeman, your day will come. Every dog, you know ——"

From then on the dinner was for him a terrific ordeal. The Canter twins began to throw food around to the accompaniment of great laughter and applause. It was evident that that was one of their best stunts—that they always threw food around. But even this, vexatious as it was, was not so bad as Bob Wakeman's inspiration to propose the health of the happy pair in sparkling grape juice. Anthony heard the cries of "Speech!" that followed with unutterable agony. He shook his head desperately at Malvina, but she clapped her brutal little hands, and turning adoring eyes upon him, exclaimed, "Oh, Tony dear, you absolutely must!"

He did.

He never remembered, however, what appropriate words he had chosen; but he must have carried it off triumphantly, for even Malvina seemed satisfied.

"But remember," she adjured the company, "we're not announcing anything just yet a while. This is strictly between ourselves." And she cast a severe glance in the direction of Sally March, the poor newly rich girl.

There ensued the filling up of dance programs, an operation which, for Anthony at least, demanded little effort. Malvina smilingly marked his initials after every odd number and also in the space labeled "Intermission."

"Now don't you dare cut a single one of them, Tony!" she cried coyly. "If you do people will say we're fighting already."

"Isn't she the limit?" Anthony asked the table in general. "She gives me just half the number of dances I asked for, and then tells me not to cut any of them!"

"Don't you worry, old man," said a Canter twin. "You'll have plenty of opportunities to dance with Malvina before you die."

"Too many, probably," added Malvina sweetly.

Anthony extended his hand toward Sally March's program. It was almost unmarked.

"May I?" he inquired.

"Of course," she answered quietly.

It was only by exerting a deal of self-control that he limited himself to initialing four of her many disengaged dances, wedging them in, of course, between those that Malvina had already booked him for. Not until this was accomplished to his satisfaction did he address his attention to Mary Stevens and Audrey Wakeman, whom he honored with three apiece.

"The books are now closed," he said cheerfully. "They're off!"

Anthony's martyrdom was lightened when the dinner broke up and Miss Bent's young ladies conducted the guests to the gymnasium to witness a strange performance of As You Like It. It was interpreted, of course, by talent chosen from the school—future Julia Marlowes, no doubt, all of them—and the result, to quote its author, was "Wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!"

Malvina, sitting at Anthony's side, was frankly bored.

"Shakspere's a nuisance," she observed: "they ought to have played something of Wilde's or Shaw's. And none of my friends are in the cast anyway. Isn't Rosalind hideous? Awful legs! That's Dorothy Mather. She's the school's prize girl; she and Sally March. I don't like either of them, and none of my crowd do either. No pep!"

"I rather like Miss March," volunteered Anthony.

"Oh, you do, do you! Well, don't show it then. You're not supposed to like anybody but me, remember."

She cast him a suspicious look, and he knew that she would have no mercy on any defection of his. It was impressed upon him the more deeply that, for the period of his visit, he was her slave and bound to her chariot.

"You don't approve of me, do you?" she said abruptly.

He hesitated, surprised; and then he could not resist saying, "No."

She appeared to ponder this for a while, not at all vexed, but rather, perhaps, amused; in any case, insouciant.

"Well," she said at length, "you know, I think you're a good deal of a prig."

VII

ANTHONY danced the first dance with Malvina. It was so written in the law. She danced beautifully, he found. She was light, and yet not so light as to be negligible. She contrived to make him thoroughly aware that she was in his arms.

Once she said to him coolly, "If you'd hold me a little closer and not draw away from me as if I were poisonous, I think my friends might not realize how much my fiancé disapproves of me."

"I beg your pardon—I'm sorry," he said, and thereafter gave her no cause for complaint.

But he was glad when the time came to seek out Sally March. He found her sitting alone, but not in the least embarrassed at being alone.

"I could have gone to sit with Miss Bent or Miss Sophie, of course," she explained; "but—well, you won't believe me, but I actually and honestly didn't mind sitting by myself. Is that mere bravado, or what?"

"No," he answered sturdily, "that's mere good common sense. I might add that it's a rare quality among the girls of today."

"Heavens!" she cried. "Don't tell me that you're one of those pessimists who think the girls of today are on the road to ruin and all that!"

"I think most of them are," he affirmed.

"You've been reading novels written by men of sixteen or sixty."

"Well, the men of sixteen, at least, ought to know what they're talking about, oughtn't they?"

She laughed—softly, like music, he thought, in the distance.

"They love to exaggerate and be—be dirty."

He thought this over and decided that perhaps she was right. She, at any rate, was a glorious exception. He could not keep his own eyes away from those honest, wide-set eyes of hers; and he liked the straightness of her brown hair and the smooth fullness of her face. Clean, strong and healthy, she was, in striking contrast to the thin, exotic, white-faced, carmine-lipped Malvina.

He wondered if she'd be willing to marry a poor man—a poor man with prospects!

She did not dance so well as Malvina, but he didn't care. He quitted her reluctantly, and, when it was his turn to claim her again, sought her out with eagerness. He suggested that they go somewhere and talk. He wanted very much to talk. Wasn't

(Continued on Page 44

These 100,000-mile trucks haul 18,000 gallons of Detroit's milk supply *every day*

EVERY day of the year, no matter the condition of roads, sixteen snow-white Pierce-Arrow tank trucks haul 18,000 gallons of milk into Detroit from points as distant as 120 miles.

They are operated by Ira Wilson & Sons. The profit is the slim margin between the haulage cost per gallon and the contract price received.

With an investment of $100,000 at stake, earning power, not price, is their test of a truck. A day wasted in the shop, a breakdown on the road, a few cents added to the per-mile expense would turn profit into loss.

The oldest Pierce-Arrow of the fleet now has yielded 100,000 miles of profitable service—all since October, 1920. At 80,000 miles it was overhauled for the first time.

"We expected to spend a lot of money for new parts," says a letter from the firm, "but we spent less than $25 for new parts and this was for bushings for the chassis. The rear axle (worm drive) and transmission were perfect and we could find no need to replace any part in the engine."

It was because of the performance of this initial Pierce-Arrow that Ira Wilson & Sons, who had given thorough trial to several makes of trucks, standardized on the Pierce-Arrow product.

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Your haulage problem may not be so exacting as that of Ira Wilson & Sons. But if you seek greater economy, greater freedom from trouble and greater capacity for work, ask any Pierce-Arrow distributor to show you what the quiet, but powerful, Pierce-Arrow Worm-Drive Dual-Valve Trucks are doing in *your* line of business.

Chassis Sizes: 2-ton 3-ton 4-ton 5-ton 6-ton 7½-ton
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THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY
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The worm-gear drive, pioneered in America by Pierce-Arrow Trucks, delivers more power to the rear wheels than any other known method. It runs continuously in a bath of oil in a dirt-proof, water-tight housing. It is silent, trouble-free and durable. Many Pierce-Arrow worm gears are serving today after 200,000 miles of operation.

When in Buffalo visit the Pierce-Arrow factory. Capable guides will show you how Pierce-Arrow trucks are built.

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HEAVY DUTY MOTOR TRUCKS

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Purchasing agents who buy coal without assurance that it is clean coal pay an invisible tax. This takes the form of freight rates and tonnage price on slate and other waste substances found in inferior fuel.

In some sections of the country, the transportation cost of coal is greater than the mine cost. A favorable variation of five per cent in extraneous ash saves the manufacturer many thousands of dollars per year in freight rates alone.

Operating 98 bituminous mines in the six great coal-producing districts, The Consolidation Coal Company provides quality fuel service to many of America's greatest industrial concerns.

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Continued from Page 42

there a terrace or a garden or some place where it would be cool and quiet? She hesitated, and he fancied that she looked at him strangely, with a question in her eyes. He was conscious that he was rather overexcited, rather carried away. He must be careful.

They went out to the wide lawn, where, in the starlight, the trees cast black, definite shadows on the silvered grass. There was a rose garden with a marble bench at the end of it—a very hard, uncomfortable bench. While they sat on the bench he told her all about his ideals for life, and especially for married life; and she must have been surprised that his description of the ideal wife should correspond so little to the wife he proposed to take. She could not help wondering that Malvina should have so deceived him as to her real character. It seemed a pity; he was so likable a young man—so enthusiastic and unspoiled!

Before they were aware of it they had overstayed the limits of their dance.

"Heavens!" she cried, sincerely distressed. "You must run back as fast as you can. Don't mind about me; I'll be all right. And Malvina will have been waiting for you. Oh, how awful!"

He sturdily refused to return on the run without her.

"No," he said, "it's too bad—it was thoughtless of me, I suppose—but we'll appear together. I'm not going to be rude to you just because I've already been rude to Malvina, you know. Two wrongs don't make a right."

Malvina was waiting for them, angry, in the doorway.

"You mustn't be late for your engagements," she said with murderous sweetness.

He apologized, but he knew he was far from forgiven.

"For heaven's sake, smile!" she begged him when they were on the floor.

Valiantly he smiled. He was conscious that it was pitifully inadequate. Black misery engulfed him, and despair that bordered on panic. He felt that any moment he might lose his head and commit some horrible and inexcusable breach. The mad impulse was upon him to leave Malvina abruptly in the middle of the floor and to run to Sally March and tell her the truth.

Later in the evening he came very close to giving in to that impulse. It was to be his last dance with her; but in spite of his pleading she had refused to be lured out to the garden again. She had, however, consented to sit out a portion of it in a reasonably remote corner of the gymnasium.

"Do you think," he began moodily, "that a man is unpardonable who pretends to something that isn't so in order to help somebody else?"

"Perhaps not," she answered; "not if he really helps somebody else and in a way that somebody else deserves to be helped."

She regarded him closely, but he refused to meet her eyes.

"You seem worried," she said. "Is anything wrong? Are you pretending—or something?"

"Oh—I—no, of course not. I was just thinking, that's all."

"Is that all?" she laughed. "You look as if you were planning a murder."

"Listen!" he exclaimed fiercely. "I've simply got to have another dance with you this evening. I mean, I may not be able to see much of you tomorrow, and—and it's very important that we should become friends—get better acquainted, I mean, and all that." He was not quite coherent. "Can't we work in an extra somehow or other? Please do! You have no idea how important it is."

"Well," she said, glancing at her program, "I don't think our being friends would depend on our having another dance together; but if you insist that it does, there's an extra just before the intermission. How would that do?"

"Fine!" he cried. "And will you go to the rose garden again?"

"No," she answered firmly, "I will not. And, Mr. Avery, I don't want to say anything impertinent—I like you too much for that—but I think you ought to remember Malvina and—well, and your position with regard to her. If you don't, you see, I must."

"Yes—yes!" he said feverishly. "That's just it. That's why I must speak to you. You must let me speak to you, otherwise I might never see you again, and that would be horrible—horrible! Why, that would be disastrous!" he concluded with awed conviction.

She was silent for a while, wondering just what he meant. Then she said quietly, "If I can help you—either of you—I'll be glad to."

He radiated gratitude and joy at that, and the orchestra, as if responsive to his mood, began to play Till the Clouds Roll By. He joined Malvina.

VIII

THEY sat once more on the cold marble bench at the end of the rose garden—he and Sally. About them hung, almost tangible, the scent of spring, and above them swayed a million sympathetic stars. So he told her that he loved her tremendously. She stiffened immediately, her face very white.

"That isn't fair," she said. "I'm disappointed in you for saying that. You're engaged to Malvina."

"I'm not engaged to Malvina!"

"It's understood, at any rate, that you will be," she said scornfully.

He drew a long breath and began. He told her as much as he could and he spared Malvina as much as he could.

"So, you see," he concluded, "I'm not engaged to Malvina, and I shan't be, and she wouldn't have me in any case. I'm a figurehead, a dummy, a mere substitute. She'll never see me after I've played my little part here; she'll throw me away like—like an old glove or something. Don't think I didn't know it. I was given fair warning. I did this fool thing with my eyes open. That was when I behaved dishonorably—when I agreed to do it at all, I mean. But my telling you is not dishonorable; it's simply confessing to a crime."

"I think," she said seriously, "that you should have played your part through to the end."

"I would have—I would have! Believe me, I would have if I hadn't met you! I couldn't bear to lie to you. I'll lie to everyone else here and not turn a hair, but with you it's different; you're so honest."

"You don't know a thing about me," she protested, "and I don't know a thing about you."

"Yes," he agreed eagerly, "and that's why we ought to begin just as soon as we can to find out. Don't you think so?"

She smiled a little.

"I've found out already that you're a little crazy."

"Oh, I'm not! You don't know at all! I'm very serious-minded and ambitious and hard-working. Why, I've been taking a correspondence course every evening—staying home to study and to fit myself for higher ——" He stopped suddenly and a shadow of gloom crossed his face, but only lingered an instant. "Well," he continued, "I can't exactly say that any higher position is waiting for me now. But you won't mind, will you, if just at first we're a little poor? You aren't the kind to mind, I'll bet."

She looked at him, bewildered, uncomprehending.

"I mean," he explained, "when we're first married."

"Oh!" she gasped, and turned away quickly, her face glowing in the starlight.

"I'll get ahead eventually, all right; you needn't worry about that."

"Heavens!" she exclaimed. "I'm not worrying in the least about that. I never saw a man go ahead so fast in my life."

"I mean," he said a little lamely, "that I'll get ahead in a business way. But as for—for the other thing—our marriage, I mean—I have to work fast because our time is so short. I suppose I'm a good deal like a salesman who has only five minutes to sell someone something she doesn't want. Is it," he added after a pause, "something you don't want?"

He leaned toward her and took her hand. "Is it?" he repeated.

"I'm not sure," she murmured. "How can I be sure?" But she left her hand in his.

For a space he said nothing more, contented with what he had gained. The sound of the orchestra came to them through the large lighted windows of the gymnasium, mellowed by the distance. A fragrant breeze played with the tree tops and stole petals from the roses. Overhead shone the benign stars.

"'On such a night ——'" he whispered, but could remember no more of the quotation. So, driven to originality, he said, "Sally, I love you very much," which is as effective as anything from Shakspere.

She turned to look at him long and searchingly.

(Continued on Page 46)

CIRCULATION
City . millions of miles a month
Country . millions of miles a month
Suburban . millions of miles a month

JEWETT SIX RECORD

PAIGE BUILT
AUGUST, 1923

WEATHER
Prediction . . always fair weather for driving a Jewett Six.

A FIFTY MILLION DOLLAR CAR

MOSE SAYS "SHOLY SIXES DO BEAT FO'S"

Mose Meant Dice, But Owner of 6-Cyl. Car Won Argument.

Two south side residents had a regular "gasoline alley" talk-fest over the backfence recently. One owns a six cylinder car and the other a four.

Mose, the caretaker of the neighborhood, drifted along the alley. Suddenly he stopped. He heard "sixes DO beat fours" and Mose's left hand went to the pocket where his galloper's reposed. "Ah's got time for a li'l' game dis mawnin'," said he to himself.

When Mose reached them the two neighbors stopped talking and Mose, thinking to display his superior knowledge, announced, "Sholy, boss, sixes do beat fo's." A laugh was his answer and the six owner said, "See, Bill, even Mose knows that."

But the argument favoring sixes was sound. It was apparently clinched when the six owner said "Let's see you drift around corners at 2 miles an hour on high—then accelerate from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds, in high. My Jewett Six does these things. Can your car?"

Thousands of motorists like the owner of the six in the discussion, were won to new delights by Jewett's superior ability when it appeared priced around a thousand dollars. Not only is Jewett a powerful car with marvelous performance, but it is a heavy, staunchly built car, good for several seasons of hard service. Countless motorists have increased their week-end touring radius with Jewett Six. Jewett's tremendous sales show thousands are buying this "six at the price of a four."

HIGH PRICED BRAINS MUST NOT BE JOLTED

Chicago Board of Underwriters Pick Roadsters for Staff

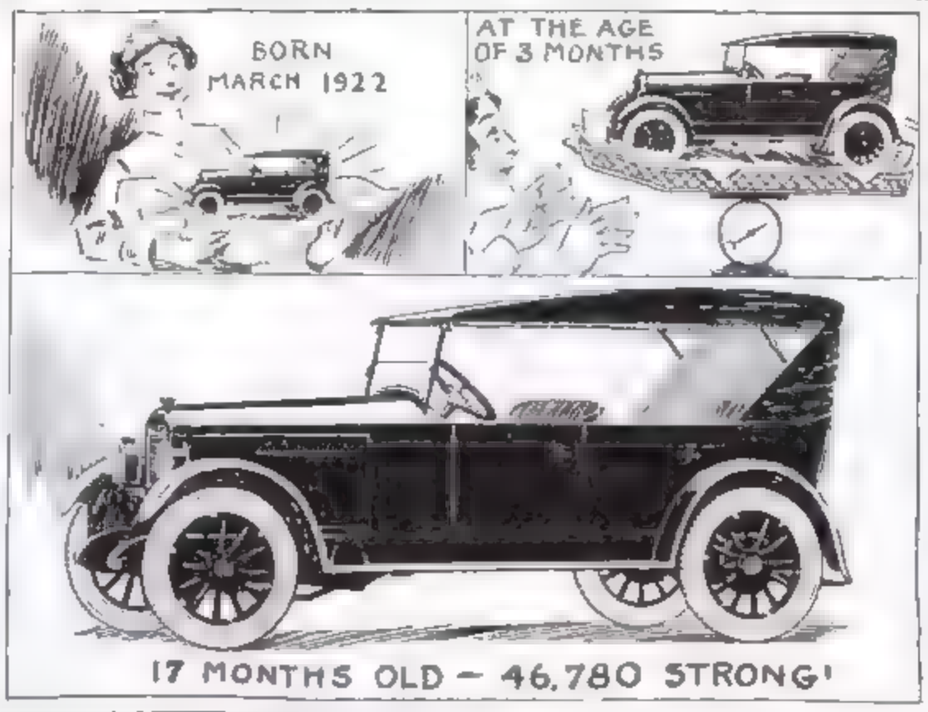
Nine roadsters, all of one make, were recently chosen by the Chicago Board of Underwriters for its engineering staff, mainly because of the easy riding properties of these particular cars.

Careful investigation was made of all makes of roadsters coming within certain price range and the first points, regarded as fundamental, were strength of the car and freedom from repair difficulties as shown by the various histories. But the final decision was made because of the comfort.

Efficiency demands that these staff engineers, who are all high priced men, must be enabled to cover a lot of ground without fatigue. It is the belief that hard riding cars reduce the working efficiency materially, whereas comfortable cars add much to the quality of the work the users can perform each day.

The choice of the Board fell on Jewett Six roadsters.

My! How This Jewett Baby Has Grown!



MOTORISTS, WATCH YOUR STEP; COPS GET NEW CARS

Sheriff to Equip Deputies With Fleet of Jewett Sixes

Sheriff Owens says that speed isn't the only thing needed to catch speeders. "Get-away" is equally important to the officers patrolling this important highway and on the many occasions when several officers are required to move and act promptly, motorcycles were not practical.

"I am confident," says he, "that with the Jewett Sixes we can outmaneuver and out-guess many of the 'smart Aleck' type. All I can say is they'd better look out."

OFFICER REILLY LEARNS A NEW PICKUP TRICK

Officer Reilly, on traffic post at the Boulevard viaduct, had a surprise yesterday and learned something new to him about cars.

Miss Mary Adams drove up to the crossing watched over by Officer Reilly. His whistle was against her and she dutifully stopped. Traffic slowly untangled and then Reilly, with the majestic air that has made him famous in these parts, blew two blasts.

Then came the surprise. Before Reilly's hand with the whistle had lowered, Miss Adams' car was almost abreast of him. "Hold on there," exclaimed Reilly, and the car stopped promptly, just beside him.

"Say, Miss, how come you beat me whistle? How many toimes hev' I got to tell yez that - -"

"But, officer, I didn't beat the whistle. I don't have to, to get away first," with a pout and a shake of her head. "This, if you please, is a Jewett Six!"

"Well, I'll be ....," exploded Reilly. "Excuse me, Miss. Drive on. That's some car, or I miss me guess entoirely."

NOVEL BONUS GIVEN BY LOCAL COMPANY

Entire Sales Force of Central Mfg. Receive Jewett Sixes—Combine Business and Pleasure

Central Manufacturing Company closed its fiscal year yesterday, the usual 8 percent dividend being declared. A surprise was sprung by the directors in the way of an unusual bonus for their sales force.

For years Central Manufacturing has declared a bonus for all their employes who have been with them five years or longer. Yesterday announcement was made that instead of a cash bonus, affecting the sales force, each man would be given a Jewett Six car as his bonus.

President Maxwell, in a formal statement, said: "This may seem an unusual way of expressing the company's appreciation of the efforts of our men, but it is, we believe, a modern combination of business and pleasure. Most of our salesmen live on their territory, returning home for the week-ends. With a Jewett Six they can work to better advantage during the week, and their wives and families can enjoy the car Saturdays and Sundays. We selected the Jewett Six after investigating many cars in the thousand dollar field, and judging from the expressions of our men we struck a popular chord when we chose Jewetts."

Twenty-six Jewett Sixes have been ordered by the Central Manufacturing Company as "bonus cars."

FIRE AND THEFT INSURANCE COSTS LESS ON JEWETT

Class A insurance rating is rare on cars of Jewett's price. It means quality construction, first class electrical apparatus, theft proof lock. Bumpers on Jewett Specials also reduce collision insurance.

JEWETT SIX SALES DURING FIRST 17 MONTHS SUBJECT OF COMMENT IN INDUSTRY

Detroit, July 8.—Jewett Six sales of $50,000,000 in its first seventeen months, as announced by President H. M. Jewett of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, have caused interested comment in motor circles. In the opinion of many it shows the public's willingness to invest in extraordinary motor car value whenever offered.

Rarely has this sales record of Jewett Six been equalled. In the first nine months 21,980 Jewetts were sold. As the Paige factory facilities were increased, deliveries went up until the 4,000-car-per-month mark was reached and held, starting in April this year. The end of the seventeenth month showed 46,780 Jewett Sixes sold, representing over $50,000,000.

Analysis shows that artificial sales effort could not have produced such a demand for a new car; value alone was responsible in the opinion of those experienced in selling automobiles.

When Jewett Six, having fifty horsepower, was produced to sell around a thousand dollars, an epoch was marked in automobile merchandising. Such a six, having all the distinguishing performance of more costly cars, and costing much less, commanded interested attention wherever cars were sold.

HARRY M. JEWETT
President Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.

H. M. Jewett and his associates had carefully gauged the field awaiting such a car but their estimates were over-run. The appeal of great power, amazing performances and big car riding ease at moderate price, created the "runaway" demand that has marked Jewett's record.

Supporting the predictions of men well versed in the industry, as to Jewett's success, come reports from Jewett dealers in all parts of the country. Even when the Paige factory gets on a production schedule of 500 Jewett Sixes a day there seems no likelihood of over-production.

"OLD DAYS ARE HERE"

Motor Dealer Stages "Come-Back" in 16 Months

Ole Johnson of Wisconsin had been in the automobile business for three years when the slump came. His limited capital was not sufficient to tide him over and he was forced to discontinue.

Later, in March, 1922, he found himself with about a thousand dollars—and with the opportunity to take a new car, the Jewett Six.

"It looked like a winner to me," said Johnson in recounting his experience, "and I went back into the business again to see if I could 'come back.'

"Right from the jump I realized that the 'old days were here.' I didn't have to work to sell Jewett Sixes. It seemed to me all the motorists in my territory wanted one. I turned my first car the day I unloaded it from the freight car. I took two more orders, talked a little turkey to my bank and ordered a car load. By the time they came I had sold the third one. From then I branched out.

"Now I'm in a fine brick garage. I owe money on it, but I've a comfortable balance in the bank, a line of credit—and I'm selling away over my allotment of Jewetts right along.

"In this case the 'old days' came back merely because of the value I could offer my customers in the Jewett."

DOCTOR SAYS "DRIVE"

Nerve Specialist Makes "Tired Business Men" Handle Car

Now comes the nerve specialist who advocates that his patients drive to soothe their nerves. He explains his theory by saying motor car manufacturers have progressed to such a point that cars nowadays really quiet the nerves, whereas not so long ago the driver of the average car was liable to be a nervous wreck after a few miles.

"I first noticed this in my own case," said the doctor. "I purchased a Jewett Six, my sixth car. Immediately I found that a few miles around the Boulevard was soothing. I confess I was puzzled at first until my curiosity was satisfied by investigation.

"In the first place there's nothing to worry about when driving a flexible, powerful, active car like the Jewett Six. There's never any noise when shifting gears. One doesn't have to think, really, the operation is so simple. Then the car adapts itself to any desired pace, easily, quietly. I found that I practically forgot the fine piece of mechanism I was handling, and the ride or the trip took on an interest—furnished a fresh viewpoint to the mind.

"I'm telling business men to 'drive' and you'd be surprised at the success of this treatment."

He knew *now* that he had it

It is an art—roasting and blending the cocoa beans. The PETER'S *process is still a secret. Only thoroughly trained Swiss foremen have charge of this work.*

He had been spending long hours—day and night—in his little kitchen intent on his one idea—so intent that gossip in the little Swiss village even said that he was going crazy.

But Daniel Peter was too absorbed to notice or care what they said. He stuck to his kitchen.

And at last he got what he was after. Not only did he originate milk chocolate but he found the *perfect blend*.

It's the same fine blend that you get in *Peter's* today—a secret process still, and in charge of experienced foremen thoroughly trained in Swiss methods. Only in *Peter's* do you get that rare, satisfying flavor that Daniel Peter originated 50 years ago.

Out of the scores of varieties of cocoa beans only six go into *Peter's*—and only certain choice grades of these. The richest, purest milk from selected cows is turned into milk chocolate within a few hours after it's produced.

If you haven't tried *Peter's* you should. For it's different, distinctive, *good*. You'll like it. Ask for *Peter's* today.

If unable to obtain Peter's promptly, write to Lamont, Corliss & Company, 1 Hudson Street, New York, sole selling agents

plain, almond bars & croquettes

High as the Alps in Quality

(Continued from Page 44)

"If I could only be sure it was all right," she murmured—"I mean Malvina ——"

"Malvina," he interrupted, "doesn't care two cents about me, and you can guess how little she cares for two cents. Why, I scarcely know her!"

"It all seems so fantastic, so unreal."

He put his arms about her. She did not resist or pretend to be coy; and, when he kissed her, her lips met his honestly. There was a long silence. The breeze had ceased to worry the tree tops and to ravish the roses, and presently they were aware that the orchestra was no longer playing in the gymnasium. Sally was the first to jump to her feet.

"Anthony," she cried aghast, "they must have all gone in to supper!"

"Oh," he said dubiously, "do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it! You're late again! What on earth will Malvina say?"

"A good deal, I guess," he answered dejectedly. "This time I'm afraid the beans are spilled."

They ran back through the garden and across the lawn.

"I'm not sorry," he panted. "I'm not sorry except for Malvina—and for not having lived up to my contract—I mean publicly. I'll try to make it up to her stick to her tight all the rest of the evening. But I must see you again—only to say good night."

"No," she gasped—"no, you mustn't. Wait until tomorrow. It's only fair to her."

At the door they paused to regain their breath, and they perceived that Sally's surmise had been correct. The hall was deserted, but from the basement came the clatter of dishes and the noisy babble of many voices.

"Damn!" said Anthony. "The animals are feeding!"

"You go down first," commanded Sally. "I have a partner and a place at a different table. We mustn't go in together."

Reluctantly he started to obey her. At the halfway landing, where the stairs turned abruptly, he encountered Malvina followed by Bob Wakeman. It was a grim and desperate moment.

"Oh," said Malvina, "here you are! We were just starting out to search for you. What did you do with Sally March?"

One glance at her face was sufficient to convince Anthony that it was useless to lie.

"Sally is upstairs," said he.

"So you call her Sally, now? All right, Bob," she said, turning to her escort, who stood, uncomfortable, at her elbow, "you'd better go back to the table. I want a word with Tony alone."

"Listen, Malvina ——" Anthony began miserably; but she cut him short.

"No," she said, "you listen to me. I hope you're pleased with yourself. I hope you're delighted to have made me a laughingstock, or, worse, an object of pity for my friends! You've done very well, I assure you, Mr. Avery. You've showered me with your attentions. You've been the ideal fiancé, the sort that all girls dream of."

"Listen, Malvina ——" he began again.

She stamped her black-slippered foot.

"I won't listen!" she cried. "There's nothing to listen to! You can go right back to your Sally March! Yes, I say, you can go right back to her! As far as I'm concerned, I never want to see you again."

He bowed.

"Is that final, Miss Middleton?" he asked.

"That's final! You're discharged! I suggest that you return immediately to the inn and pack up your belongings and catch the first train back to the city; I certainly can't have you hanging around here any longer. This is all the result of trusting a—a mere clerk to behave like a gentleman."

"There is nothing more for me to say except that I'm very sorry," he remarked quietly.

"Well, it doesn't make the least difference to me whether you're sorry or not. Back to the city you go! And I regret that I shall be obliged to inform my father of your behavior. Perhaps you'll be even sorrier then."

"No, I naturally expected that."

"I think that's all, in that case. You can apply to my father's cashier for your expenses. Good-by, Mr. Avery. It has been a great pleasure to have you out here."

She turned sharply on her high little heels and went down the stairs to the supper room. He stood on the landing, meditatively watching her go. If such a thing is possible, his mind was a chaotic blank. Presently he heard light footsteps and a soft rustle of silk and Sally March stood beside him.

She laid her hand on his shoulder and said, "Poor Anthony!"

He turned to her and took her hands fiercely in his.

"Poor Anthony, nothing!" he cried. "I'd go through that a thousand times for you 'My head is bloody but unbowed!' and as long as you stick by me nothing's going to bow it, either."

He stooped to kiss the hands that he held, and he did it in a manner that no correspondence school in the world could have taught him.

"I've got to go now, Sally," he said. "When and where am I going to see you again?"

"I'll be in town Monday," she answered. "We're in the telephone book—Henry F. March, that's father's name. Come to tea Monday afternoon, if you like, Anthony."

"If I like!" he exclaimed. "I don't like. I love."

IX

THE following Monday Anthony arrived promptly at the office of Hazen, Middleton & Co. He was cheerful with the cheerfulness of those who, knowing their fate, face the inevitable. Mr. Middleton, he was aware, was not a man to temper justice with mercy. He never forgave a failure. In due time Mr. Middleton summoned him to his office.

"Sit down, Avery," said the junior partner grimly. "My daughter has written me concerning your conduct at the school. Her charges are so very grave that I am willing to listen to anything you may have to say for yourself."

"I have absolutely nothing to say for myself, I fear, Mr. Middleton. The charges are true."

At that Middleton pounded the desk vehemently and his heavy face turned purple.

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me, sir, that you made my daughter ridiculous in the eyes of the entire school and God knows who else? Do you mean to admit to doing that?"

"Your daughter might reasonably accuse me of that. It was, of course, not deliberate on my part."

"No, it wasn't deliberate; you merely behaved like a crazy fool and, I gather, not at all like a gentleman. Well, Avery, I don't want that sort of a man in this office, you'll understand. I'm sure that you failed utterly—utterly, I say—to exhibit the very qualities which I thought you possessed—tact, discretion, an ability to carry off a difficult situation. Instead you behaved I'll put it brutally—you behaved like a boor. In consequence, we not only don't want you as manager of our branch office but we don't want you in any capacity. If you will submit your expenses to the cashier I'll see that you are reimbursed, and we'll add as a bonus which you don't deserve, an extra two months' salary. But you will leave at once. That's all, I think, Avery. I'm sorry, but—well, you were unpardonable—unpardonable."

"I admit it, sir," said Anthony quietly, "and I, too, am sorry. I quite understand your attitude."

"All right," said Mr. Middleton briefly, "good-by."

It was with a strangely and unaccountably light heart that Anthony left behind him his position in the office, his hopes for promotion, and, indeed, the wherewithal to buy his daily bread. The thought that was perhaps uppermost in his mind was just how early would it be permissible and conventionally correct to call on Sally March. So obsessed was he, you perceive, by the things of the spirit that the things of the flesh mattered not.

After deliberation, he hit upon four o'clock as a suitable tea hour; and at four, accordingly, he rang the bell at the door of a surprisingly handsome house in the East Sixties. Yes, Miss March was at home, the footman informed him.

Miss March was at home! For the moment he was oblivious of the luxuriousness of the home "Miss March was at" and had eyes only for Miss March herself as she rose to meet him.

"Sally!" he cried.

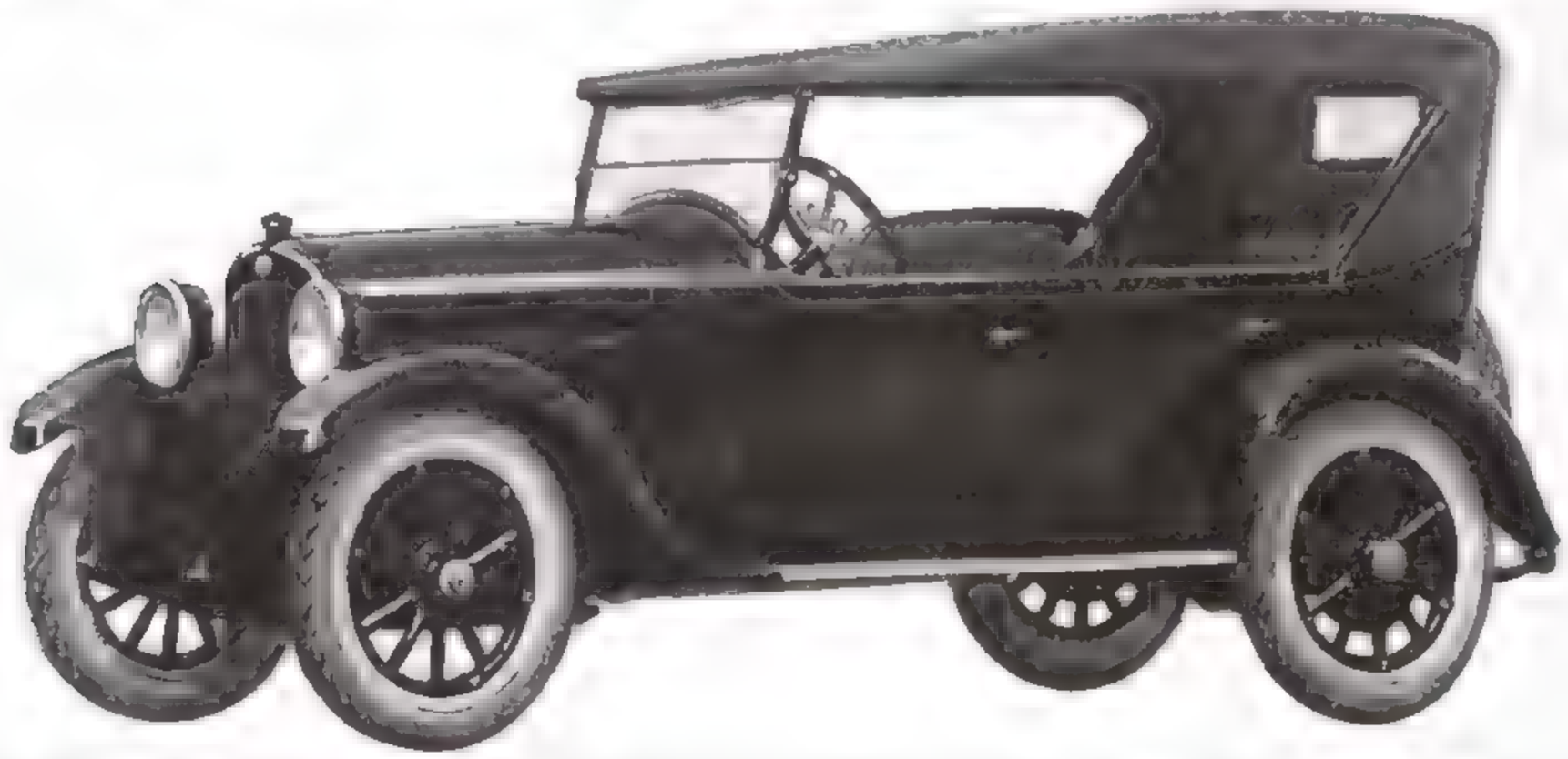
"Yes, Anthony?" said she.

The footman having retired, Anthony seized her in his arms and kissed her eagerly and with determination. She urged him,

(Continued on Page 48)

News of The New Hupmobile

(The engineering and other changes detailed here produce the magnificently improved performance qualities described on page 31 of this issue)



The new Series R-12 Hupmobile embodies improvements in motor, clutch, and transmission, in addition to a longer chassis; and new body models throughout

Hupmobile body designs have always typified beauty, comfort, power and sturdiness. These new models express those qualities in even greater degree, and will make an instant appeal to every present Hupmobile owner and to owners of other cars as well

Performance Improvements

The net results of the engineering improvements are longer life, still smoother operation, better engine operating balance, an increase of power, and pronounced increase in acceleration and economy

The weight of the crankshaft is increased, it is counterbalanced to eliminate all tendency to whip or spring, and its bearing areas are 20 per cent greater. Split-skirt pistons, and the connecting rods, are light-weight alloy. Each piston weighs 5 ounces less than the previous type. Connecting rods are drop-forged, not only 13 ounces lighter per rod, but stronger than steel.

A smoothness and an absence of vibration that are almost unbelievable, result from the combination of heavier, counter-balanced crankshaft and lighter pistons and connecting rods. The increase in power varies according to the speed, with a maximum increase of about 10 per cent.

The new two-plate clutch is not outperformed by any clutch in higher priced cars. It is wonderfully easy to operate, and affords silent gear changes at any speed and under any circumstance. The clutch plates are of spring steel, slightly concave, so that engagement is easy and soft

Transmission gears are larger in diameter, heavier and longer-lived. They are of high carbon alloy steel, oil-treated and tempered—the costliest and best possible gear construction.

Chassis Changes

The wheelbase has been lengthened to 115 inches. The extra space permits moving the front axle 2 inches farther ahead of the motor, thus changing the weight distribution and promoting easier riding. Comfort is further aided by increasing the length of the front springs to 37⅛ inches; the rear springs are increased five inches, to 56½ inches.

The frame is even sturdier, because it is much deeper, now being 6 inches. Cross members are heavier, and there are five. Spring shackle bolts have been increased 50 per cent in bearing surface. They are of uniform length, giving longer wear and freedom from noise.

Body Changes

The radiator has been raised 2½ inches in height, improving both appearance and cooling efficiency. The cowl is raised to harmonize, and the sweep of the line from wind shield to radiator cap is very pleasing.

The newest style of full crown fenders is unusually attractive, and our own new enameling department, now in operation, insures highest finish and quality

Drum headlights are standard on all models—nickel-plated on the special types

Inspection of the new instrument board reveals improvements in beauty and convenience. Gauges are grouped closely together, the ignition and light switch and fuse panel forming one oval; the oil gauge and ammeter the other, with dash light and speedometer in the center The bottom of the instrument board curves in harmony with the top line

Gear shift and brake levers are even more convenient They have been moved forward considerably, affording easier access to the driver's seat, and more room throughout the front compartment.

The distinctive fan-shape rear light has been retained; and the tire carrier slanted at a pleasing angle

Body Design

The extra body room afforded by the longer wheelbase has enabled our designers and engineers to make a number of conservative changes which greatly enhance the beauty of all models. Curves where formerly there were corners and bevel edges give a new symmetry and grace of outline

Also, it has been possible to change the interior dimensions by adding an inch of upholstery or cushion here, an inch more leg-room there, and so on throughout until we are convinced that maximum comfort is provided

All of the body changes mentioned now or hereafter, such as radiator height, curves instead of corners, deeper frame, contribute to the impression of a larger and more impressive car; and the interiors will not contradict this first impression of ample size

Touring Car

In the touring car attention is called to the graceful lines of the fenders, the harmonious combination of body and top, the stylish, low-hung appearance of the entire car.

The top is clear vision type, with no rear upright bow. It is tailored even more carefully than before. Perhaps the most noteworthy improvement in the top has been made in providing greater convenience and ease of handling the storm curtains. Now, by using a rigid metal frame around the curtain light, the curtains become even more useful and durable. The metal frame prevents the curtain light becoming scratched or cracked, makes the curtains fit even more closely, and their installation much easier and quicker. Curtains are not rolled for stowing, but a compartment is provided in the rear of the front seat to keep them flat, ready for instant use.

The width of the tonneau has been slightly increased by rounding the rear of the car more gradually than in the past. The body is finished in a new Hupmobile blue, with striping in a lighter blue

Special Touring

Steel wheels, nickel-plated radiator and headlights, cowl lights, special top, scuff plates, and body striping, give the special touring a distinctive style and appeal. The top can be either a special Burbank or the regulation black top.

Special Roadster

This body is entirely new, and the roadster will be furnished only as a Special. The public demand is for a smart, rakish runabout, and it is answered by this new Hupmobile. Everything about the car—the lower top, the one-piece windshield, the low seat—contributes to an impression of beauty and speed. Aside from its striking charm, the roadster is very practical, storage space being provided back of the seat, with a very large compartment in the rear deck.

The usual special equipment is furnished, including guard rails for the rear deck.

The Sedan

A graceful sweeping curve marks the line where the body and cowl meet; the rear corners have been gently rounded. In accordance with latest practice, windows have been reduced in height, and made wider.

Very durable gray broadcloth, with a pleasing blue stripe, is used for upholstery; the body hardware is complete, of bright nickel finish. Equipment now includes a rear view mirror, in addition to standard windshield cleaner.

The Coupe—*Four-Passenger*

Changes in the four-passenger Coupe that attract immediate attention are the elimination of all bevel edges on body and rear deck, and the use of graceful curves instead; and the fact that the body and rear deck blend into each other in a flowing sweep.

Upholstery, body hardware and equipment duplicate the sedan

The Coupe—*Two-Passenger*

The two-passenger Coupe was announced only last January, and the changes at this time are very minor, consisting of lowering the roof slightly and increasing the space under the rear deck.

(For a graphic description of the immensely improved performance abilities of the new Hupmobile, turn back to page 31 of this issue)

That Feeling of Security

On every trip you take, whether a long vacation tour or a week-end jaunt, you will enjoy an added feeling of security in knowing that United Motors Service Stations are near at hand in case of emergency.

You will find the sign of United Motors Service displayed at convenient points throughout the United States and Canada. Wherever you see the familiar oval, there you know that you will get prompt, efficient service.

Authorized United Motors Service Stations are equipped with special tools and testing apparatus, and manned by expert mechanics. Whenever you need service, you can depend upon them to promptly locate the trouble and get you on the road again with the least possible delay and expense.

The existence of such service stations at convenient locations all over the country is your best assurance of complete motoring enjoyment at all times.

United Motors Service

is the official service organization for the eight well-known products whose names appear on this sign.

The oval sign, in combination with one or more of these trade names, is your assurance of expert factory service. Authorized United Motors Service Stations are required to have special tools and testing apparatus as well as highly skilled workmen. They use only genuine parts.

These Authorized Service Stations are at convenient points throughout the United States and Canada.

Authorized service, readily available whenever needed, assures the constant performance of your car.

UNITED MOTORS SERVICE

General Offices: Detroit, Michigan

INCORPORATED

Service Stations Everywhere

Branches in Principal Cities

(Continued from Page 46)

after a reasonable time, to sit down. She wanted to hear all about everything. Had he lost his job? Had Mr. Middleton been very unpleasant? What did he plan to do?

"I plan to marry you as soon as possible," he averred.

"Oh," she said.

"Well?"

"We're very young—at least, father says we're very young."

He thought that over a moment and found something therein to encourage him.

"You've told your father, then? That's fine—that's grand! I mean it's grand if he approves," he added as an afterthought.

"I don't know if he approves or not, but he said he wants to see you. He told me to ask you to wait. He'll be here at five."

"Is—is he—your father, I mean—is he very severe? What I want to say is, can he sympathize with romance—with us and romance?"

A smile teased the corners of her mouth.

"Father," she said, "is a stern business man, and not a tired one, either."

"Oh, I see. Well ——"

"But he's very fond of me."

"Still ——"

"And he likes what I like."

"But he'll think I'm an ass to have lost my job and everything."

"And everything?" she inquired.

He answered her without words.

x

"MR. AVERY," began Henry F. March, scrutinizing Anthony severely with merry eyes behind rimless eyeglasses—"Mr. Avery, my daughter has told me all about this fool escapade of yours—and hers. For justice's sake I add 'and hers.' The whole thing, needless to say, strikes me as unbelievably absurd. In the first place, she is a child; and you, yourself, are not exactly senile."

"I am twenty-six, sir," said Anthony.

"Well, your actions belie it. However, let's come to the point. You are, I believe, in love with my daughter?"

"I am."

"And she claims to have—well, at least an affection for you."

Anthony bowed.

"I am proud to believe so," he said.

"Yes, you'd better be. However, I know nothing whatsoever about you, and you will realize that until I do I cannot allow the—the affair to go further. Would you mind telling me just what your work is and what your prospects are, and I earnestly urge you not to gild your prospects. It will do no good. I'm what is known, Mr. Avery, as a hard-boiled egg."

His merry eyes did not back up his description of himself, but his voice and manner were as stern as he could make them.

"First," he said, "your position—your present job?"

Anthony swallowed, and then, "None," he said valiantly. "I was fired this morning from Hazen, Middleton & Co."

"I see," mused Mr. March, apparently in no way surprised. "I see. And why did they fire you, please?"

"Because I fell down badly on a certain piece of work with which they—or rather Mr. Middleton—intrusted me."

Once more Mr. March signified that he understood.

"We'll take it for granted," said he, "that I'm informed of the details of that; and I shall now ask you to tell me exactly what you think you might have achieved had you carried out this—this certain piece of work to a successful conclusion."

Anthony hesitated a fraction of a second, and then he said: "Mr. March, I had, I think, good reason to hope I might land the managership of the proposed uptown branch of the firm. Without boasting, I may add that I had worked hard to fit myself for that position. I had been devoting my evenings to a correspondence course ——"

"Stop!" cried Mr. March, and unexpectedly began to laugh.

Anthony, abashed and bewildered, waited in silence until the Homeric laughter had ceased.

"I'm sorry," said March. "You'll forgive me. I'm from the West and am easily amused."

"Yes, sir," agreed Anthony.

"But, to be serious—do you still covet that managership, Mr. Avery?"

"Well, to be frank, I'm not the man to say the grapes are sour. Yes, I certainly covet that managership."

Mr. March nodded his head slowly.

"Why, then, Mr. Avery," he said, "I don't see why you shouldn't have it."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't have it, I say. It happens, you see, that if it hadn't been for my money there wouldn't be any uptown branch of Hazen, Middleton & Co. They were overextended—needed capital—and—well, after they had tried everywhere else they appealed to me. The haughty East sought out the shirt-sleeved West. I bit, and now I'm a fairly important and a very obnoxious silent partner. Yes, Mr. Avery, you can have the job you were hoping for."

When Anthony showed signs of becoming incoherently grateful, Mr. March stopped him with a gesture of his hand.

"You can have the job, I say, Mr. Avery," he repeated, "but you can't have my daughter."

Anthony's sun went immediately into an eclipse; but he had failed to observe that Mr. March's eyes were still merry behind their glasses.

"No, Mr. Avery, you can't have my daughter—unless at the end of six months you both come to me and say you still want each other; and, of course, you won't."

New Markets For Old—A Correction

WE TAKE pleasure in presenting the following letter of correction addressed to Senator McCormick by Reuters Limited.

REUTERS LIMITED
24 Old Jewry, London, E. C. 2.

SENATOR MEDILL MCCORMICK,
United States Senator from Illinois,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: In the issue for May 26 of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we have read with great interest an article by yourself entitled New Markets For Old. It contains, however, one passage to which we feel constrained to take exception. This passage is as follows:

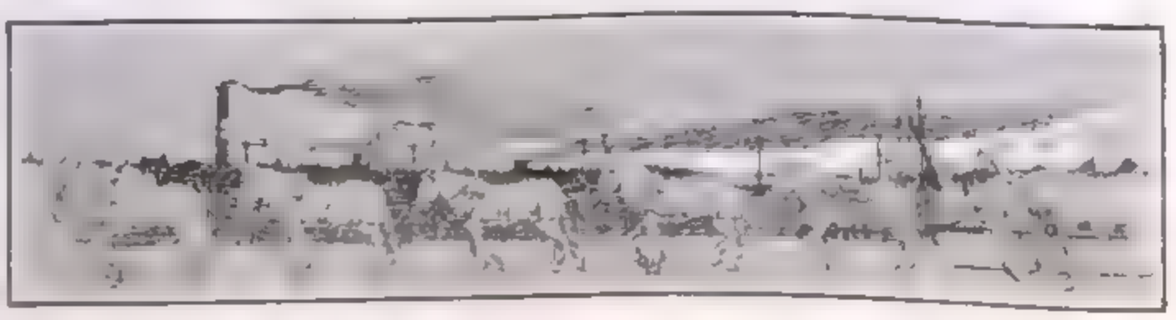
It was only the other day that I heard that the principal British firms interested in the export trade had decided to pool their foreign advertising, and to place the direction of their advertising abroad in the hands of the great international news agency of Reuter. For example, Reuter's News Agency in Buenos Aires, which reports the news of Argentina to England, will offer to sell the news of the world to the Prensa and the Nación of Buenos Aires in competition with the American United Press or the American Associated Press, for a reasonable weekly or annual charge—and at the same time can offer the business managers of the two great newspapers a handsome sum for the advertising of British flour, or British shoes, or British machinery, or British clothing!

In all friendliness, we would beg to point out that this statement is entirely inaccurate

We have no branch of Reuter's at Buenos Aires. We supply no news of any kind to the South American papers. We conduct no advertising business in South America.

We write this letter, not in any spirit of petty criticism, but merely to correct a statement which, owing to the important position in United States public life of its author, is liable to be accepted without question.

Yours faithfully,
S. CAREY CLEMENTS,
Manager.



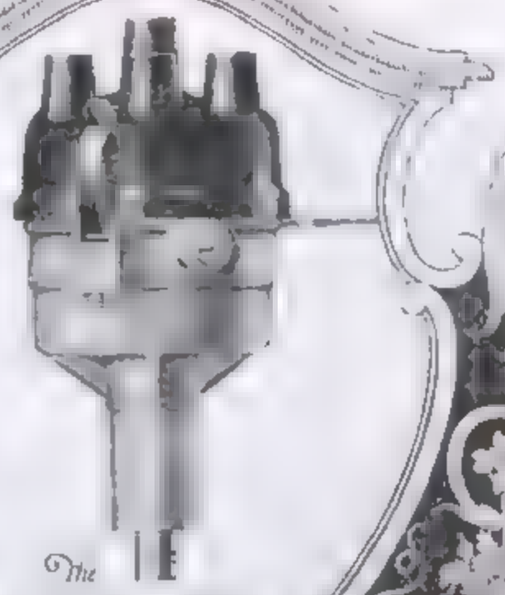
DéJon

Starting, Lighting and Ignition System

DéJon is created to add the final touch of perfection to those motor cars in which quality is the paramount achievement. Indicative of the care and soundness of DéJon engineering is the large type Distributor. It is designed with stationary housing and movable breaker plate, and is simple, strong, quiet, easy to time and readily accessible.

DÉJON ELECTRIC CORPORATION
Builders Ignition Technique
POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Detroit Sales Office 6130 Second Blvd.



The DISTRIBUTOR

TRUSCON
COPPER STEEL
STANDARD BUILDINGS

You Know Beforehand Your Building Costs

When you choose your type and size of Truscon Standard Building you know to a penny what the building complete will cost you. No extras. You pay only one profit. Fire-proof, permanent; well ventilated and day-lighted. These buildings meet every one story and many two story needs. Built of standardized units. Walls of brick, concrete or steel; doors and windows of steel.

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MR. HARRIS MEETS MR. HARRIS

(Continued from Page 13)

Washington Heights—but now I perceived its intrinsic comfort and convenience and even elegance. I am city born also, and I had had the citizen's unthankful acceptance of the manifold blessings of urban life. I wished now that I was back in our apartment on Broadway and experiencing again that sense of bulwarking which comes from having a family to the left of one, and a family to the right, and families above and below, and the reassuring roar of traffic under the windows.

I shivered, and rose to shut the casement over the divan. The sea was roaring out there; a phosphorescent light lay on it. I wondered secretly if we were surely above the reach of the tide. The wind was getting up. There was, indeed, a feeling of adventure, a wild thrill at thus braving the elements and living in the midst of desolation; but I was not comfortable in it. I recalled a phrase from my reading, "the abomination of desolation."

And I was expected to wrest a living from this desolation, armed only with a fishing line and express wagon! I was asked to venture out upon quaking sands and delve for clams!

"Don't laugh, Asa!" said Mrs. Harris, almost superstitiously.

"But it is so absurd," I exclaimed recklessly. "The idea of us leaving a comfortable home and coming out here to live as though there were not a shop in the world!"

I peered through the glass pane of the front door. The boardwalk and the landscape had been engulfed in blackness, but lights were shining in the windows of the other bungalows, such lights as the anxious wives of sailors set in their bleared casements to guide their husbands across the trackless seas. I heaped the fire high with driftwood until the salt-impregnated stuff roared and hissed and cast out fitful billows of light. The room did have a cozy effect, but I do not care for a cozy corner which derives its virtue merely from circumscribing uneasiness. I braced furniture against the lockless door and we crept into bed. I lay awake, listening to the hungry roaring of the sea. From time to time I stole to the window and looked out upon the breakers. Mrs. Harris, I must say, slept like a top. She is never afraid when I am by to defend her.

Far out on the rim of the horizon I saw the lights of ships. I learned later that they were the lights of the rum fleet which lay all that summer off the south shore of Shovel Nose Island.

Toward noon of the next day I went back along the boardwalk to the pier, wishing to arrange with Capt. Charlie Smith of the ferryboat for the bringing to us of supplies. The pier was deserted. I saw a large and barefooted man in a bathing suit sitting on the shelving edge of the bay and cleaning fish.

"I say, Sam!" I called, mistaking him for a colored person. He was burned very brown.

"Good morning, Potts," he said, looking up and discovering to me my error. "How are you making out?"

"The name is Harris," I said.

"Pardon me, Mr. Potts-Harris," he said, shearing the gray flesh from a fish. "My name is Doremus. What can I do for you, Mr. Potts-Harris?"

"Have you seen the captain?"

"Many of him. A captain, on any beach that I ever inhabited, Mr. Potts-Harris, is a native in a peaked cap. If he wears white pants he's a commodore. There are seven natives living on this island, and they are all captains. Capt. Charlie Smith? He's taken a party over to Bayhead to church, this being Sunday in Bayhead. Won't you sit down, Mr. Potts-Harris?"

He made incredibly quick work of his task, seeming indeed to take a grisly pleasure in it. He whistled Two Lovely Black Eyes while he slashed and scraped; he began it anew with each fish, and tossed the completed carcass into a pail with the last strain. The fish were mostly large flounders. In a twinkling, so to say, he transformed the unlikely things into delicate filet de sole. He made a single long incision down the center of the back, and another down the belly side, slid his knife smoothly between the flesh and the bones, lifted off the freed segment and put his knife upon the edge of the skin and pulled. It was fascinating to watch, especially for me, whose fingers were still painful from my hour of wrestling with that weakfish on our back porch.

"Want any, Mr. Potts-Harris?" he asked.

"How much?" I asked cautiously, knowing something of the robber class which infests seashore resorts.

"As much as you want," he said. "I've got more here than I can dispose of, since the party's gone to Bayhead. Can you use those five sea bass? They don't go over a pound apiece."

I gathered that he was offering to present me with the fish. This was no more than fair, since he had admittedly no market; but I was none the less surprised.

"Why, yes," I said affably. "We can use those five. In fact, we are very fond of fresh fish. How about a couple of those flounders? I don't want to deprive you, of course, if they're any use to you."

"Take what you like," he mumbled, puffing at a stubby pipe.

I gathered up eight or ten pounds of the prepared fish and returned toward our house. I did not make any hollow pretense of thanking him; one does not thank a tradesman who is caught with a glut and is obliged to take a loss. I knew that he would take advantage of me with equal callousness in a time of scarcity. One gets nothing for nothing in this world.

"I'm shooting snipe tomorrow!" he called after me. "Can you use any?"

"I'd like to see them first."

He laughed.

"I guess you're right," he said.

Mrs. Harris had taken down the sign All Hands from in front of the house and was scraping off the paint. "That's a mean name," she said. "I've thought of a more refined one. I'm going to call this place Voirlebelleau! That's French, Asa. It means See the Beautiful Water. And then I'm going to get sea shells and line the path with them. And I wonder if you could get up a sign saying Private Property Keep Off. Two women just walked by along the top of the dune there, for all the world like as if it was a public street."

"I wouldn't go it too strong, Vera," I suggested. "Not in the beginning, until we get the hang of the place. They're not such a mean bunch if you know how to take them. Look here at these fish!"

"Oh, bother!" she said, tossing her head with hauteur. "What are they but a bunch of clam diggers?"

She put on a pretty dress in the afternoon, and a picture hat, and strolled down the boardwalk under her purple sunshade. She had brought several fine dresses with her, having been under the impression that she was going to enter a millionaires' colony. I must confess that the modest appearance of the settlement had not been a blow to me. Our bank account had sustained a shock in the course of Mrs. Harris' preparations and was not in condition to put up with further rough treatment. I gathered wood and chopped it into kindling.

When I came around from behind the house I saw Mrs. Harris reading on the porch. The volume was Ladies and Gentlemen, a veritable treasure house of social amenities, which, I understand, should be in every American home. It costs only a dollar, in the plug edition, and will save anyone endless agonies of embarrassment over social *gaucheries* unless he or she has not read the book and is thus unacquainted with his or her lapses from good form. Mrs. Harris has the book by heart, and her poise is something staggering.

"I knew I was right!" she exclaimed. "If I had such a husband I would give him his conger. He was walking between them, and he was holding his wife's arm, and he deliberately stopped the three of them to talk to me, instead of walking slowly on."

"Who, dear?"

"Mr. Doremus. She wants us to come to dinner tonight."

"Excellent!" I said. "I must say, Vera, that I am beginning to be blasé with fish."

"I was on the point of refusing," she said, "in view of the form of the invitation. Mr. Doremus said that he knew we must have run out of grub. I never heard anything so vulgar. Here are the very words of Doctor Craig himself: 'The idea that people sit at table to eat is a relic of barbarism'; and here again, on the same page: 'The gentleman of culture will always quietly assume that his hostess has a duck in the ice box.'"

"He meant well, no doubt, Vera," I argued. "In view of the fact that he himself filled our ice box yesterday, he forgot that he knew what was in it. In a broad sense, we have dined with the Doremuses several times already. And, besides, I do not wish to look another gift fish in the mouth. I am sure that Doctor Craig himself would be inclined to cut them if he were expected to make them his boon companions."

"Where is your full-dress suit, Asa?"

"Oh, Vera!" I protested. "They don't expect us to dress!"

"That is quite beside the question," she said firmly. "If you knew anything at all you would know that etiquette is an exponent of one's own self and has got nothing to do with what other people expect or don't expect. As Doctor Craig so well says right in this book, 'To thine own self be true,' Asa. It would be a nice state of affairs if well-bred and cultured people were going to copy people who don't know beans. It is up to us to teach them what's right, and make the world a better place to live in. It would gag any real gentleman to go out to dinner without a full-dress suit. One has a duty to express one's individuality. A real gentleman, Asa, knows that his appearance is his show window; he dresses up to show what he's got to sell. Of course, if he has nothing to sell, then he can go around in a jumper, which would, no doubt, tickle you to death."

As a rule, I do not debate matters of dress with Mrs. Harris. She has a way of gaining her points by versatility of attack rather than by cogency of argument. So now, when I proved uncommonly obdurate, she directed her attack to the Chinese rug in my married sister's living room, contending that it was not a cherished heirloom—as my sister says—but was a purchase at a secondhand furniture sale. This indirect discourse is typically feminine; its objective is to break the will to resist rather than to establish any pertinent syllogism. She drove me away from the rug—which is not an heirloom, though very threadbare—and I found myself abandoning the dinner clothes to her before I could halt my retreat. However, I did not give in to her entirely until darkness came on, when I had a plausible excuse for not finding the garments. As a matter of fact, I did not know where they were, not having seen them since the day we left New York, when I had posted them to my brother-in-law in Chicago. I could not admit this to Mrs. Harris, although it would seem to have been decisive of the argument; it would have afforded her still another avenue of collateral attack. I would not have you think that Mrs. Harris is recriminatory; she would not lower herself to quarrel with me; she has often said so.

I must say that we made an excellent impression on the Doremuses. Mr. Doremus spoke of taking pot luck; and Mrs. Doremus attempted to carry on from the kitchen a conversation with Mrs. Harris sitting on the porch; but we did not cheapen ourselves by encouraging any facile camaraderie. We showed, politely but firmly, that we knew how things should be done. There is a crude notion in some American circles that giving a dinner is a business merely of spreading palatable food before a guest and encouraging him to disport himself among the viands as though he were at home, with an *al fresco* and impromptu effect. That is all very well for people who do not know how things should be done and who attempt to make little of genteel deportment to cover their ignorance; but it never does with persons who have studied etiquette. That invaluable work, Ladies and Gentlemen, covers every incident of social intercourse, from a chance encounter on the street to the order of precedence at a wedding. It is an impertinence for a person to venture into society without having familiarized himself with that book, as impertinent and inexcusable as for an actor to step upon the stage without having conned his part. Many promising careers, I am told, have been ruined, and well-meaning persons doomed to suffer lifelong anguish and remorse, because of social blunders. I must confess that the Doremuses did not look like people who would have the delicacy to pine away and lose flesh for having committed a solecism; but it was not for us to abet them in their indifference to things worth while.

(Continued on Page 52)

The meeting that never was

IF business today is "over-conferenced" it is because thousands of office meetings are held and no record kept.

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What was decided is uncertain
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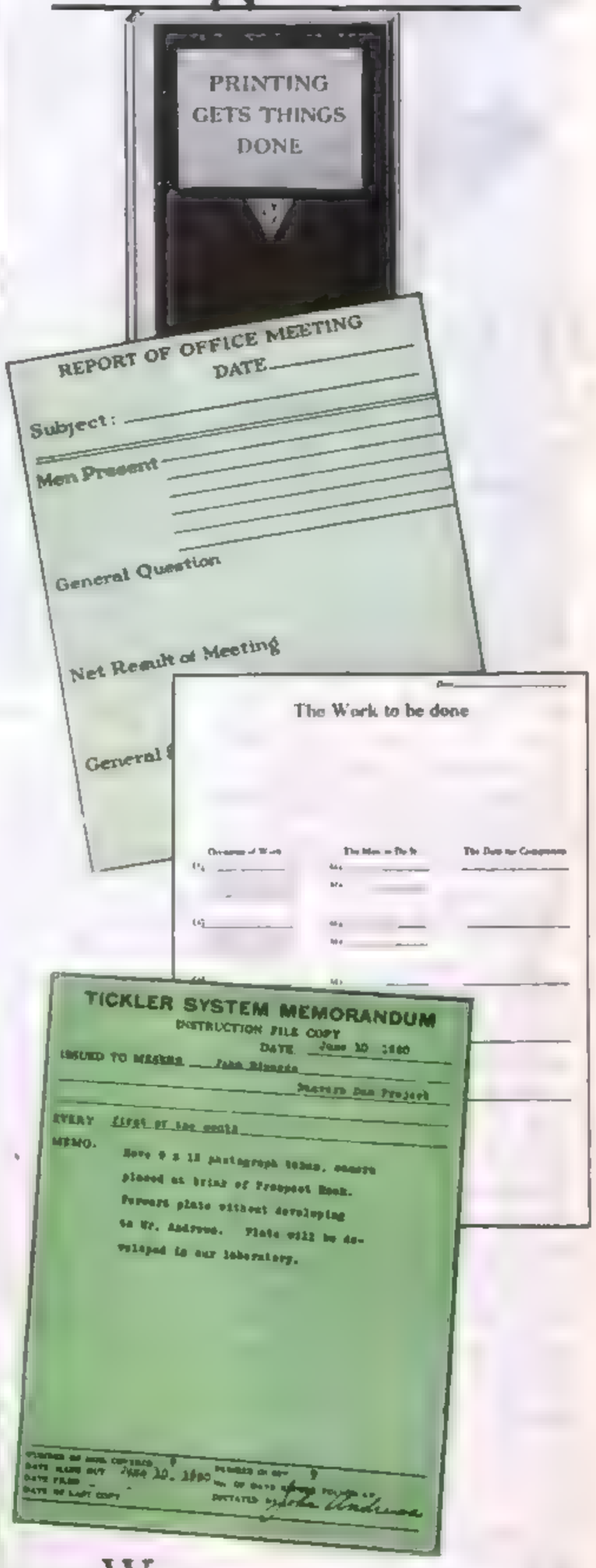

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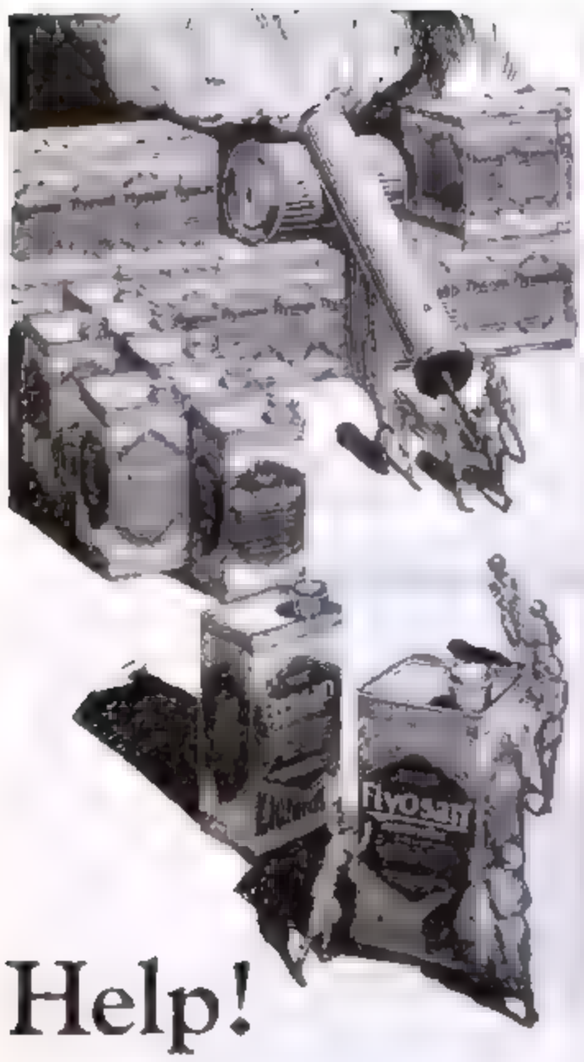

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Kills Flies by the Roomful
—Mosquitoes, too

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(Continued from Page 50)

Several couples called while we sat upon the porch after dinner. Mr. Doremus was unaffectedly glad to see them. He had yawned several times, covering his mouth and saying "Ho hum!" whereat Mrs. Doremus had said to him, "William!"

"Come on, Potts," he called, herding the four gentlemen guests into the house.

"Where are you men going?" asked Mrs. Doremus.

"Penny ante," he said. "See you later, mamma. See you later, ladies."

I made my excuses to my hostess and followed her husband. He ushered us into a small room in the upper story in which were a table and six chairs. The room was overwarm from the heat of the sun on the shingle roof during the day, but he shut the door and closed the windows. The gentlemen proceeded to disrobe, taking off their coats and collars; those who wore suspenders slipped them down. They chose cigars from the box which Mr. Doremus proffered and sat themselves down at the table. A light of pleasurable anticipation was in their faces. Mr. Doremus pushed a stack of poker chips across the table to me.

"Yellows are ten," he mumbled, lighting his cigar. "Whites are one, reds five. Ten's the limit."

I have never cared much for gambling games. I am subject to nervous indigestion, and the strain of hazarding money upsets me. Not that I am at all what can be called a poor sport. Before this evening I had sat several times into games where the limit was twenty-five cents, with the foreknowledge that I might well lose seven or eight dollars. I will say that my premonition of disaster on these occasions was usually justified by the event; I had been uniformly unfortunate at poker. A harassed mind is not one capable of the exact calculation of chances; on the other hand, it is a very doubtful character who can sit tranquil at a gaming table with the knowledge that the turn of the cards may bring distress to his loved ones. But a ten-cent limit was no such serious affair, and I could lose money with sang-froid.

"Friend of George Hewlett's," said Mr. Doremus, nodding at me as he riffled the cards.

"How is old George?" asked a Mr. Godwin.

"He is at his château in the Thousand Islands," I said.

I did not think it worth while to launch into an explanation of my coming to Shovel Nose, which explanation would be entailed on me by a denial of acquaintance with the millionaire.

"We're depending on George to come in with us," said a Mr. Norbert.

"George is all right," said Mr. Doremus confidently. "He'll come. Well, Potts, old top, what do you say?"

"I shall open it," I said, tossing a yellow chip out upon the table.

"Feeling pretty rugged, aren't you?" grunted Mr. Doremus, scanning his cards.

I won the stakes, drawing down four yellow chips and a red one for my advantage.

In view of the ease of my winning, I temporarily cast away calculation and proceeded to throw my chips about without yielding to painful thought. Strange to say, this reckless demeanor was favored by fortune; I won steadily. While we played, the gentlemen talked of business matters. They talked as men who work together at a routine task, discussing extraneous affairs and referring to the work in hand only at rare intervals.

"We got that United order," said a Mr. Jarvis.

"Pretty nice," said Godwin, throwing two yellow chips into the pot.

"Yes, sir! It's worth fifty thousand a year to us if it's worth a dollar," said Jarvis satisfiedly, and he pushed three yellow chips into the pot. I, sitting between, had raised Godwin's bid.

"Three queens and two aces!" I cried.

They struck the table in token of defeat, but made no adverse comment.

"What's doing down at the sweatshop, Gettman?" asked someone.

Gettman, I gathered, was employed in the clothing trade.

"Going up," said Gettman. "We can't begin to fill our orders. We'll have to raise prices, I figure."

"If you do you won't get the business."

"We're not getting it now. We turned away a hundred thousand dollars' worth last month and made some bad friends. A small-sized buyers' strike would suit us to a dot."

They went on, talking in the way of clerks who pretend that they are responsible for the policies of the firms which employ them, masking their presumption always under the clerical we. I did not doubt but that I was the only man at the table who was in business for himself.

"I sold the Bisley Building last month," I said, to give them a taste of my quality.

"You don't say!" said Jarvis, looking at me with respect. "You mean the Bisley Building on Forty-fourth Street? That's a fine building."

"I got six hundred thousand dollars for it," I said. "I've got a lot of nice properties—oh, I imagine six or seven million dollars' worth."

There was a momentary silence, and then the talk resumed; but I saw that I had made an impression. They did not sit down every evening to play penny ante with a man who had six or seven million dollars' worth of fine buildings. I had not wrought any deceit upon them, unless perhaps it lay in the way in which I spoke of the sale of the Bisley Building. I had, indeed, six or seven million dollars' worth of real estate listed for sale, and could have had six or seven millions more for the asking. I had spoken of the properties as mine and had said that I sold the Bisley Building; that is the customary phrasing of a real-estate broker. To be precise, there had been nine brokers in the sale of the Bisley Building, and the commission had been split nine ways; but my share had still been over seven hundred dollars. I should not have hesitated to inform them that I was a real-estate broker if they had asked me.

"I shouldn't like to pay your income tax!" said someone.

The others chuckled deferentially. It came to me that they supposed I owned many millions in New York real estate. The sensation was guilty but agreeable, I must admit, and it would have been rather awkward to disabuse their minds.

"How about that scheme to buy Shovel Nose?" asked Gettman.

They looked covertly at me. The cards lagged.

"Potts is all right," said Doremus. "Anybody that plays poker like Potts is all right!"

He took his cigar from his mouth for the first time.

"Our little group has a lease on Shovel Nose," he said. "It runs out next fall, and we're thinking of buying the island and putting it on the map. The island, you know, is six miles long and a half mile wide; and it's a mile across the bay to the mainland.

"The plan is to buy Shovel Nose and develop it. We can't expect to keep it forever for next to nothing. We figure on getting the South Shore Railroad to build a trestle over the bay—it's quite shallow here—thus giving us direct rail connection with New York City. In order to get them to do that Shovel Nose will have to provide the traffic. Our idea is to keep this end of the island for our own use and develop the rest of it as a summer resort."

"You could get about five thousand cottages here," I said quickly.

"That's about what we figured. And how do you think it would go as a summer resort? You know something about real estate, Potts."

"It would be a sure thing," I said promptly. "There isn't a piece of ocean front within commuting distance of New York which isn't gold. Those ocean-front lots that my house stands on would be worth five thousand a lot if there was a railroad here. This stuff back here would go like hot cakes at a thousand per if the right people were back of it. If, gentlemen, if!"

"If?" echoed Gettman, wrinkling his thick eyebrows.

"There'd be over twenty thousand lots on the island, gentlemen," I said, doing some quick figuring. "There are seventeen superficial lots to an acre, and about twelve improved. At an even thousand a lot, that would mean a valuation of twenty millions. But if it were properly developed it would be worth much more than that."

"We can buy Shovel Nose right now for three hundred thousand dollars," said Doremus. "The Jamison estate would be glad to sell to us. There are about thirty of us interested, and we've about made up our minds to buy. That part is easy. The matter of building thousands of cottages and marketing them is something else. We can find the money for developing, I suppose; our names are good, and the South Shore Railroad is waiting to be told when to build the trestle; but we're all busy on our own affairs and the thing is hanging fire. We must do something soon or we'll lose our happy homes here. The estate wants to sell."

I smiled to myself. How many times had I heard moneyless men discuss such grand schemes; men who had not money to pay hotel bills, but who talked confidently in millions! Indeed, such persons ordinarily talked with more expertness than did these Shovel Nosers.

"We're taking an option next week," said Doremus. "Putting up ten thousand dollars."

"Putting up ten thousand dollars among thirty members is one thing," I said, shrugging my shoulders dismissingly. "Putting up the money that is required by such a development as you speak of is quite another affair, and I dare say you will find it so."

The game resumed and drifted on for another hour. At the end of that period Mrs. Doremus called her husband from below stairs.

"Coming!" he shouted. "The bank is open for business, gentlemen. Who's winning all the money? It looks like Potts. By George, Potts, you are having a birthday! Ten—twenty—forty—sixty ——"

He totted up my stacks and then went to a small desk and opened a check book. He handed me his check for three hundred and ten dollars.

My head whirled as I made out the unmistakable figures. We had been playing ten-dollar limit.

"Right?" asked Doremus.

"Oh, absolutely," I said airily, pocketing the check.

My hands did not shake. I venture to think that few men in my place would have exhibited such iron nerve, either at this moment or during the tense crises of play, when I had again and again staked thirty or more dollars without blenching. I may say modestly that I somewhat plume myself on my nerve. I have sometimes thought that I should make an excellent aviator if I once overcame a constitutional intolerance of great altitudes and rapid motion. So now I was quite airy.

"Oh, absolutely!" I said, making nothing of having played for high stakes.

Doremus remained uninterruptedly friendly in manner, whatever sense of discomfiture and animosity he secretly entertained, but the other gentlemen seemed less well-disposed. During the last hour I had expatiated somewhat on my many properties, being constrained thereto by their persistence in diverting the conversation to their own affairs. I have studied the art of polite conversation, and have developed my personality so that I am naturally the center of any social gathering. I had also let fall a timely word upon the evil of gambling by men of small means, after taking my check; and had ventured, in a kindly and helpful way, to point out to them severally the errors in play which had caused their grave losses. I was not at all boastful; I have a detestation of boasting and vaunting; nothing antagonizes me more. But if one has carefully developed one's personality it cannot fail to be evident. He shines involuntarily among those who are colorless and commonplace.

As I look back now upon the several weeks which we spent on Shovel Nose Island I see that nothing but petty jealousy prevented us from taking a leading part in the small social activities. We were at all times ready to assume direction and to put at the service of these people our knowledge of form and genteel usage, but we found ourselves rather isolated. This jealousy was aroused by the fact that we were patently not accustomed to such primitive living and felt it our duty to ourselves to say so.

We kept up our acquaintance with the Doremuses, who were well-meaning and simple people. Mr. Doremus spent much time fishing in the surf. Often he spent entire days wading amid the breakers in his hip boots and wide-awake straw hat, catching nothing. When he had the fortune to draw some small fish ashore he glowed with touching pleasure.

"A kingfish, Potts!" he would shout. "Isn't he a beauty?"

And then he would advise me to stand back, and would draw back his long rod and send his lead whistling out again a really remarkable distance to sea. On the last Saturday we spent upon the island he caught a striped bass, a large and handsome

(Continued on Page 54)

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Diamond TIRES

FOR PASSENGER AND COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

(Continued from Page 52)

fish, but a poor requital for his exhausting toil. He sat upon a piece of driftwood and feasted his eyes upon his catch.

"Sixteen pounds, if an ounce," he said in a reverential whisper. "Potts, old son, I wouldn't swap that fish for one of your apartment houses. And when I hooked him I thought it was another of those darned shovel-noses!"

A shovel-nose, I may say, is a species of shark which frequents that neighborhood. The name, I believe, is a localism. I have also heard the fish called a hammerhead.

The hour was half past eight in the evening. I had dined. Doremus disregarded meals when pursuing his peculiar hobby. The sun had set, but there was still a considerable afterglow; not enough, however, to quench the lights of the rum fleet; they were shining palely on the horizon. The sea was unusually quiet. I saw a cylindrical object eddying in the backwash at the edge of the surf, and I drew it out upon the sand with a long stick.

"What's that, Potts?" he asked.

He always called me Potts, although my name is Harris. Mrs. Harris' maiden name was Potts, whence the hyphenated form which she had chosen for our use in the course of preparations for our vacation on the supposedly exclusive island.

He took from me the cylinder, which was of a paraffin-impregnated pasteboard, and ripped it open with his fish knife. He drew from it a long and slender bottle, bound with silver wire and capped with tin foil.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, holding the bottle up to the fading light. "Here's a catch, Potts!"

"Is it liquor?" I asked.

"It's some kind of tipple," he said, studying the label. And then I thought that his face fell. He pointed to a legend in red letters across the label—Nonalcoholic.

"Might as well throw it back," he said. "If it's alcoholic we oughtn't to drink it; and if it's nonalcoholic it's not worth drinking—so there you are!"

But he had broken the net of silver wire and removed the tin-foil cap and was prying at the cork. His versatile knife developed a corkscrew. He pulled the cork and put the bottle to his large and sunburned nose. He tipped up the bottle to his mouth.

"It's wonderful how they can fake this stuff," he said, lowering the bottle and staring at it. "Nonalcoholic, eh? Well, well! I wouldn't believe it. See what you make out of it, Potts."

I tasted the stuff. I have never been a drinking man, and do not care to pose as a connoisseur of vintages; but this liquid was uncommonly like a dry and full-bodied sherry. It was highly palatable, with a rich and nutty flavor. It's dealcoholizing had improved it; it soothed and mollified, and did not sear and scarify the gullet as alcoholic beverages do.

"Remarkable," I breathed.

"I feel it would be wrong not to drink this stuff when it comes ashore after we have caught a fish like that. Why, we mightn't catch another bass like that all summer! I've got some paper cups in my kit. Here we are! Hold it!"

He filled the paper cups, apostrophized the fish and we drank. I shall maintain to my dying day that the stuff was not alcoholic; I had taken what would be quite a stiff drink, but I experienced in consequence no aberration of vision, no disturbance of nervous centers, none of those systemic perturbations which follow the ingestion of alcohol. On the contrary, I had never felt more composed, more competent, more at ease.

"Shall we have another?" I suggested, when convinced that the drink was innocuous.

"You can't walk on one leg," said Doremus.

This statement—that one cannot walk on one leg—seemed to me at the moment to be a reason why we should have two drinks, which shows the danger of reasoning by analogy. Had I paused to consider I should have penetrated the sophistry and perceived that the analogy was only apparent. But at the time I did not pause to reflect, but accepted his shallow reasoning as conclusive, the more readily that I was not disinclined to drink again. You understand, it was not a question of taking a second drink of alcohol; I say, and shall maintain, that there was no alcohol in that liquor, though I do not doubt now that it had developed some toxic property in the course of its long immersion in the sea. The subject is painful to me; I trust that its mention will offend no one; my intent is merely to set forth the causation of events. If you will bear with me you will see that I am not seeking to lend any specious attractiveness to the drinking of toxic beverages. Had I been temporarily demented by being struck on the head with the heavy lead which Doremus was wont to whirl about at the end of his line—and several times I narrowly escaped a collision with it—my later behavior would perhaps have been the same; but it would have been unjust and unkind to impute to me any advocacy of concussion of the brain. We had this second drink.

From this time I date that feeling of narcotized contentment whose incidence is the point of my narrative. I was gradually suffused with an extraordinary sense of well-being. I felt amiable, charitable, well-disposed to everyone. The rough visage of Doremus was softened and beautified to my view; he seemed to me to be a person of every virtue. And I, in turn, felt my personality slip from me, the personality which I had so carefully developed. I did not see any sense or point in having personality; I wanted to talk, to be known as I was, to be welcome and at home in this good and lovable world.

"Bill," I said, clapping Doremus on the back, "you're all right! Let's have another drink and go home and show the folks the fish."

We threw away the bottle and climbed the dune to the boardwalk. Doremus let me carry the fish. It attracted a great deal of attention. It was an admirable fish, and I was proud to stop and show it. The people came out of their bungalows and scanned the fish by lantern light and exclaimed over it. A new group came forth from each house, and had to be told all over again how we did it, from the moment when I baited the hook and spat on it for luck to the great moment when I cried out, "It's a sixteen-pound striped bass, Bill! Stand back!"

"And was Doremus there?" they asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" I said loyally. "Old Bill was right there!"

I felt that I could afford to be generous where so much merit was to be apportioned. I felt a sense of enlargement and of great personal worth, a sense of dignity superseding any necessity for pretense or self-advertisement. I felt that I needed only to be known to be admired and loved.

Several gentlemen were sitting on the Doremus porch. When I had again told my tale—including the episode of the bottle—two of the gentlemen rose hastily and hurried toward the darkening beach, bearing with them a lantern and two scap nets, hoping, no doubt, to snare another fish with such inadequate paraphernalia.

"I'm going to have that beauty stuffed," said Doremus, passing the cigars. "As I told Pottsy here, I wouldn't take one of his biggest apartment houses for that bass. I wouldn't swap it for a hundred-pound drum. When he first struck ——"

"What apartment houses?" I chuckled. "I haven't got any apartment houses to swap, Bill."

"Eh?"

"I was just joking about those properties, Bill," I said, leaning back and inhaling a luxurious draught from my fine Havana. "I haven't got any apartment houses, Bill, old-timer. No-o! I don't own a cow shed. You see, I didn't know you folks so well then, and I thought you wouldn't like me so well if I didn't make a good impression. Ha-ha! I'm in the real-estate business, gentlemen, and I claim to know the real-estate game from brickbats to contracts; but I haven't got to be any millionaire at it. Not by a darned sight! Oh, I scrape along. I knock out three or four hundred a month, unless I get a bad break; but I've still got to pay Uncle Sam any supertax."

"In the real-estate business, Potts?" said Jarvis, who was sitting there. "I thought George Hewlett said you were one of these bandit accountants that show people how to beat the income tax for a percentage."

"He was speaking of Littlejohn," I said, feeling injured that I should be confused with anybody, even with an accountant who turns over a hundred thousand a year. And I told them about my arrangement with Littlejohn.

"But I'm certainly glad to have come here," I said. "I like the people here; there's a nice homy atmosphere on this island. And as a real-estate man, I like the place especially. Why, gentlemen, this

(Continued on Page 56)

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"YANKEE" TOOLS

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(Continued from Page 54)

place would be a gold mine if handled right! Once that track is thrown across the bay over there, this place is going up out of sight! Imagine! Six miles of ocean front, six miles of bay front, dry and healthful sand underfoot and only an hour out of the Pennsylvania Station! Why, this place will make Long Beach look sick; and I remember, gentlemen, only about twenty years ago, before the railroad was run out there across the swamps, when you could go out there and take those ocean lots home in a pail if you wanted them. Fill your bucket for nothing! And do you know what Long Beach lots are worth today? Well, let me give you some examples."

As I talked on I was astonished and delighted by the volume and detail of my real-estate lore. I had never before had a conception of what I knew. They listened, offering occasionally verifying interpolations.

"The railroad will be the easiest part," said Doremus. "That's spoken for."

I accepted his bare assurance without question, nodding, and launching into the analogous history of Long Beach, a development a few miles to the west. I had sold lots on Long Beach once upon a time, when the place was barren sand; I missed a chance to become wealthy there, being convinced at the time that the whole scheme was a swindle.

"Well, gentlemen, I must be running along," I said at last, glancing at the radium-painted dial of my cheap watch. "I'm leaving tomorrow afternoon, so I may not see some of you again. Good night, all!"

I left them and strolled along the boardwalk toward Voirlebelleau. I was sleepy, with a delicious lassitude; but let me say again, I had none of the symptoms of alcoholic poisoning. My pulses were beating strongly, but my step was steady and my judgment of distance unimpaired. I have consulted several physicians concerning my experience, and those who have had the courtesy to take my statement without levity have likened my condition to poisoning through a morphine derivative. I felt decidedly mellow, lulled. There was a brightness in my head; I stood for some time at the end of the walk, smiling at the rising moon and feeling a sense of companionship with it, a really pantheistic feeling of affinity with all things, including the crescent orb of night. Mrs. Harris called me rather sharply.

"I have been drinking in the beauty of the evening, Vera," I said, bending over her.

"I don't know with whom you have been drinking, Asa," she said tartly; "but you will hear from me in the morning. A fine beauty she was, no doubt. Go to bed!"

When I awoke the following morning I was decidedly depressed. I had a slight headache and resolutely refused to discuss with Mrs. Harris the culminating events of the preceding day.

I cherished jealously the hope that I had been dreaming, and busied myself with drawing my little express wagon to and from the dock. The boat for the mainland left at two in the afternoon. But toward one o'clock I saw Doremus approaching our house, accompanied by Jarvis and Gettman.

"How is the real-estate broker today?" he called familiarly.

"Pardon me?" I said stiffly.

They came upon the porch and took chairs.

"Well, Pottsy," he said, "we were certainly glad to get the low-down on you last night. We were glad to hear that you were in the real-estate business and that you were no bloated capitalist. You're making only three or four hundred a month, are you? Well, Potts, we three have been talking things over and considering you, and ——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Doremus," I said, feeling myself redden. "I do not understand you. I—I was not myself last night, and it is possible that I talked foolishly. I am indeed connected with the real-estate business in a superior capacity; but you have evidently misconceived something I inadvertently said. As a gentleman, I make it a rule not to talk shop in my home. Inasmuch as Mrs. Harris is likely to be with us at any moment, I must ask you not to pursue the topic."

"But listen, Potts," he urged. "We want to talk business! We were very much interested in what you told us about Long Beach, and about how you cheated the public into buying lots for five hundred dollars that are now worth five thousand. We saw that you knew how to manage this thing, and I said to Gettman and Jarvis here, 'What's the matter with letting a good fellow like Potts take hold of this for us, seeing that we do not know the ropes? He can arrange bank loans and lay out streets and sell lots and all that, and we can sit back and mind our own business.' So we thought we would come and talk to you about it."

"You will excuse me from discussion, Mr. Doremus," I said flatly. "I have very large interests in New York, interests involving many millions of dollars, and they require my undivided attention. I am still of the opinion that the development of Shovel Nose Island will give large returns; but the development requires capital beyond your command, and the backing of men of large affairs."

I was quite frank; these were evidently men of small means and of narrow experience, and I was antagonized by their big talk. I value candor above all else, and have no patience with the straining for a meretricious appearance of wealth and social station, which is a universal feature of American life. If I do not ordinarily minimize my own importance, if I assert myself, it is by a necessity imposed on me from without. One must take the world as he finds it; amid a general clamoring for attention and precedence one must raise one's voice a little if one is to have his rightful audience.

Doremus lingered after the others.

"Potts," he said, "you're a queer fish, but I don't think you're a half-bad sort underneath. These two fellows have gone off in a huff, but maybe I can talk them around. Suppose I could talk them around and persuade them to let you into this thing, do you want a piece of that option? It will cost you only three hundred dollars, and I'd like to have you with us because I've taken a bit of a fancy to you, and you certainly know enough to be useful to us, whether you've got your millions in the bank or only on the brain. What do you say?"

I was amused by the naïveté of this attempt to commit me to their grandiose scheme.

"No, thank you, Mr. Doremus," I said.

Littlejohn came into my office during the following autumn.

"How did you like Shovel Nose?" he asked.

"Well enough," I said, "if it wasn't for the people. They were a pretentious and overbearing sort. One would really think that in an outlandish place like that people would have the sense to be unassuming; but I suppose human nature is human nature all the world over. The men talked in millions, like thirty-dollar Wall Street clerks on a holiday; and the women bragged to Mrs. Harris about their cars and their servants and their town houses and social connections. Oh, we saw right through them and gave them as good as they sent!"

"Mrs. Jarvis is a vice president of the D. A. R.," he said. "And Mrs. Witherspoon's ancestor came over in the Mayflower, or the ship's articles have been tampered with since. Love-God Witherspoon steered the boat!"

"You don't say! Well, I do recall now that there was something different about Mrs. Jarvis and Mrs. Witherspoon. How in the world did they get in with such a cheap crowd?"

"I always thought them rather flossy," he said surprisedly. "They are a congenial group that likes to rough it for a few weeks in the summer, but they're a long way from being cheap. You met Doremus down there, I suppose? He picked up with them down at Palm Beach; he owns a big hotel down there that he closes in the summer. I thought Mrs. Harris would be right at home at Shovel Nose; she'd be in with a nice crowd at her own price. Why, say, Shovel Nose is as exclusive as a bank vault—or was, until now. They wouldn't let me in; I offered them a cold twenty thousand for a piece of their option and they turned me down."

"You mean that option to buy?"

"Yes; they exercised it yesterday. The real-estate sections of all the papers are going to feature the new development next Sunday. The South Shore Railroad is throwing a trestle over the bay, and you can imagine what that will mean to the island. I'll say it will be a sweet thing! I opened a set of books for the new development company; the syndicate is putting up a million dollars to get things going. George Hewlett is in it. There was a great scramble among the real-estate men to get hold of the work. Fellow named Senior grabbed it. Too bad you couldn't have landed it, Harris. What with salary and commission, Senior should easily clip off twenty-five or thirty thousand a year. Gosh, Harris, it would have made you independent! I had a confidential whisper about this before I sent you down there, but I couldn't say anything to you. I rather hoped, though ——"

"I would have had it too," I exclaimed indignantly, "if they had been honest with me! If they were so rich, why did they put on such a poor mouth? How was I to know who they were? They acted like plain ordinary folks not amounting to a hill of beans. I call such people downright dishonest! It is not like as though we were the crude sort to consider only ourselves, and to go along in our own way without regard to anybody else; on the contrary, Littlejohn, we consider our neighbors first of all, and strive to win their respect and admiration. But how is one to do that if his neighbors are not to be relied upon? One might as well seek to mold his attitude upon his own image in a mirror."

"I know what you mean," he nodded. "It is like looking into a mirror, and that's a fact. I notice that myself. When I get up with a big head it seems like everybody is snappy and grouchy; when things break right everybody is smiling. It's funny."

"It is not funny at all," I said sharply. "It is aggravating! And now that we are on the subject, let me say that I don't think you treated me fairly, Littlejohn. You should have explained the situation to me before sending me to Shovel Nose Island."

"You are blaming me?" he said petulantly. "Now that you take that tack, Harris, let me say that you haven't treated me right! I took a chance in sending you there, thinking to do you a good turn, and I've been explaining ever since, and making a poor job of it. I don't understand how you got in wrong down there, Harris."

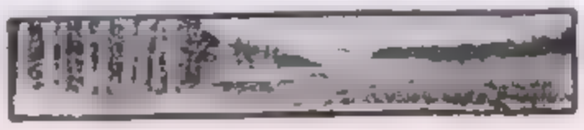
I very nearly quarreled with Littlejohn. He is an impossible fellow who cannot see his own faults. I have no patience with that sort of person.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 2C)

eggs than anyone else at the table and start to work with the air of martyrs. They had to kiss wives that came to the door without havin' their hair marceled. A cruel world, ain't it?

"I suppose this penny-ante creature told you that he and his wife wasn't congenial, h'm? Maybe they ain't either. Like as not she would rather read a book after the kids is all in bed than play pinochle with him. Maybe she don't see what fun he finds playin' golf, and he makes fun of her because she likes to tat. But I reckon they can worry along if nothin' any more serious than these little differences comes between 'em. Anyway, Huldah ain't goin' to be worried by their troubles, an' you won't gain nothin' if you go to feelin' sorry for one or both of 'em either. Next time he comes purrin' around and tellin' you how misunderstood he is, just tell him women are queer creatures, and ask him if it wouldn't make his home life a little happier if he'd go down and buy his wife a new dress. He'll probably get huffy and hoist all his sails, but don't you worry, dearie. They's a swell traveling salesman that comes in here that ain't married nor misunderstood, and I'll get my sweetie and we'll fix up a date some night soon. If this guy's wife has lived with him ten years and don't understand him, you wouldn't have much luck tryin' it."



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THE GENESIS OF THE WAR

(Continued from Page 25)

mounted brigades with all necessary artillery and transport—and then numbering about 270,000. "It is a citizen army which is retained at home for local defense, for resisting raids, and anything that can slip past the navy, and which contains a section, now considerable, of those who are willing to go abroad for active service, if occasion should require." In Australia and New Zealand the governments, with the help of Lord Kitchener, had worked out a very similar organization: a second-line army designed for home defense, but with a power to volunteer for over-sea work and dispatch by the Dominion government for coöperating in the mutual protection of whatever part of the empire might most need assistance. Canada had her own organization in working order, and in South Africa, where—as her representative said—the "Union was still young," the Minister of Defence, General Smuts, had already formulated a scheme of land defense.

Lord Haldane also dealt with the creation during the last two years of the Imperial General Staff, and of the arrangements which had been made for its collaboration with and representation on the separate General Staffs of the several Dominions; one of the principal points constantly kept in view being "to relieve us from the necessity of asking you to subject your local troops to any manner of control or centralized command in order to attain unity."

This epoch-making conference—for such it was—discussed also the question of the representation of the Dominions.

I introduced the subject in an address from which I venture to quote a few sentences:

Our suggestions are put forward on behalf of the government not merely as matters for discussion and consideration, but with the object of meeting in a practical way the feeling which was expressed at the last conference, which, I think, has grown in intensity since—that there ought to be some opportunity for the constant coördination and correlation of the action of the different parts of the empire in regard to defense. I shall point out in two or three moments what I think is now quite plain to all who are in this room, that the Committee of Imperial Defence, which meets here, is a purely advisory body. Neither the Government of the United Kingdom nor, of course, the governments of any of the Dominions are in the least committed by any of its decisions. The function which it performs is this, that we get by its means the best expert advice obtainable on any particular question or set of questions, and the fact that the politicians are associated with the experts insures or ought to insure that the recommendations of the committee are not merely correct from the technical point of view but that they are also conformable to the exigencies of practical politics.

That is the scope of this committee, and if the Dominions see their way to associate—I will not say for a moment in what manner or through what persons—periodically with this committee authorized representatives of their own, that would insure, of course, in the first place, a much wider range of accurate knowledge than it can at present possess as to the necessities of the different parts of the empire; and, on the other hand, it will insure to the Dominions that in any advice this committee gives with regard to imperial defense, their special local considerations and interests have been fully taken into account.

I will give one illustration of the importance and the value of carrying out some such proposal as this: One of the subcommittees of this Committee of Imperial Defence is at the present time arranging for the coördination of the action to be taken by all the government departments at the moment of the outbreak of war. We have never yet in the United Kingdom had, oddly enough, put down on paper in such a way that each department knew exactly what it was expected to do, a full statement of their respective functions and duties the moment war was declared. The subcommittee's arrangement is that whenever a war breaks out, however suddenly the news is received, the whole war organization of the United Kingdom should be put into operation without a moment's delay. The naval and military mobilizations and concentrations if not already complete will at once be completed; the cables notifying the Dominions and colonies and diplomatic representatives abroad will at once be taken from their pigeonholes and dispatched; the intelligence system of the empire will be put on a war footing; cable and press censorship will be established; vulnerable points, magazines, and so forth, will receive special attention against treacherous attack; the defenses of our ports will be manned, and precautions will be taken to exclude hostile vessels from entering by force or stratagem. This subcommittee is inquiring how those obviously most important, and it may be vital steps, may be taken without friction and without delay. It would be extremely desirable if, in a matter of that kind, all the Dominions could be taken into council, and, through their representatives here, express their views as to how far and to what extent and in what way, on the outbreak of war, or in view of the outbreak of war, similar steps should be taken in their various territories.

If the principle is accepted that such representation is desirable, we should be guided entirely by the opinion of the Dominions as to the proper persons they would select from time to time as their representatives.

The second point is also one which is peculiarly for them to determine—whether they would accept the suggestion or not, although we think it a valuable one—and that is that there should be established in the different Dominions defense committees in relation to this committee, dealing also merely as advisory bodies for their respective governments with the local conditions of defense and reporting from time to time; in fact, keeping in constant touch with the permanent secretariat here, between which and the secretariat there, there should be an exchange from time to time of every kind of confidential communication which might throw light upon the necessities of defense, and the best way to deal with them.

After a short and businesslike debate—not on the principle, but on matters of detail—the committee unanimously adopted the following:

1. That one or more representatives, appointed by the respective governments of the Dominions, should be invited to attend meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence when questions of naval and military defense affecting the over-seas Dominions are under consideration.

2. The proposal that a defense committee should be established in each Dominion is accepted in principle. The constitution of these defense committees is a matter for each Dominion to decide.

In the following years, Sir Robert Borden, who had succeeded Sir Wilfrid Laurier as Prime Minister of Canada, and other distinguished Dominion statesmen came over and sat on the committee. These meetings were the forerunners of the Imperial War Cabinet.

I have now given an account, necessarily omitting many details, of our prewar preparations—the principles upon which it proceeded, its governing purposes, and the methods by which it seemed to us to be practicable to secure their attainment.

Mr. Page, the distinguished and much-lamented American Ambassador, in a mood of sympathetic but critical depression, wrote during the war to Colonel House, in September, 1915:

If the English had raised an army in 1912, and made a lot of big guns, Austria would not have trampled Serbia to the earth. There would have been no war.

Raising an army; making a lot of big guns; the usually clear-thinking ambassador allowed himself for once to lapse into something very like claptrap. If such language means anything it means that England—to keep the peace of the world—besides preserving at all costs her supremacy over the sea; besides providing garrisons for India and her over-seas possessions; besides maintaining an expeditionary force for immediate dispatch to any part of the globe; and besides raising, training and equipping a second-line army the territorials, for home defense—ought to have converted herself into a military power on the Continental model. It is possible, and indeed probable, that her material and personal resources would have been equal to the double strain. But the essential condition of any such change—as was shown to be the case, during the war, with the adoption of conscription—would have been that it was supported by the nation with practical unanimity.

Was there anything in what had happened up to 1912, or appeared then in the remotest degree likely to happen, which could or ought to have induced the nation to execute a volte-face with a united front? Everybody who lived in those times, and every historian who writes of them with adequate knowledge, will agree that there is only one answer to the question. Any government which proposed it would have committed political suicide.

It would have split the cabinet, split the House of Commons, split both political parties, and split the whole nation; if indeed that can be described as a split which would have been regarded as the vagary of a minority, insignificant both in authority and in numbers.

Neither for the assumption by Great Britain of the obligations of partnership in a Continental alliance, nor—still less—for the militarization of her people, would any countenance have been afforded by national opinion.

I should like to add to the general considerations set forth at the end of this chapter, some highly pertinent arguments from a practical and administrative point of view, which are taken from Lord Haldane's book, Before the War, pp. 170–179:

It is said that we in Great Britain ought, before entering on the Entente, to have provided an army, not of 160,000, but of 2,000,000 men. And it is remarked that this is what we had to do in the end. This suggestion does not, however, bear scrutiny. No doubt it would have been a great advantage if, in addition to our tremendous navy, we could have produced, at the outbreak of the war, 2,000,000 men, so trained as to be the equals in this respect of German troops, and properly fashioned into the great divisions that were necessary, with full equipment and auxiliary service. But to train the recruits, and to command such an army when fashioned, would have required a very great corps of professional officers of high military education, many times as large as we had actually raised. How were these to have been got?

When, therefore, even distinguished commanders in the field express regret at the want of foresight of the British nation in not having prepared a much larger army before 1914, I would respectfully ask them how they imagine it could have been done.

Now, the British nation has put its money and its fighting spirit primarily into its navy and its over-sea forces. Why? Because, just as the Continental tradition had its genesis in the necessity for instant readiness to defend land frontiers, so our tradition has had its genesis in the vital necessity of always commanding the sea.

But what I am saying does not rest on my own conclusions alone. In the year 1912 the then Chief of the General Staff told me that he and the General Staff would like to investigate, as a purely military problem, the question whether we could or could not raise a great army. I thought this a reasonable inquiry and sanctioned and found money for it, only stipulating that they should consult with the Administrative Staffs when assembling the materials for the investigation. The outcome was embodied in a report made to me by Lord Nicholson, himself a soldier who had a strong desire for compulsory service and a large army. He reported, as the result of a prolonged and careful investigation, that, alike as regarded officers and as regarded buildings and equipment, the conclusion of the General Staff was that it would be in a high degree unwise to try, during a period of unrest on the Continent, to commence a new military system. It could not be built up excepting after much unavoidable delay. We might at once experience a falling off in voluntary recruiting, and so become seriously weaker before we had a chance of becoming stronger. And the temptation to a foreign General Staff to make an early end of what it might insist on interpreting as preparation for aggression on our part would be too strong to be risked. What we should get might prove to be a mob in place of an army. I quite agreed, and not the less because it was highly improbable that the country would have looked at anything of the sort.

It is, I think, certain that for purely military reasons, even if, in view of political (including diplomatic) difficulties any party in the State had felt itself able to undertake the task of raising a great army under compulsory service, and to set itself to accomplish it, say, within the ten years before the war, the fulfillment of the undertaking could not have been accomplished, and failure in it would have made us much weaker than we were when the war broke out. The only course really open was to make use of the existing voluntary system, and bring its organization for war up to the modern requirements, of which they were in 1906 far short.

XVIII—The Early Months of 1914: Retrospect and Prospect

ON FEBRUARY 4, 1914, Herr von Jagow, the Prussian foreign secretary, informed a committee of the Reichstag that Anglo-German relations were very good. It might well have seemed that we were nearing the goal of the policy which Great Britain had steadily pursued; moving stage by stage to the settlement of outstanding causes of difference with particular states; circumscribing the scope of local disputes; and working, in cordial friendship with France and Russia, for the maintenance of the balance of power, which was the best safeguard of European peace. Upon a retrospect extending over the previous ten years, the progress which had actually been made was remarkable.

(Continued on Page 61)

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That nutty flavor is not there by accident.

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Then you also find Klearflax in beautiful color combinations—the Picwick mixtures. These are an entirely new conception of the beautiful and practical in rug colorings, which you will find blend handsomely in any background. Many new artistic possibilities can be effected through the use of Picwick.

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LINEN RUGS & CARPETING

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DULUTH, MINNESOTA

(Continued from Page 58)

In the days of isolation the issues of peace and war between ourselves and one or another of the great powers—France and Russia in particular—had more than once appeared to hang on a thread. Egypt, the Sudan, Siam, Persia, the Pamirs—to mention only a few illustrations—furnished copious material for periodical pin-pricking—and worse. This source of international friction and peril had been completely removed. The Morocco incident, or series of incidents, which for the first time brought the extra-European interests and ambitions of France and Germany into sharp collision, had been got out of the way, not without a good deal of bad blood, but without recourse to arms. In the Balkans, it was true, there had been two local campaigns, and the Treaty of Bukharest, which had for the time suspended hostilities, was more in the nature of a stop-gap than of a permanent settlement.

We know now—through Mr. Morgenthau, former American Ambassador at Constantinople—that in May, 1914, the Austrian Emperor used this language to his ambassador at Constantinople, the Marquis Pallavacini: "The Central Powers cannot accept the Treaty of Bukharest as definitely settling the Balkan question; nothing but a general war can bring about a suitable solution."

But at any rate the great powers had so far been kept out of the ring; with what difficulties and risks, and by the exercise, not in one quarter only, of how much patience and tact, is already becoming apparent to the student of history.

Not the least satisfactory feature in the review was the improvement, recorded by Herr von Jagow, in Anglo-German relations. I have already described the general character and effect of the negotiations in 1913–14 between the two governments in regard to Asiatic Turkey and Africa, which had resulted, on the eve of the outbreak of war, in substantial agreement upon a number of troublesome details.

There were, however, causes of disquietude, some of them visible to the experienced eye, others still in the region of conjecture, and fully disclosed only after war had actually broken out. The competition in naval expenditure forced by Germany upon Great Britain, though burdensome to the British taxpayer, was not in itself a likely source of immediate danger. We had quite determined to maintain our necessary predominance at sea, and we were well able to make that determination effective. But we could not shut our eyes to the fact that other states—not included either in the Triple Alliance or in the Entente—were following the German example and developing navies of their own. As an illustration of what was going on, it may be recalled that, at the beginning of August, 1914, there were under construction in British shipyards two battleships for Turkey, four destroyers for Greece and a number of various descriptions of armored craft for countries like Chile and Brazil. These, and the like, were all potential additions to one or another of the navies of the greater powers in the event of a world-wide conflict. Indeed, the two Turkish battleships were to make a welcome addition to our own.

I may quote here from a memorandum which Mr. Churchill circulated to his colleagues early in January, 1914:

> Besides the Great Powers, there are many small states who are buying or building great ships of war, and whose vessels may by some diplomatic combination, or by duress, be brought into the line against us. None of these Powers need, like us, Navies to defend their actual safety or independence. They build them so as to play a part in the world's affairs. It is sport to them. It is death to us.

He added, with equal truth and cogency:

> Although [during the past year] the foundations of peace among the Great Powers have been strengthened, the causes which might lead to a general war have not been removed. . . . There has not been the slightest abatement of naval and military preparation. On the contrary, we are witnessing this year increases of expenditure by the Continental Powers beyond all previous experience. The world is arming as it has never armed before. Every suggestion of arrest or limitation has been brushed aside.

The concluding part of this able memorandum brings into deserved prominence the very substantial rise which had been going on in the armies of the Continent.

The British army, as has been shown above, had from 1906 onwards been completely recast, under Lord Haldane's guidance, and in 1911 the process was practically completed. Our military forces were not substantially added to between 1911 and 1914.

It was otherwise on the Continent. By the Imperial Constitution the peace footing of the German army was fixed at 1 per cent of the population, and so it remained until 1912. By the army law of that year—passed after the Morocco crisis—the ratio was abandoned and the army was raised—out of a population of 66,000,000—to 723,000. In the following year, 1913, during the Balkan troubles, a new army law was passed by which the peace strength of the German army was fixed at 870,000; to meet the cost an exceptional levy was made.

M. Poincaré's comment is worthy of attention:

> The truth is that at the moment when she was voting the new military law, Germany was still seeking to gain time. . . . When one reads the Memorandum which was drawn up for the purpose of securing from the Reichstag in March, 1913, sanction for the new Military Law, one finds the following revealing passage:
>
> "The people must be accustomed to the belief that an offensive war on our part is a necessity, for the purpose of combating the provocations of the adversary.
>
> "Affairs must be handled in such a manner that under the pressure of powerful armaments, economic sacrifices, and a critical political situation, the beginning of hostilities will be considered a deliverance."

Other European countries followed Germany's example. France returned to the rule of three years' service. Belgium introduced universal military service. In Russia the term of service was lengthened to three and a quarter years. Great Britain alone of the Entente Powers made no change in her military establishment.*

It is estimated that in the single year 1913 the Continental states added £50,000,000 to their military expenditure.

The Germanization of Turkey, which had been going on for years, more or less quietly, under the skillful manipulation of Marschall, was boldly advertised to the world by the appointment in December, 1913, of General Liman von Sanders, in spite of the protests of Russia, to the post of inspector-general of the Ottoman army. Moreover, Germany was becoming more and more deeply committed to the anti-Slav policy of Austria in the Balkans, checked for the moment, but only for the moment, by the Treaty of Bukharest. As that policy could be carried out only at the risk, or indeed with the certainty of ultimate collision with Russia, its prosecution by Austria with the connivance, open or covert, of Germany was a standing menace to the peace of Europe. The teaching and practice of Bismarck, with whom a friendly Russia was a cardinal point of policy, had been entirely forgotten by his degenerate successors at Berlin.

There were, moreover, in each of the three countries which belonged to the Entente, internal troubles, which, if they had otherwise been inclined to be bellicose, must have given them pause; but, for that very reason, offered the strongest temptations to the promoters of an aggressive militant policy both in Vienna and in Berlin.

In Russia there was much industrial fermentation—strikes, and disorganization of public services, followed by government reprisals against trade-unions and the labor press.

The Czar was not fortunate in his choice of ministers; in his immediate entourage there was no one of the caliber of Count Witte. Among his diplomatic representatives at the courts of the great powers, Benckendorff, in London, was, so far as one can judge, the only one who was at once shrewd and level-headed, a genuine lover of peace, distrustful both of reaction and of adventure, and endowed with a real sense of the European perspective. He was happily spared the spectacle of the final collapse of the autocratic régime. Iswolski, in Paris, had the fatal cleverness which is blind, or blinds itself, to realities obvious to less sophisticated eyes, without prescience or insight, and therefore, despite his gifts and faculties, an ill-balanced and even dangerous adviser.

It was significant that during M. Poincaré's visit in July, 1914, the Czar was advised to remain at home at Peterhof when the French President made his entry into St. Petersburg.

In France there had been and was, phase following phase, an era of ministerial instability; the distractions created by the trial of Mme. Caillaux; and the sensational report of Senator Humbert on the alleged deficiencies in the equipment of the army. It dwelt especially on the shortage of ammunition and of heavy guns.

Nor was Great Britain free from domestic anxieties. The prospect of the Home Rule Bill for Ireland coming into operation was being met by threats of armed resistance in Ulster, encouraged by the demeanor and declarations of many of the Unionist leaders in Great Britain. The surreptitious importation and concealed storage of rifles and ammunition, and the enrollment of volunteers on both sides were on the increase. The intransigents of Ulster were setting up a provincial government, which assumed to meet in Belfast early in July. Sinn Fein was still little more than the rhetorical title of what those who thought they knew, and who presumably ought to have known, the realities of Irish life, regarded as an idealist and academic propaganda. It was consistently belittled by the leaders of the old Nationalist Party, who, still cherishing the hope of Irish unity, were urgent in their insistence against anything in the nature of coercive or repressive action.

There were ominous symptoms of possible disaffection in some sections of the army, and I thought the situation so serious that, in the spring of 1914, I added to my duties as Prime Minister those of Secretary of State for War.

What is called society in London was riven after a fashion without example since the early days of Home Rule in 1886. Mr. Page records that a certain duchess told him that she and her husband had been invited to dine at the French ambassador's. "If the duke," said she, "went into any house where there was any member of this government, he'd turn and walk out again." So before acceptance of the invitation the duke's secretary had been sent on a precautionary mission to the ambassador's secretary, to make sure that there was no chance of such a contamination. The same great lady complains that she had positively had to sit in the Peeresses' Gallery in plain sight of the wives of two members of the cabinet!

The government had proposed by way of compromise a scheme of "contracting out" for the Ulster counties. The King, on their advice, took the unusual step of summoning a conference of political leaders, Liberals, Unionists, Ulstermen and Nationalists. The conference was held at Buckingham Palace in July—a fortnight before the war—and broke down on what must now seem the infinitely trivial point of the boundaries of two of those counties. Such was the unyielding temper of the extremists of both sides.

There is no doubt that the possibility and even the probability of civil war in these islands was a factor that entered into the minds and affected the calculations of the military junta which had already captured the control of the policy of the Central Powers. They had come to the definite conclusion that in the event of war Great Britain could be ruled out as a possible combatant. It may not be out of place, though it goes far beyond the confines of my narrative, to note here a subsequent illustration of the same want of imagination and the same failure to grasp realities on the part of the German military mind. Two years later—in January, 1917—when, at a critical moment in the war, the civilian element in the German Government once more succumbed to the military and naval authorities, and the campaign of unrestricted submarine warfare was initiated, the decision was largely influenced by a similar miscalculation as to the United States of America. Austria was strongly opposed to the new departure, and Count Czernin, who had become her foreign minister after the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph, gives an account in a detailed memorandum of the arguments put forward on behalf of Germany at a council held in Vienna and presided over by the new emperor, Charles, on January 20, 1917. Amongst them was the following:

> The Germans are of the opinion that the United States will not, if the U-boat policy is adopted, go so far as making a breach with the Central Powers. If that should occur, America would be too late, and could only come into action after England had been beaten. America is not prepared for war, which was clearly shown at the time of the Mexican crisis; she lives in fear of Japan, and has to fight against agricultural and social difficulties. Besides which, Mr. Wilson is a pacifist, and the Germans presume that after his election he will adopt a still more decided tendency that way, for his election will

*See Schmitt: England and Germany, pp. 56–59, where all the facts are set out in detail.

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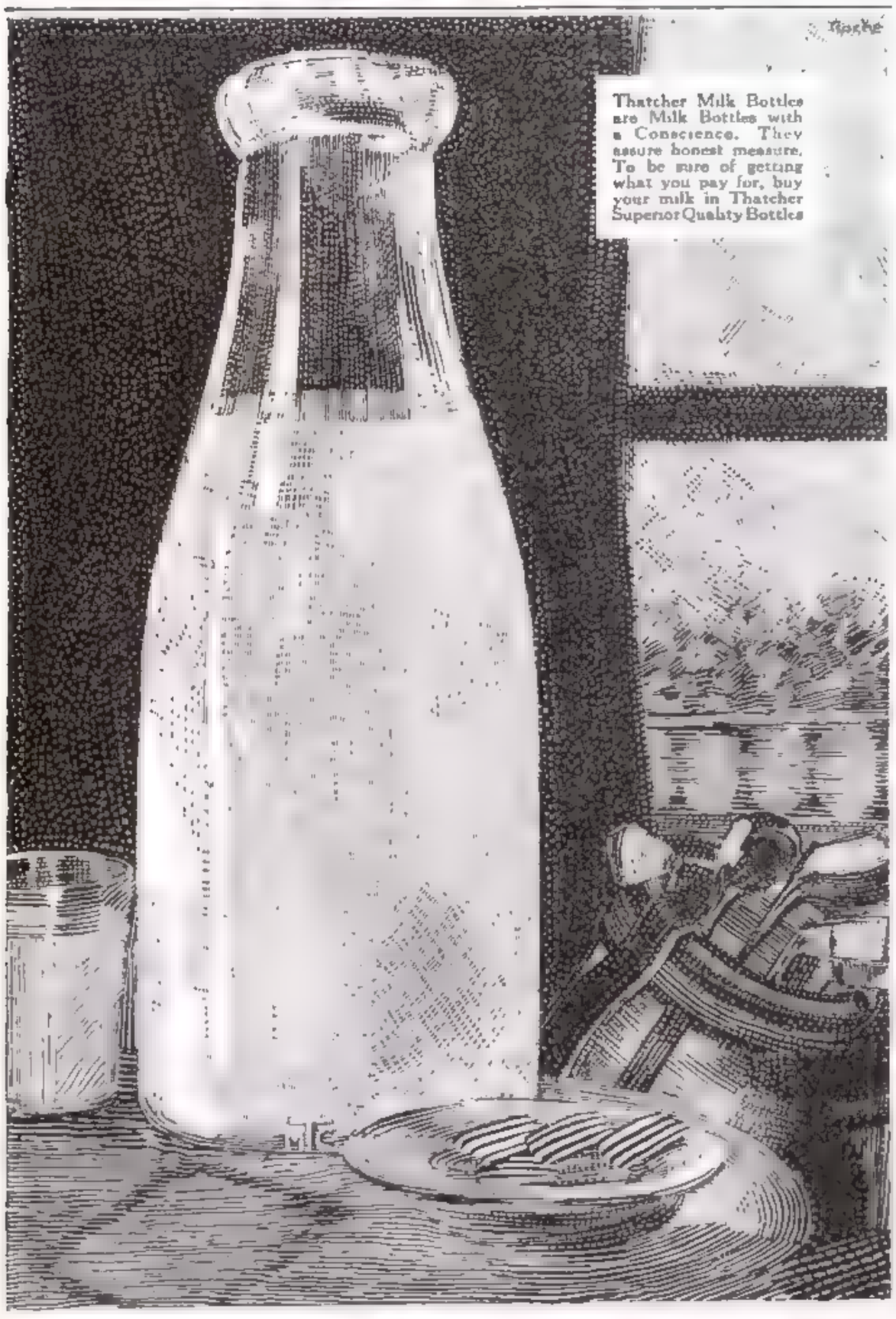
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not be due to the anti-German Eastern States, but to the coöperation of the Central and Western States, that are opposed to the war, and to the Irish and Germans. These considerations, together with the Entente's insulting answer to President Wilson's peace proposal, do not point to the probability of America plunging rapidly into war.*

Such were the main points of the German case

The memorandum proceeds:

Both the Austrian Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Hungarian Prime Minister pointed out what disastrous consequences would ensue from America's intervention in a military, moral, agricultural and financial sense. . . . It was also debated whether a continuation of the U-boat war to the present extent (the destruction on an average of 400,000 tons per month) would not be more likely to achieve the desired end, and if it were not more advisable not to play our last and best cards until all other means had been tried. The possibility of being able to start a ruthless U-boat warfare hung like a Damocles' sword over the heads of our adversaries, and would perhaps be a more effectual means of ending the war than the reckless use of the U-boat as a weapon of war, carrying with it the danger of an attack by the neutrals.

There can be no doubt that—as was soon demonstrated—the Austrians had for once the best of the argument, but as Count Czernin says, "Germany had definitely made up her mind to start the campaign in any case." It was, he adds, "one of those instances that prove that when a strong and a weak nation concert in war, the weak one cannot desist unless it changes sides entirely, and enters into war with its former ally. None who were in the Austro-Hungarian Government would hear of that, and with a heavy heart we gave our consent."

The result—a final and fatal illustration of German miscalculation—was almost instantaneous.

A fortnight later—on February 3, 1917—America and Germany broke off diplomatic relations. In spite of Count Czernin's strenuous but futile efforts the suspension of diplomatic relations between America and Austria followed on the eighth of April.

To go back to the spring of 1914, the Kaiser tells us that all this time he was dabbling in Hellenic archæology, with the aid of deferential savants, in the island of Corfu. The accidental discovery of a "relievo head of a Gorgon" near the town of Corfu had led him "to take personal charge of the work" of excavation. The Gorgon's head had already given rise to "many theories" in learned Germany, and the Kaiser was sanguine enough to believe "that one of the piers for the bridge between Asia and Europe, sought by me," was "assuming shape." He began to prepare a course of lectures to be delivered in Berlin during the winter of 1914–15. "This," he says, "was the kind of subject which in the spring of 1914 occupied the thoughts of the German Emperor."

O sancta simplicitas!

Before I part for the moment from Count Czernin, I will quote one more passage from his illuminating book In the World War (at p. 185):

Germany, the leading military power in the war, never thought for one moment of agreeing to disarmament under international control. After my speech (in favor of general disarmament) at Budapest (in Oct. 1917) I was received in Berlin, not in an unfriendly manner, but with a sort of pity, as some poor insane person might be treated. The subject was avoided as much as possible. Erzberger alone told me of his complete agreement with me.

Had Germany been victorious her militarism would have increased enormously. In the summer of 1917 I spoke to several generals of high standing on the Western front, who unanimously declared that after the war armaments must be maintained, but on a very much greater scale. They compared this war with the first Punic War.

XIX—Mr. Page; Colonel House†

I HAVE said nothing so far about the part played by the United States in the pre-war situation.

President Wilson, who was now in his second year of office, was absorbed in domestic questions—the tariff, agriculture, and so forth—and in external problems, such as those of Mexico and Panama, which belonged to the Western Hemisphere. He had, however, with a foresight abundantly vindicated by the result, chosen as his Ambassador to England a man with rare endowments both of intellect and of character—Mr. Walter Page.

Mr. Page's memory will always be honored for the splendid service which he rendered in most critical times both to his own country and to ours, which contributed so largely to this ultimate association in the war of the United States with Great Britain and her allies. He was a lovable man, with a shrewd and penetrating judgment, and by no means a sentimentalist. It took him some little time to understand the English character and English ways, and he was, and always remained, American to the backbone. In one of his earlier letters after he came here—October, 1913—he writes to the President concerning Sir Edward Grey: "He'd make a good American with the use of very little sandpaper." Nor did he ever waver in his belief that the ultimate promise of the future lay with the United States.

Some months later, when he had had time and opportunity to survey the ground, in a letter to the same correspondent, there is the following passage:

Praise God for the Atlantic Ocean! It is the geographical foundation of our liberties. A civilization, especially an old civilization, isn't an easy nut to crack. But I notice that the men of vision keep their thought on us. . . . Our power, our adaptability, our potential wealth, they never forget. They'll hold fast to our favor for reasons of prudence as well as for reasons of kinship. And whenever we choose to assume the leadership of the world, they'll grant it—gradually—and loyally. They cannot become French, and they dislike the Germans. They must keep in our boat for safety as well as for comfort.

And, again, in the same vein:

This moss that has grown all over their lives—some of it very pretty and most of it very comfortable, it's soft and warm—is of no great consequence—except that they think they'd die if it were removed. And this state of mind gives us a good key to their character and habits. What are we going to do with this England and this Empire presently when economic prices unmistakably put the leadership of the race in our hands? How can we lead it and use it for the highest purposes of the world and democracy? We can do what we like, if we go about it heartily and with good manners (any man prefers to yield to a gentleman rather than to a rustic) and throw away—gradually—our isolating fears, and alternate boasting and bashfulness.

It is characteristic of Page's genuine sense of humor that he seems to have been thoroughly amused, when in reply to his question "What do we (the Americans most need to learn from you?" the "gentle and bejeweled nobleman" to whom it was addressed, answered, "If I may speak without offense, modesty."

All this was before the war.

Page's great conception of the best trusteeship that could be devised "for a more efficient and democratic civilization" was partnership between the United States, Great Britain, and the British Dominions. "A way," he wrote in August, 1913, "must be found out of this stagnant watching. Else a way will have to be fought out of it, and a great European War would set the Old World, perhaps the whole world, back a long way."* The year 1914 marked the one hundredth anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent between the United States and Great Britain, and arrangements were already in progress for a great peace celebration in both countries. Mr. Page—as a first step in the development of his plan—pressed the President to come over here, to accept in person the gift of Sulgrave Manor, the old home of the Washingtons. It was only with great reluctance that Mr. Wilson, who was much attracted by the idea, felt constrained to refuse. "The case," he wrote, "against the President's leaving the country is very strong, and I am afraid overwhelming."

The man who in the inner councils of the Government of the United States carried most weight with the isolated President, and enjoyed—so far as anybody did—his full confidence, without holding any official position, was Colonel House, of whom I may be allowed to say after long and close experience that he combines in an exceptional degree some of the most useful and attractive qualities of statesmanship, coolness of temper, independence of judgment, and complete personal disinterestedness.

The derisory rejection by Germany

(Continued on Page 64)

*Czernin: In the World War (Cassell), p. 122.

†The references in this chapter are to the Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, Vol. I, pp. 150–350.

*Life and Letters, Vol. I, p. 272.

57

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57 Varieties

(Continued from Page 62)

1913 of Mr. Churchill's suggestion of a naval holiday had been necessarily followed by our resolute response to the challenge thrown down by the navy law of 1912. Colonel House's extended vision took in the world-wide implications of what no doubt appeared to most Americans at the time to be a merely European problem. As early as December, 1913, we find him writing to his intimate friend and confidant, Mr. Page, in reference to a conversation which he had with Sir William Tyrrell, of the British Foreign Office, then on a visit to America, in the following terms:

In my budget of yesterday I did not tell you of the suggestion which I made to Sir W. Tyrrell when he was here, and which I also made to the President. It occurred to me that between us all we might bring about the naval holiday which W. Churchill has proposed. My plan is that I should go to Germany in the spring and see the Kaiser, and try to win him over to the thought that is uppermost in our mind and that of the British Government. Sir William thought that there was a good sporting chance of success. He offered to let me have all the correspondence that has passed between the British and German governments upon this question, so that I might be thoroughly informed as to the position of them both. . . .

I spoke to the President about the matter, and he seemed pleased with the suggestion; in fact, I might say he was enthusiastic. . . . Now I want to get you into the game. If you think it advisable, take the matter up with Sir William Tyrrell, and then with Sir Edward Grey, or directly with Sir Edward if you prefer, and give me the benefit of your advice and conclusions.

In a subsequent letter to Page—January 4, 1914—Colonel House explains that "the general idea is to bring about a sympathetic understanding between England, Germany and America, not only upon the question of disarmament, but upon other matters of equal importance to them and the world at large."

Page was skeptical from the first as to whether any pact could be come to with Kaiser-ruled Germany. He thought his own scheme safer and more practical, and there is much food for reflection, even in these days, in the remarkable letter which he wrote to Colonel House on January 2, 1914. Its material parts are as follows:

You have set my imagination going. I've been thinking of this thing for months, and now you've given me a fresh start. It can be worked out somehow—doubtless not in this form that anybody may at first see; but experience and frank discussion will find a way. . . .

The English-speaking peoples now rule the world in all essential facts. They alone and Switzerland have permanent free government. In France there's freedom—but for how long? In Germany and Austria—hardly. In the Scandinavian States—yes, but they are small and exposed, as are Belgium and Holland. In the big secure South American States—yes, it's coming. In Japan? Only the British lands and the United States have secure liberty. They also have the most treasure, the best fighters, the most land, the most ships—the future in fact.

Now because George Washington warned us against alliances, we've gone on as if an alliance were a kind of smallpox. Suppose there were—let us say, for argument's sake—the tightest sort of an alliance, offensive and defensive, between all Britain, Colonies and all, and the United States—what would happen? Anything we'd say would go, whether we should say "Come in out of the wet," or "Disarm." That might be the beginning of a real world-alliance and union to accomplish certain large results—disarmaments, for instance, or Arbitration—dozens of good things. . . .

I'm not proposing a program. I'm only thinking out loud. I see little hope of doing anything so long as we choose to be ruled by an obsolete remark of George Washington's.*

The mission was, however, decided on. "Our friend in Washington," writes Colonel House, "thinks it worth while for me to go to Germany, and that determines the matter." Page cordially approved, and while reiterating his doubts expressed the hope that he might be mistaken. "However," he writes, "you can't even tell results. . . . The big thing is to go confidently to work on a task, the results of which nobody can possibly foresee. . . . It is in this spirit that very many of the biggest things in history have been done. . . . I applaud your errand, and I am eagerly impatient to hear the result."

Colonel House started on his mission, on board a German liner, and arrived in Berlin in the last week of May, 1914. He met with a cold reception in official circles. "Von Tirpitz made no attempt to conceal his feeling that the purpose of the House mission was extremely distasteful to him. . . . He bristled with antagonism at any suggestion for peace or disarmament or world coöperation."

Colonel House was disagreeably affected by the whole atmosphere of Berlin. This testimony is of great value as that of a first-hand and highly competent witness as to the actual situation in the German capital just two months before the outbreak of war. "The militarist oligarchy was absolutely in control. Militarism possessed not only the army, the navy, the chief officers of state, but the populace as well."

It was only with great difficulty and after many delays that he procured a personal interview with the Kaiser, at Potsdam, on the first of June in the Schrippenfest—the great annual festival of the German army. After the ceremonial luncheon was over—I quote from Mr. Hendrick, Mr. Page's biographer*: "The Kaiser took Colonel House aside, and the two men withdrew to the terrace out of earshot of the rest of the gathering," which included all the chiefs of the German army.

Upon few occasions can the ironies of history, with their lights and shades, have been more picturesquely illustrated.

The American colonel, in "plain citizen's clothes," was charged with the mission of "persuading the Kaiser to abandon everything for which the Schrippenfest stood—to enter an international compact with the United States and Great Britain for reducing armaments . . . and to form something of a permanent association for the preservation of peace." We can well credit the testimony of onlookers that the "American was only now and then saying a brief word" while "the Kaiser was doing a vast amount of talking." He occupied most of the time in expatiating on the Yellow Peril, and declared that there could be no question of disarmament so long as this danger to civilization existed.

He spoke with contempt of France and Great Britain as possible enemies. His real preoccupation—next to the Yellow Peril—was Russia. How could he join a peace pact and reduce his army so long as 175,000,000 Slavs [*sic*] threatened him on his exposed eastern frontier? Germany would never accept an arbitration treaty. Without being "outwardly unfriendly" to Colonel House's proposals, he advised him to go first to London and talk over the matter there. "Every nation in Europe," he concluded, "has its bayonets pointed at Germany; but we are ready."

"The American," Mr. Hendrick tells us, "came away from Berlin with the conviction that the most powerful force in Germany was the militaristic clique, and second, the Hohenzollern dynasty. He has always insisted that this represented the real preponderance in power."

Colonel House proceeded to London, and found the statesmen there sympathetic, but so hopeful of the results of the improved state of international relations, and, it may be added, so doubtful of any concession on vital points on the part of Germany, that he felt it would be futile for the moment to prosecute his task.

His visit to London and his conversation there, says Mr. Hendrick, have "great historical value; for the experience afterwards convinced him that Great Britain had had no part in bringing on the European War, and that Germany was solely responsible."†

When after the outbreak of war he expressed to Mr. Page his regret that he had not been encouraged in London to go back to Berlin, Page replied as follows:

No, no, no—no power on earth could have prevented it. The German militarism, which is the crime of the last fifty years, has been working for this for twenty-five years. It is the logical outcome of their spirit and enterprise and doctrine. It *had* to come. . . . Don't let your conscience be worried. You did all that any mortal man could do. But nobody could have done anything effective.

There are still people who think there was exaggeration if not distortion in the conception which Colonel House formed when he was in Berlin of the then well-established domination in Germany of the aims and purposes of the military party. How far the Kaiser with his unstable and impressionable temperament was with them or against them, or—as is more probable—both with and against them in the course of any twenty-four hours, according to the company he kept, it is useless to speculate. They had him in the hollow of their hand. And there can be no more graphic or more candid statement of what the hotter heads intended and believed they were going to do than is to be found in a letter from the English wife of a German in Bremen—dated in the early weeks of the war, September 25, 1914—of which Mr. Page obtained possession:

Our house here in Bremen has lately been by way of a centre for naval men, and to a less extent, for officers of the neighboring commands. They are absolutely confident that they will land ten army corps in England before Christmas. It is terrible to know what they mean to go for. They mean to destroy. Every town which remotely is concerned with war material is to be annihilated. Birmingham, Bradford, Leeds, Newcastle, Sheffield, Northampton, are to be wiped out, and the men killed, ruthlessly hunted down. The fact that Lancashire and Yorkshire have held aloof from recruiting is not to save them. The fact that Great Britain is to be a Reichsland will involve the destruction of inhabitants, to enable German citizens to be planted in your country in their place. German soldiers hope that your poor creatures will resist, as patriots should, but they doubt it very much. For resistance will facilitate the process of clearance. Ireland will be left independent, and its harmlessness will be guaranteed by its inevitable civil war.

This, of course, must not be taken too seriously, or as though it represented the forecasts and the plans of the General Staff. But it has a real psychological and historical interest, for it shows how deeply the teaching of Bernhardi and his school had penetrated and suffused the military mind. It had come to believe that war with Great Britain was both inevitable and urgent. And the war so envisaged was to be ruthless in its methods, and to result in her annihilation as a great power.

XX—Serajevo and After

I. Before the Ultimatum

THE news of the tragedy at Serajevo—June 28, 1914—reached M. Poincaré, as he tells us, in the presidential grandstand at Longchamp. As he shook hands, on leaving, with M. LaLavary, the Rumanian Minister, "that very shrewd observer of Balkan events" remarked to him with a preoccupied air: "This unhappy event may have very serious consequences." How serious the consequences were to be, even the shrewdest observer could not have foreseen. He might have suspected the use that Austria-Hungary would make of the incident. Could he have anticipated the goad which was going to be applied by Germany?

Light has been thrown by many volumes issued since the war on the negotiations and transactions between Berlin and Vienna which were at the time carefully concealed from eyes elsewhere, and one of the most illuminating is The Guilt of William Hohenzollern, by Karl Kautsky, of which an English edition has been published by Skeffington. Kautsky was intrusted, after the Kaiser's abdication, by the People's Commissioners with the collecting and editing of the Berlin Foreign Office documents relating to the outbreak of the war.

More significant even than the original papers which he quotes are the Kaiser's marginal comments. "The Kaiser," as he says, "discards all diplomatic methods of expressing himself. The clearness of his utterances leaves nothing to be desired. And his marginal comments afford the rare satisfaction to people of seeing, for once, an Emperor in undress."

Kautsky shows how, after Serajevo, the wrath of Austria, instead of being as formerly directed against Rumania and Serbia combined, was wholly concentrated on the latter, and how William's "dynastic feeling, which had saved Rumania from Austria, now urged Austria as strongly against Serbia." This is unmistakably proved by his notes on the documents.

The German ambassador in Vienna, Herr von Tschirschky, on June thirtieth, addressed a report to the imperial chancellor at Berlin. It was submitted to the Kaiser and with his marginal comments was returned to the Foreign Office. "Here," wrote the ambassador, from Vienna, "even serious people are saying that accounts with Serbia must be settled once for all." "Now or never," noted the Kaiser. "A series of demands," continued the ambassador, "must be presented to Serbia, and in case she does not accept them, energetic steps must be taken. I use every occasion of this kind in order to warn our friends quietly, but very emphatically and seriously, against taking any over-hasty steps." Tschirschky was reprimanded for advising moderation. "Who gave him any authority to do that?" ran the Kaiser's comment. "That is very stupid! No affair of his, since it is purely Austria's affair what she thinks fit to do in this matter. . . . Serbia must be settled with, and that soon."

As Kautsky says, the idea that Germany was merely dragged into the Serbian crisis in the wake of Austria, in whom she had confided too much, falls wholly to the ground. Tschirschky himself learned his lesson, if indeed he had any lesson to learn. He rapidly became identified, as Sir M. de Bunsen informed Sir Edward Grey, with extreme anti-Russian and anti-Serbian feeling.

Count Czernin is of opinion that Tschirschky was from the first in favor of war. He says:

I believe that Tschirschky was firmly persuaded that in the very near future Germany would have to go through a war against France and Russia, and he considered that the year 1914 would be more favourable than a later date. For this reason, because first of all he did not believe in the fighting capacity of either Russia or France: and secondly, because—and this is a very important point—he believed that he could bring the Monarchy (i. e. Austria-Hungary) into this war; while it appeared doubtful to him that the aged and peace-loving Emperor Francis Joseph would draw the sword for Germany on any other occasion where the action would centre less round him. He wished to make use of the Serbian episode so as to be sure of Austria-Hungary in the deciding struggle. That, however, was his policy, and not Bethmann's.*

There has been a great deal of controversy with regard to the character of the conference and the nature of the decisions taken at Potsdam on July fifth. That in any case is a portentous and black-letter date in the immediate prewar record.

On July fourth Count Hoyos, the Austrian councilor of legation, arrived in Berlin with an autograph letter to the Kaiser from the Emperor Francis Joseph, who wrote: "It must be the future task of my Government to bring about the isolation and diminution of Serbia."

On the fifth of July the Austro-Hungarian ambassador at Berlin, Count Szögyèny, after lunching with the Kaiser, handed him the autograph letter, together with a memorandum from his government which, according to the German chancellor, drew up a comprehensive Balkan program of a far-reaching character.

It has been emphatically denied that there was a meeting of the German Crown Council on this occasion. Bethmann-Hollweg in his own account says that in the afternoon the Kaiser received him and the undersecretary of state, Zimmermann, who was representing the secretary of state, Herr von Jagow, then on leave. This was in the park of the new palace at Potsdam. "No one else was present," adds the chancellor, but according to other German records certain military authorities also were received, either that day or the following morning.

A report of the Kaiser's answer to the Austrian documents has been given by the chancellor in his book. He says:

The Kaiser declared that he could not let himself be under any illusion as to the gravity of the position into which the Danube Monarchy had been brought by the Greater Serbia propaganda. It was not our business, however, to advise our ally what it must do in respect of the bloody deed at Serajevo. Austria-Hungary must settle that for itself. We must all the more abstain from any direct action or advice, as we must labour with every means to prevent the Austro-Serbian dispute developing into an international conflict. But the Emperor Francis Joseph must also be given to know that we would not desert Austria-Hungary in its hour of peril. Our own vital interests required the unimpaired maintenance of Austria.

This no doubt represented the chancellor's own view of what ought to have been said. As Kautsky remarks, "In these discussions Bethmann expressed himself far more cautiously than his imperial master."

Quite a different impression of the Kaiser's answer was communicated to Vienna by the Austrian ambassador. In his report on the Potsdam conversation Count Szögyèny wrote:

According to his (the Kaiser's) opinion action must not be delayed too long. Russia will, in any case, take up a hostile attitude, but he had for years been prepared for this; and should it come to a war between Austria-Hungary and Russia, we might be assured that Germany would, with her usual fidelity, be found at our

(Continued on Page 69)

*Life and Letters, Vol. I, p. 282.

*Life and Letters, Vol. I, p. 292.

†Life and Letters, Vol. I, p. 299.

*In the World War, p. 11.

"The most important thing in cleaning teeth is to brush well—and remember to clean the rearmost molars."

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What happens when you brush your teeth

Brush your upper teeth downward.

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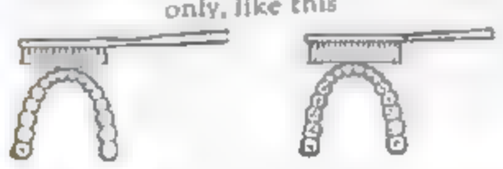


With the ordinary tooth brush, you cannot brush the backs of the teeth the same way that you clean the front, because the brush goes slantwise into your mouth, like this

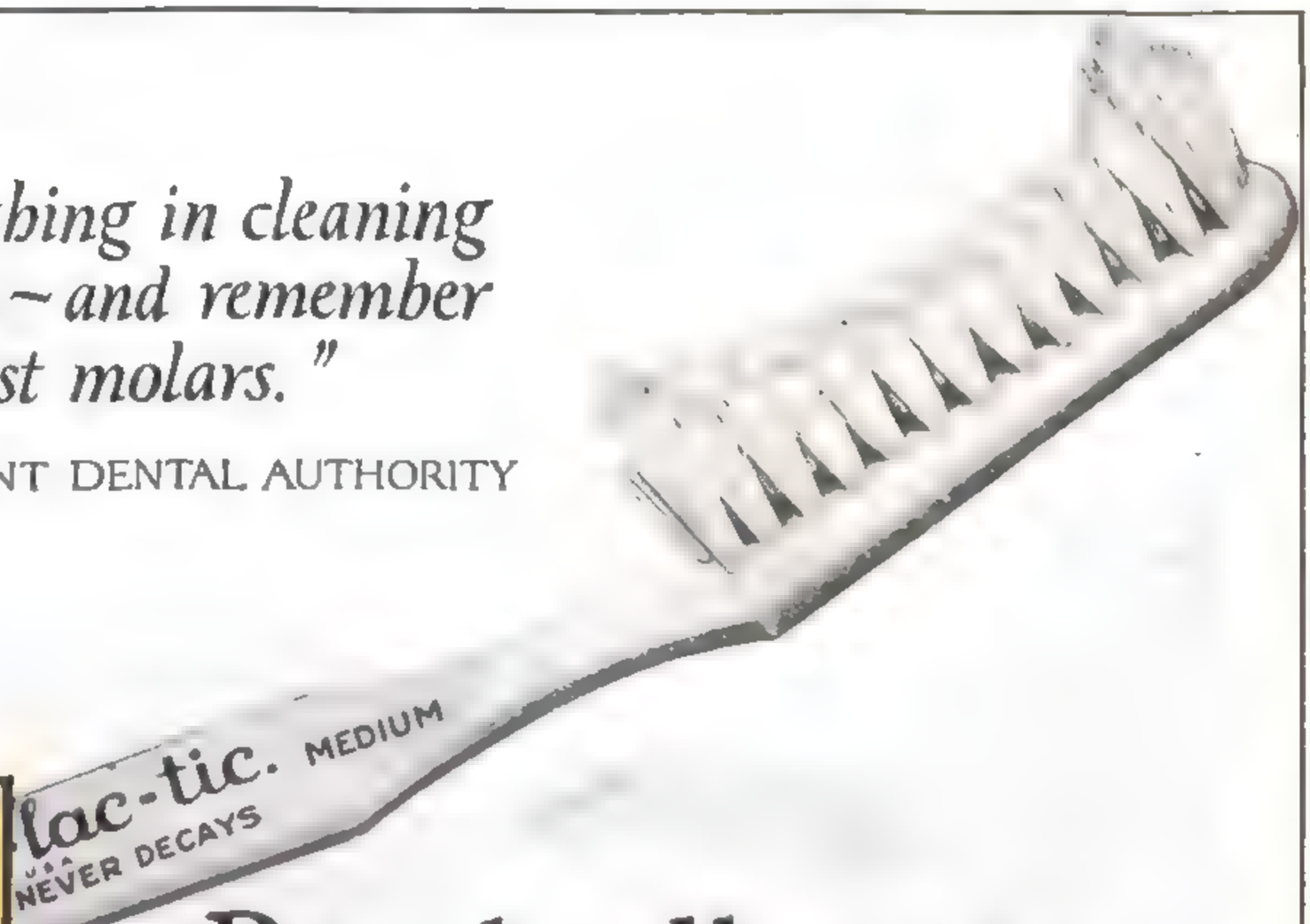
Non-tufted types of brushes cannot clean the backs of the back teeth, because the bristles cannot reach them. The bristles over-reach, like this:

The large end tuft of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does reach and clean the backs of the back teeth, like this

The Pro-phy-lac-tic handle is curved the proper way to reach the back teeth, like this

Wrong Way

Right Way



Brush all sides of all teeth

TO be sure of doing this, use your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush the way it should be used, as shown in the column at the left. Brush each tooth zone separately. For the outer side of the upper teeth, brush downward over the gums and teeth. For the outer side of the lower teeth, reverse the brush, and brush upward. This permits the curved shape of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush to reach and clean every tooth.

For the inner side of the upper front teeth, place the bristles of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush against the roof of your mouth. Draw the brush forward, with a downward motion over the gums and teeth. For the inner side of the lower front teeth, reverse the brush, with the bristles against the floor of your mouth, and brush upward—always brushing away from the gums. The serrated bristles and large end tuft of your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush reach and clean crevices on the inner sides of your teeth—crevices that ordinary brushes merely bridge over.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is the one that will reach and clean all sides of all teeth. A clean tooth never decays. Be sure that you get the Pro-phy-lac-tic. Look for the name Prophylactic on the handle of your tooth brush.

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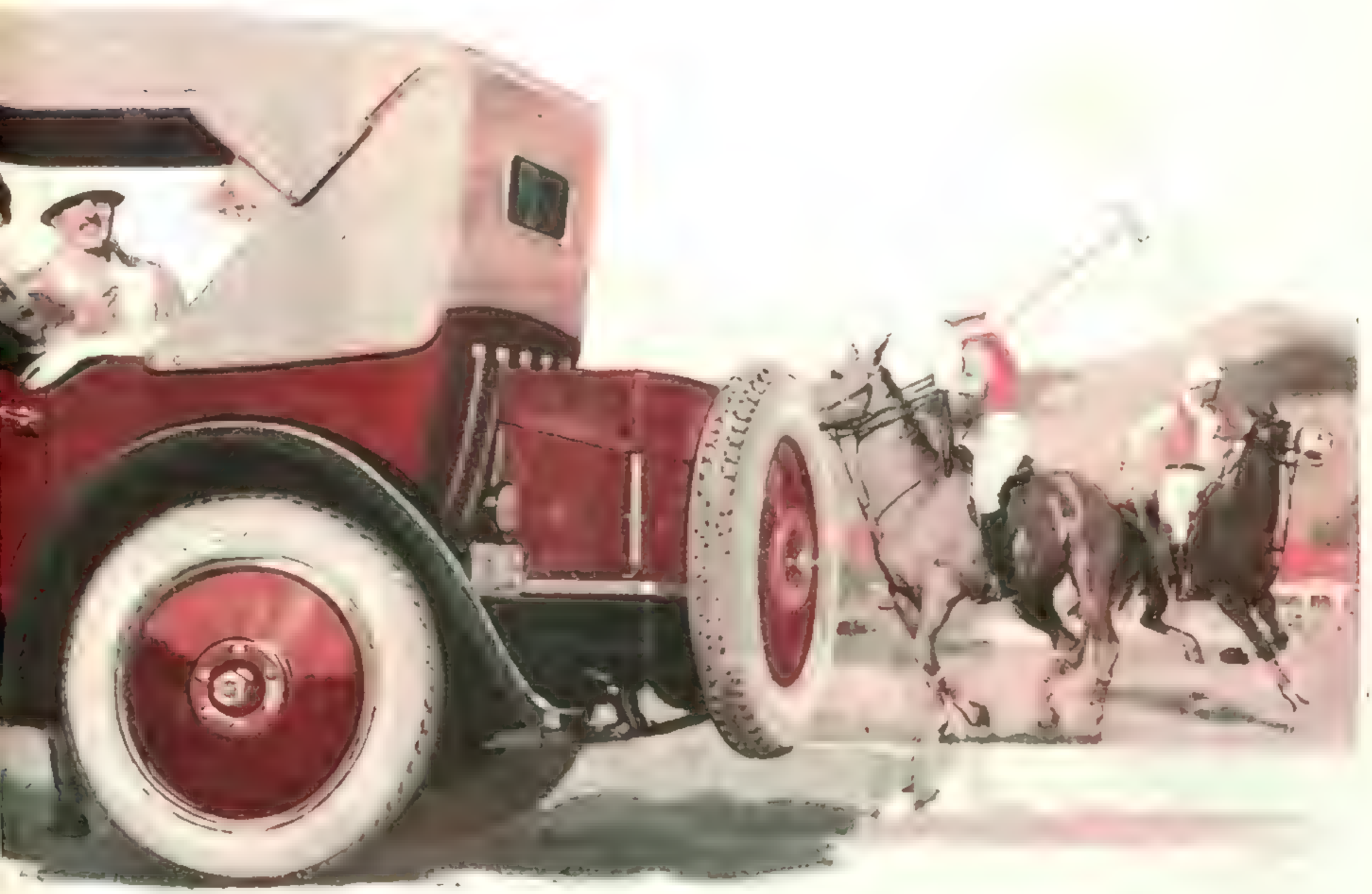

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(Continued from Page 64)

side. Moreover, as matters now stand, Russia is by no means prepared for war, and will think long before appealing to arms. She will, however, stir up the other Entente Powers against us and will fan the flames in the Balkans. He understood very well that His Imperial and Royal Apostolic Majesty, with his well-known love of peace, would find it hard to decide on a march into Serbia; but when we had once recognized the necessity of taking action against Serbia he (Kaiser William) would regret that we should not seize the present favourable moment.

An attempt has been made to discredit the Austrian ambassador's report by the plea that, an old and weary man, Count Szögyèny had failed properly to understand the Kaiser. On the other hand, the idea that a senile dullard would be retained in such an important position and intrusted with a communication which was, in any reading of it, extremely grave has been very properly ridiculed. The count's report was in conformity with the temper of the Kaiser's annotations, on his own representative's dispatch from Vienna, and is supported by other documents. In a memorandum drawn up three years later by Freiherr von der Bussche, undersecretary of state, for Zimmermann, on the "council of military authorities before His Majesty" on July fifth, he records that "it was resolved, in preparation for all emergencies, to take preparatory steps for a war." Lichnowsky learned from the Austrian protocol received in London at the critical conference "the enquiry addressed to us by Vienna found the most uncompromising affirmation from all the leading men present, and in addition it was thought that it would be no harm even if the result should be a war with Russia." Obviously Vienna had no doubt of Germany's attitude.

The day after the conference—if it cannot be exactly called a council—of July fifth, the Kaiser left for a cruise in Scandinavian waters. "I had," writes Bethmann-Hollweg, "advised him to undertake this journey in order to avoid the attention that would have been aroused by his giving up an outing that he had for years been accustomed to take at this time of year." Planned beforehand the trip now became, as Kautsky holds, "a means to lull Europe into security." "It partook," says M. Poincaré, "of the nature of an alibi prepared in advance by the German Government." On the advice of the Berlin Foreign Office even the Kaiser's customary telegram for the King of Serbia's birthday was dispatched while he was on his cruise.

While comments couched, as Herr von Jagow said, in intentionally mild terms in consideration of European diplomacy were published in the semiofficial organ of the Berlin Government, Austria proceeded to prepare her plans. At a ministerial council at Vienna on July seventh, Count Berchtold, the foreign minister, stated that Germany had promised without reserve to support Austria in a war against Serbia and that a duel with Serbia might consequently result in a war with Russia. "It was better that such a war should come at once, as Russia was every day becoming more powerful in the Balkans."

The council agreed, in deference to Count Tisza, the Hungarian prime minister, that mobilization should not take place until an ultimatum had been presented to Serbia. On the other hand, all present, with the exception of the Hungarian premier, were of opinion "that a mere diplomatic success, even if it involved a humiliation of Serbia, would be worthless and that in consequence the demands on Serbia should be of so far-reaching a character that their rejection was to be anticipated; so that the way would be made clear for a radical settlement by military action."

Tschirschky reported to Berlin on July tenth the information supplied to him by Count Berchtold of the audience which the Austrian minister had with the Emperor Francis Joseph at Ischl. The minister complained of the attitude of Count Tisza, which made it difficult for him to take energetic measures against Serbia. Count Tisza had maintained that one must proceed in a gentlemanlike manner. "Against murderers, after what has taken place?" wrote the Kaiser on the report.

The Hungarian premier soon recovered the Kaiser's good opinion. Tschirschky telegraphed on July fourteenth that Count Tisza had called on him. The count was now convinced of the necessity of war; he added that the unconditional attitude of Germany to the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was decidedly of great influence for the firm stand of the Emperor. The note to Serbia, he said, would be so drawn up that its acceptance would be practically impossible. "At the close," reported the German ambassador, "Tisza pressed my hand and said: 'We will now unitedly look the future calmly and firmly in the face.'" "A man, after all!" exclaimed the Kaiser on the margin of the report.

XXI—Serajevo and After

II. The Ultimatum

ASSURED of a free hand by Germany, the Austrian Government got ready an ultimatum which, as Count Tisza anticipated, could not be accepted by a self-respecting state. On July thirteenth the Sectional Counsellor von Wiesner, who was sent from Vienna to Serajevo to examine the records taken in the judicial inquiry into the crime, telegraphed to Vienna:

> Nothing proves complicity of the Serbian Government in carrying out attack, or in its preparation or in supply of arms, and it is not even to be presumed. There are, on the contrary, indications that give reason to consider such complicity as non-existent.

"What cared Austria-Hungary for that?" asks M. Poincaré. She cared nothing. Determined, in the words already quoted of the Emperor Francis Joseph, to "bring about the isolation and diminution of Serbia" she pretended to have sufficient evidence against her small neighbor. The fear of Russian intervention did not deter her. Lichnowsky, in a note to the German chancellor, on July sixteenth, deprecating a military castigation of Serbia, remarked that "whether it would be possible to move the Russian Government to take the attitude of a passive onlooker" he had no means of knowing. The Austrians had no reason to assume that Russia would adopt that attitude. But evidently they thought the conditions were favorable to them, and they determined to risk it.

As I have explained in an earlier chapter, internal embarrassments in each of the Entente countries seemed both in Vienna and in Berlin to justify the calculation that, if the inevitable war was to take place, now was the time. Baron Beyens, the Belgian minister, reported from Berlin that in Vienna, as in Berlin, "it was firmly believed that Russia was not in a position to wage a European war, and would not dare to involve herself in so terrible an adventure. The disquieting internal situation, revolutionary machinations, inadequate equipment, poor transport facilities, all these grounds would compel Russia to look on impotently at the execution of Serbia. The same poor opinion was held, if not of the French army, yet of the spirit prevailing in the government circles of France."

This description of German and Austrian opinion is, as Kautsky points out, corroborated by the account that Tirpitz gives in his Reminiscences, of the statements made to his naval representative by the Kaiser on July sixth. The Kaiser considered Russia "at the time was unfit for war, both financially and in a military respect." Furthermore, he assumed that France would put the brake on Russia, in view of the former's unfavorable financial position and lack of heavy artillery. Of England the Kaiser did not speak.

Jagow, in a letter to Lichnowsky on July eighteenth, took the view that fundamentally Russia was not then prepared for war:

> In a few years, according to all competent authorities, Russia will be ready to strike. Then she will crush us with her numbers; then she will have built her Baltic fleet and her strategical railways. . . . I desire no preventive war. But when battle offers we must not run away.

I have already dwelt on our own domestic situation. "The cry of civil war is on the lips of the most responsible and sober-minded of my people," was the language used by His Majesty at the opening of the Buckingham Palace conference on July twenty-first. If the Kaiser thought at all at this stage of the United Kingdom, it was to regard British participation as out of the range of possibility.

On July twentieth Sir Edward Grey asked the German ambassador if he had any news of what was going on in Vienna with regard to Serbia. Prince Lichnowsky replied that he had not, but Austria was certainly going to take some step, and he regarded the situation as very uncomfortable.

Berlin, afraid of hesitation at Vienna, was urging the presentation of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia without delay. It was held back, however, until M. Poincaré, the President of the French Republic, then on a visit to the Czar, had left St. Petersburg and was once more on the high seas. What the Austrian Government feared, M. Poincaré thinks, was that if it were presented during his stay in Russia, there might have been an effort at mediation which, if it had occurred at the first moment after the ultimatum was launched, would have proved more embarrassing to Austria than later efforts were likely to be. Tschirschky, in conveying to Berlin Berchtold's assurance that there was no question of hesitation or irresolution, had said that in the opinion of the ministerial conference in Vienna it would be a good thing if the "toasting" at St. Petersburg could be got over before the note was presented.

The visit to Russia of the President of the French Republic, who was accompanied by the prime minister, M. Viviani, had been decided upon several months previously. Describing his interview with the Czar at the Peterhof Palace on July twenty-first, M. Poincaré says that Nicholas promised to pay a visit to France in the near future. "He had no more idea than myself at that moment that the world was about to be plunged into a cataclysm that would render this project unrealizable."

At the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg the same day the French President gave a brief audience to each of the foreign ambassadors.

The Austro-Hungarian ambassador "while extremely polite, displayed great reserve. . . . In retiring he shook me warmly by the hand, but left with me, in spite of this, the impression that Austria was preparing 'something'—but what? This it was impossible to guess."

On the twenty-third, the French visitors reëmbarked on board the France, "still without information as to Austria's intentions." During the following morning, before they were out of the Gulf of Finland, a summary of the note to Serbia reached them by wireless telegraphy from the French embassy at St. Petersburg. The hour fixed for M. Poincaré's departure had been ascertained at Berlin through the General Staff of the German navy, and communicated to Vienna, with the result that the note—which was described by the Austrian ambassador in London, Count Mensdorff, as "not an ultimatum but a *démarche* with a time limit"—was delivered at Belgrad late on the twenty-third, at an hour when the news could not reach St. Petersburg until after the departure of the France.

Sir Edward Grey, on being informed on the twenty-fourth of the terms of the ultimatum, said to Count Mensdorff that he had "never before seen one state address to another independent state a document of so formidable a character." Yet it required the unconditional acceptance of Austria's demands within forty-eight hours.

On the twenty-third the German chancellor sent information to the Kaiser, still at sea, through a member of his suite, that the note would be handed to Serbia that evening, and that the time limit would expire on the twenty-fifth. He mentioned that President Poincaré would not arrive at Dunkirk until the thirty-first. "The British Fleet, according to the arrangements made by the Admiralty, will be dispersed on the twenty-seventh, and the ships will return to their respective ports. Premature orders to our—i. e., the German—fleet might provoke general uneasiness and arouse British suspicions." British suspicions of what?

It will be convenient at this point to explain the then disposition of the British Fleet.

As far back as October, 1913, Mr. Churchill had determined, mainly on grounds of economy, to substitute in the summer of 1914 for the Grand Maneuvers of the Navy, a less ambitious and costly proceeding—a test mobilization of the Third Fleet, which consisted of more or less obsolescent ships, manned by reserve officers and crews. The object of the experiment was to see whether the machinery for such a mobilization was in working order. The proposal was notified to the House of Commons in March; the mobilization was begun and carried through with satisfactory results on July 15, 1914, and the following days; and on the seventeenth and eighteenth, after the Third Fleet had joined the First and Second at Spithead, the King held a review of the whole navy. I had the honor of being one of His Majesty's guests on the royal yacht, and having been

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for years intimately associated with Mr. M'Kenna and Mr. Churchill in every stage of their long and arduous task, I can never forget the impression left by the spectacle of the most imposing array ever witnessed of the instruments of naval power. The whole fleet then steamed to Portland, whence in ordinary course it would have been dispersed in a few days.

The German High Sea Fleet was at the same time cruising in the Norwegian waters. On the twenty-fifth the Kaiser gave the order to his fleet to hold itself in readiness for immediate return. Bethmann-Hollweg conjured him to continue his cruise, but this caused an outburst of wrath on his part. He steamed home to Kiel.

On Sunday, the twenty-sixth, M. Poincaré and his companions, after visiting Sweden according to plan, "were steaming through the open Baltic when a wireless message told us," he writes, "that the German Emperor had curtailed his cruise and was on his way back to Kiel. In our floating abode, however, we heard only the drowsy echoes of what was happening in the world outside." Next day he decided to abandon the visits to Denmark and Norway which had been in his program. The news received was still very vague, and was only meagerly supplemented until they landed at Dunkirk on the twenty-ninth. The Kaiser had arrived home two days earlier—the twenty-seventh.

XXII—Serajevo and After

III—German Knowledge of the Ultimatum

WHAT did Germany know of the terms of the note to Serbia before it was delivered? On the twenty-fourth of July, M. Jules Cambon, French ambassador at Berlin, after Herr von Jagow had admitted that he approved of the note, asked him if the Berlin cabinet had really been entirely ignorant of Austria's requirements before they were communicated to Belgrad, "and as he told me that that was so, I showed him my surprise at seeing him undertake to support claims of whose limit and scope he was ignorant." Next day the British chargé d'affaires received so clear a reply in the negative to a similar question that he was not able to carry the matter further, but, like his French colleague, he could not refrain from expressing his surprise at the blank check given by Germany to Austria. On the twenty-fifth Lichnowsky read to Sir Edward Grey a telegram from the German foreign office saying that his government had not known beforehand, and had had no more than other powers to do with the stiff terms of the note.

Sir Edward Grey, like other foreign ministers, did not receive a copy of the note till the twenty-fourth. On that day the Buckingham Palace conference broke up, unable to agree as to the boundaries of the area to be excluded from the compulsory operation of the Home Rule Bill. Herr Kautsky states that not only did the German Government know how the ultimatum was to be framed but that it was in their possession before it was delivered. Tschirschky, in Vienna, received a copy on the twenty-first, and this being transmitted by letter, it reached the foreign office in Berlin on the afternoon of the twenty-second. According to the private information of our ambassador at Vienna, Tschirschky also telegraphed it to the Kaiser.

Bethmann-Hollweg himself admits:

> We did ascertain through Herr von Tschirschky the general lines of the demands that Austria was making on Serbia. Nor did we consider that we could disapprove them in principle.

On the other hand, he denies that they had cognizance of the document at a time when they could have modified it either in form or in tenor. As M. Poincaré, however, points out, there would still have been time, after it reached Berlin on the afternoon of the twenty-second, for the German Government to telegraph to Vienna before the final step was taken at Belgrad, which was not till the evening of the twenty-third. Five years after the event, Bethmann-Hollweg wrote that the secretary of state communicated to him the text of the ultimatum with the observation that he considered it too severe, and that he himself said the same to the Austrian ambassador. This was in flat contradiction with what was said officially to the other powers at the time. In a note communicated by the German ambassador to Sir Edward Grey on July twenty-fourth it was stated that "the course of procedure and demands of the Austro-Hungarian Government can only be regarded as equitable and moderate."

The truth undoubtedly is that instead of attempting to hold Austria back, Germany incited and encouraged her to hurry forward. The Austrian ambassador telegraphed from Berlin on the twenty-fifth:

> We are advised in the most pressing manner to proceed immediately and place the world in the presence of an accomplished fact.

There was no longer any delay. On the twenty-fifth, although the reply made by Serbia on the twenty-fourth to her note was on all essential points an acceptance of her demands, Austria broke off diplomatic relations, and on the twenty-eighth she declared war. Bethmann-Hollweg draws a distinction between the motives of the various powers. Russia was, he says, "acting for its expansion," whereas Austria-Hungary made war on Serbia in order to insure its own survival, and Germany "covered its ally" for the same reason.

XXIII—Calendar

July-August, 1914

AS THE sequence of dates is of importance to a full understanding of the situation, the following summary may be found useful:

JUNE 28. Murder of Archduke at Serajevo.
Serbian Government condemn the outrage and are prepared to submit to trial any persons implicated in it.
Austrian press campaign against Serbia.

JULY 5. Kaiser receives autograph letter from Emperor Francis Joseph, who is assured, in reply, that Kaiser will take his stand loyally beside Austria.
Conference at Potsdam.

JULY 6. Kaiser leaves on Scandinavian cruise.

JULY 7. Council of Austro-Hungarian ministers. Decide to send ultimatum to Serbia.

JULY 16. President Poincaré and M. Viviani, prime minister of France, leave Dunkirk on visit to Russia and Scandinavian states.

JULY 17 (Friday). British Fleet at Spithead.

JULY 18 (Saturday). British Fleet reviewed by the King.

JULY 20 (Monday). British Fleet goes to Portland for dispersal.

JULY 21 (Tuesday). Conference, summoned by the King, meets at Buckingham Palace "with the object of discussing outstanding issues in relation to the problem of Irish government."

JULY 22 (Wednesday). Buckingham Palace conference.

JULY 23 (Thursday). Buckingham Palace conference.
President Poincaré and M. Viviani leave Russia.
Austrian note presented to Serbia; reply required within forty-eight hours.

JULY 24 (Friday). Buckingham Palace conference, being unable to agree, brings its meetings to a conclusion.
Austria's ultimatum to Serbia communicated to Sir E. Grey.
Sir E. Grey suggests mediation by the four disinterested powers—Germany, France, Italy and Great Britain.

JULY 25 (Saturday). Russian Government announce that they are closely following the course of the dispute, to which Russia cannot remain indifferent.
Serbian reply delivered. The Austrian minister breaks off diplomatic relations, and leaves Belgrad.

JULY 26 (Sunday). Sir E. Grey sounds Paris, Berlin and Rome on his suggestion that ambassadors of Germany, France and Italy should meet him in conference.
Austrian mobilization against Serbia.
Russian minister for foreign affairs begins conversations with Austrian ambassador and proposes friendly exchange of views with Vienna.

JULY 27 (Monday). Kaiser arrives at Potsdam.
German Government reject Sir E. Grey's suggestion of mediation by the four powers.
Orders by British Government to First Fleet, which is still concentrated at Portland, not to disperse for the present.
Vessels of Second Fleet to remain at their home ports in proximity to their balance crews.
Naval debate postponed in House of Commons on account of international situation.

(Continued on Page 72)

If the United States Rubber Company had not established its own Rubber Plantations *Fifteen Years ago*—

This Company owns Rubber Plantations totalling 110,000 acres in Sumatra and on the Malayan Peninsula. It has over 5,000,000 rubber trees, with almost limitless opportunity for increased production as more trees are planted. Furthermore, each year the trees now bearing yield larger and larger quantities of latex—the milky liquid that flows from the rubber tree when it is tapped. A sure and increasing source of rubber latex of the highest quality.

WITHIN the past few weeks, the United States Rubber Company announced to the users, merchants and manufacturers of Rubber Goods of all descriptions three new and basic developments—

Sprayed Rubber
Web Cord
Flat-Band Method of Building a Cord Tire

In the light of these advances, the forethought of this Company in establishing its own rubber plantations, and ensuring *its supply of rubber latex*, seems almost prophetic.

If this Company had not been growing its own rubber for years, working clear through from the *latex* to the finished articles of manufactured rubber, two of these discoveries—Sprayed Rubber and Web Cord, might never have been made at all.*

The New Sprayed Rubber

Instead of coagulating rubber out of the latex with smoke or chemicals—the only methods known heretofore—latex is sprayed as a snow-white mist into super-heated air. The water is driven out of it—nothing else. Pure rubber alone remains.

As it comes out of the spraying chamber, *Sprayed Rubber* is a mass of clinging snow-white flakes.

It contains no acid, no smoke residues, no insects, no bits of bark or foreign matter of any kind.

It retains *all* the fine natural qualities of the latex—including many that were impaired by the former primitive methods of obtaining rubber from the latex.

It is uniform in quality—dry and pure.

The rubber manufacturer knows beforehand how *Sprayed Rubber* is going to behave in his various manufacturing processes. It vulcanizes to perfection.

The New Web Cord

Web Cord also starts with the latex.

The technicians of this Company discovered that pure rubber latex has a strong natural *affinity for cotton cord.*

Here was the clue to something that cord tire makers have been hunting for years—*how to impregnate cord tire fabric with pure rubber*—to get away from using chemical solutions of rubber which injure cotton cord.

In the Web Cord every cord is soaked through with pure rubber.

Web Cord is the *first rubber-web cord fabric.*

There are no cross tie-threads.

Tires without a Weak Spot

The *Flat-Band Method* of building a Cord Tire *does away* with practically all the *flexion-resistance* within the tire.

Briefly, tires are now built on a flat drum and then inflated and vulcanized under gentle internal pressure.

Every cord in the tire is kept at the *correct length*, lies at the *correct angle*, and takes its *proportionate* part of the load.

A tire built of web cord in this way is homogeneous. It is balanced. It has no weak spot.

It is highly resistant to puncture and wear.

* * *

It is believed that these three developments mean more to the rubber manufacturer and the user of rubber products of all kinds than anything that has been accomplished in the rubber industry since vulcanization was discovered in 1839.

United States Rubber Company

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Trade Mark

* *It is worth noting that the United States Rubber Company is the only rubber manufacturing company in the world that grows its own rubber in any considerable quantity.*

(Continued from Page 70)

JULY 28 (Tuesday). Austria declares war on Serbia, and hostilities begin.
Austria declines Russian suggestion that the means of settling the conflict should be discussed between St. Petersburg and Vienna, and also declines negotiations with powers on basis of Serbian reply; her quarrel with Serbia is "purely an Austrian concern."

JULY 29 (Wednesday). Bombardment of Belgrad begins.
Russian Government announce mobilization in four southern conscriptions.
President Poincaré arrives in Paris.
Sir E. Grey warns German ambassador not to count on England standing aside in all circumstances.
Germany makes bid for British neutrality.
Sir E. Grey presses for mediating influence by any method acceptable to Germany.
Prime Minister in House of Commons: "The situation is one of extreme gravity."
The First Fleet leaves Portland Roads for Scapa Flow.
Precautionary-period regulations put in force.

JULY 30 (Thursday). Home Rule Amending Bill indefinitely postponed in order that "the nation should present a united front."
Prime Minister: "The issues of peace and war are hanging in the balance."
Sir E. Grey refuses German bid for British neutrality.
Germany, asked for reply as to mediation, says time will be saved by her communicating with Vienna direct.
Austria resumes conversations with Russia.

JULY 31 (Friday). Austria and Russia order general mobilization. Germany proclaims *Kriegsgefahr*—(imminence of war).
Conversations proceeding between Russian minister for foreign affairs and Austrian ambassador at St. Petersburg.
German ultimatum to Russian Government requiring them to countermand mobilization within twelve hours.
German ambassador at Paris requires M. Viviani to say next day what attitude of France would be in event of war with Russia.
Bank of England raises its discount rate from 4 to 8 per cent.
Stock Exchange closed sine die.

AUGUST 1 (Saturday). Germany orders general mobilization.
Germany declares war on Russia, her demand not having been complied with.
France orders general mobilization.
France replies to German challenge that she will have regard to her own interests.
Bank rate raised to 10 per cent.

AUGUST 2 (Sunday). Germany and Russia in a state of war.
German ultimatum to Belgium.
German troops enter Grand Duchy of Luxemburg.
Sir E. Grey gives to French ambassador assurance of protection of French northern and western coasts and shipping against hostile operations by German Fleet.
Mobilization of British Fleet ordered.
Appeal of King of Belgium to King George.
Cabinet decision.

AUGUST 3 (Monday). Bank holiday. Germany declares war on France.
Belgium rejects Germany's ultimatum.
Sir E. Grey's speech in the House of Commons declaring policy of government.
Bill passed through both Houses empowering government to declare a general moratorium.

AUGUST 4 (Tuesday). The German Government inform Belgium they will carry out, if necessary, by force of arms, the measures they consider indispensable.
Belgian territory invaded by German troops.
British Government, in ultimatum to Germany, demand an assurance that neutrality of Belgium will be respected; an answer required by midnight.
German Government refuse the required assurance.
A state of war exists between Great Britain and Germany from eleven P.M.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Asquith. The next will appear in an early issue.

TAX DODGING DE LUXE

(Continued from Page 4)

the host, "I invested what little cash I got ——"

"Little!" groaned the host.

"—— in tax-exempt securities because I had no desire to ——"

"We understand," interjected the ex-banker. He is that kind.

"I was merely trying to get as much as the savings banks pay their depositors, and thus be a brother to the thrifty. Of course in addition to the small amount of cash I also received for my interest some bonds of the new company. My wife wasn't well and we decided to go abroad for a long rest. That being the case I made out my income-tax return, with the help of an expert, had my lawyer O. K. it, and then I myself took it down to the collector's office. As I expected to be gone about a year, I decided to pay the tax in one installment. So I carried a certified check for the entire amount and I turned it in and got a receipt for it, to carry with me, in case the matter came up. It was for a trifle over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There was no possibility of any disagreement between the tax office and myself as to the amount because my income was derived exclusively from a few bonds and some preferred stocks and a couple of mortgages.

"I was in St. Moritz when I got a letter from the Department of Internal Revenue notifying me that owing to my failure to pay the tax at the proper time—when I made out my report—I would have to pay not only the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars due but a penalty as well. It wasn't very much. I think it was about five per cent. Of course I was not annoyed. The canceled check was at my bank and I had the collector's receipt with me. I sent to Henry Forrester, my lawyer, a copy of my answer to the collector, in which I explained the circumstances."

Colonel Elkington's Experience

"About six weeks later I got a second letter, practically the same as the first. I therefore cabled to Forrester. He, it seems, called up the collector's office, and they promised to look up the matter. They probably did, because a few days later a young man from the collector's office called on Forrester to inform him that I would have to pay the tax and the penalty at once.

"'But my client paid it,' persisted Forrester.

"'Where is he?' asked the deputy collector.

"'In Switzerland.'

"'Well, we have no record of the payment having been made, and so he will have to pay it right away.'

"'He won't pay it again.'

"'Can he prove that he paid it once?'

"'Certainly; he has a receipt.'

"'Where is it?'

"'He has it with him.'

"'Then he'll have to pay.'

"'He doesn't have to do anything of the kind,' said Forrester.

"'I have here a warrant of distraint ——'

"'Hold on!' said Forrester. 'Let me tell you once more that the money was duly paid. If it isn't on record at your office somebody there has made a mistake. And of course if you do anything rash we shall hold you personally responsible. Some clerk's carelessness won't help you any if a mistake has been made. So you'd better go easy with your threats and watch your step. I again warn you that you are personally liable.'

"Well, that made the deputy pause.

"'Have you seen the canceled check?' he asked politely.

"'No. But I saw the receipt.'

"'I'll have to see either the receipt or the canceled check.'

"'I'll cable, just to be nice to you. But my advice to go easy still stands,' said Forrester.

"Well, he cabled and I cabled to my bank instructing them to let Forrester have the vouchers he needed, which they did. The next time the deputy called, Forrester showed him the check. That settled it, of course. Forrester asked the deputy to find out how the mistake happened, and the man did so. It seems the trouble was that one of the clerks had set down the amount paid, but not the name of the payer. There was no discrepancy in the cash item and when somebody got my return and no record of my having paid, he naturally got after me.

"I wasn't particularly annoyed, probably because I wasn't here and heard no threats. As our friend said, mistakes are bound to happen anywhere. In Washington, I am told by fellow victims, the department is always willing to meet a man more than halfway. But I want to tell you about an experience in England.

"I was visiting an old friend, Colonel Elkington. He had figured out what income tax he ought to pay. But it seems somebody in the tax department had different views as to the right amount, and notified Elkington that he would have to pay so much more.

"Elkington was sure he was right, so he trotted over to see the chap—I forget what his title was, but his job was being a sort of assessor. Elkington argued with him, but the assessor insisted he would have to pay the higher amount. Elkington left the tax office in a huff, went straight to an expert, laid the facts before him and asked for an opinion. The expert promptly said that Elkington was absolutely right.

"So Elkington chased back to the assessor and told him what the expert said. The assessor chap didn't deny that Elkington might possibly be right, but he said that until the matter was passed upon by somebody or other higher up Elkington must pay the higher amount and put in a claim for a refund.

"Elkington, being an Englishman and a great stickler for his rights, said he'd be damned if he paid what he didn't owe, and walked out of the office. He was after justice, so he went straight to the place where it was supposed to be on tap. It seems there is a sort of emergency court that passes on such disputes without delay. Elkington appeared before this court, stated his case himself, and the judges listened without comment. When he was done they looked over his figures, and right then and there they told him that he was right and the assessor fellow was wrong. But that wasn't enough. Justice was justice. They sent for the assessor to appear before them at once, and when he did they told him that his job was to carry out the requirements of the law and that it was not his business to annoy taxpayers! That's what sticks: not to annoy taxpayers.

"Think of this! We had never had an income tax of any kind. Did Congress study the problem? Did it consider the probable workings of certain parts of it? Was it clearly written? Were adequate measures taken to insure an efficient enforcement of it or to avoid unnecessary annoyances or hardships to the public that paid? Why, employes of the department themselves could not interpret the law for the benefit of the public. There had to be rulings on every point. The department used to reverse itself so often that nobody was sure of his ground from day to day. Even at this late day we have evidence of incomplete knowledge. Five years ago a company of which I am a director, sent a representative to Washington to confer with the department about the tax that we should pay. Our man and the department official went over our books together and we agreed on the tax we should pay for 1917."

Rich Men's Mistakes

"Well, the other day the company got a letter from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue saying that under a brand-new ruling we would have to pay five hundred and fifty thousand dollars more on our 1917 tax, notwithstanding the agreement under which we paid the tax that the department in February of 1918 declared we should pay. Whose fault? I suppose the fault belongs to those who framed the law. The department has to adhere to the Supreme Court's decisions when they come out. I think the present income tax ridiculous. No wonder some of my friends admit that they have never paid a cent of income tax. Why should they?"

He looked about for an answer.

So I said, "Which friends have not paid?"

"You'll use their names," he objected.

"Are they in the maximum-surtax class?" I asked.

"Yes. One of them has an income of a couple of millions a year, and he has not paid one cent in income tax since the damned thing went into effect. Another got tired of paying, so he decided to economize."

"How do they manage?" I asked.

"I'll tell you their names. You ask them for the details."

"I'll do so," I promised, and then he told me the names.

That is what sent me to Wall Street. If men whose taxes ran into the millions didn't pay a cent, it was tax dodging de luxe, and should be instructive.

Before I had been in Wall Street an hour I discovered that a remarkable change had come over the attitude of the big ticker capitalists toward their own mistakes. In the old days, every time a self-made millionaire died, the public read the inventory of his estate with much interest. Everybody wants to know in which stocks and bonds the great financier put his money. How did the master manipulator invest his winnings? No matter what advice he gave for publication, as to investments, surely he himself picked out the best for himself. His one true tip was posthumous—the story of what he himself had done with his own money.

Well, it always struck the newspaper-reading world as curious that every one of these shrewd wise men, directors of banks and railroads and big corporations, had more than a trace of cats and dogs. The gilt-edge securities were there, but in the bottom of the box there were also insecurities that even inveterate suckers would never have paid good money for. Bankers who wouldn't buy fake mining stocks would fall for inventions. Perhaps it was that they knew of the millions made by the late D. O. Mills, in backing revolutionary inventions and in grubstaking unrecognized geniuses. Then, too, there were stocks of real-estate developments, land which was going to centuple in value when some corporation—which they and their friends controlled—built a plant or ran a new line in that section; or else bonds of country clubs and race tracks and community playhouses, or of lumber companies that friends of friends of the promoters recommended; or shares in local enterprises that went just far enough to stick the ground-floor investors and no one else. Wall Street was used to the fact that the men who were so lavish with bull tips on the stocks of the corporations they controlled were not always heavy stockholders in those companies. Many a magnate has owned permanently about five shares—just enough to qualify as a director.

"Let me see what a capitalist keeps in the bottom of his safe-deposit box and I will tell you what kind of man he is," said a member of the New York Stock Exchange to me many years ago in discussing the capacities of a recently departed operator.

It is only human that a man should not wish his mistakes to stare him in the face every day, and the bottom of the safe-deposit box was the best place for them. Very few of the rulers of the financial world have the exceeding wisdom of the late Norman B. Ream. Once when we were discussing human fallibility in general and unprofitable investments in particular, he said he had made it a business principle never to lose more than one dollar in any outside deals.

"How do you manage it?" I asked him.

"Oh, it is quite simple," he answered gravely. "You see, when a fellow is unfortunate enough to be known as a man with a bank account he is besieged on all sides by capital seekers. There are more money hunters than any other kind of Nimrods. And some of them are unscrupulous enough to be old friends, men whom you knew and liked in the days when you did not have a big balance at the bank. It is no use for a business man to make up his mind never to put money into outside enterprises. He's got to or else be an icicle, and that isn't pleasant. The chap that wants to make you rich in spite of yourself is always with us and, as I say, he sometimes calls you by your first name and has

(Continued on Page 77)

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Firestone Cord
Elias Howe, who saw the feasibility of a sewing-machine, eventually succeeded in developing his first crude design to a point of practical utility. Possessed of the will to succeed he put his work above all personal consideration and despite discouragements and adversity lived to see his invention come into broad acceptance and use.

Fire

The Will to Succeed

THE career of Elias Howe, to whom the world owes the first practical sewing-machine, is stamped with a tenacious and unwavering will to succeed. Once his idea had taken hold of him, he knew no satisfaction until it was realized.

Such a spirit is invariably behind every important achievement. It leads the inventor and the builder to perfect his work and bring it to the point of real and lasting utility.

The early tires built by the Firestone organization served their times satisfactorily and well. Yet without unflagging perseverance and application on the part of their makers for over two decades, they could never have been developed to their present high point of perfection.

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Firestone

That Luxurious Bath!

There is supreme delight in a massage-shower bath with the Fuller Friction Shower. The flowing water cleanses and refreshes, while the gentle touch of the bristles massages and invigorates. With warm or hot water it tones up and quiets the nerves. With cool or cold water it exhilarates and restores.

The water flows into the brush at any temperature you desire; it cannot splash. This is the one cold-bath method which will not shock the system, as it brings the cold water to only a portion of the body at a time. The massaging by the bristles so stimulates the circulation that the reaction is most healthful and invigorating. To-day, no bathroom is complete without this Fuller Friction Shower.

For almost every personal use,—for practically every household need,—there is a proper Fuller Brush. The Fuller Man when he calls at your home (for Fuller Brushes are sold only through our own representatives) will gladly show you the brushes for which you have immediate need. Such brushes as you may select, you do not pay for until delivered.

If a Fuller Man has not called upon you recently, write or phone any one of our 238 Branch Offices (for one nearest you, look in telephone book). Our "Handy Brush Book" is free. A postcard request to The Fuller Brush Co., 1070 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn., will bring it. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton.)

The Fuller Friction Shower

FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES — HEAD TO FOOT — CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 72)

a fine wife or lovely children. It's all very well to say that a man doesn't have to mix business with friendship. That's just what he's got to do or become a hermit.

"Every man living falls for the friend's appeal. Whether it's for five dollars or fifty thousand, the principle is the same. Well, when one of these friends importunes me to invest in some scheme of which I know nothing, I always say that I have made a vow, which I keep at all costs, never to invest over ten thousand dollars in anything outside of my own business. The chances are that he asks me for a million or two, but I tell him, 'Ten thousand is my limit.' Seeing that I do not budge from my stand, he takes the ten thousand. I put it down in my books of course. But here is the secret: I put it down as one dollar! Instead of waiting months or years to lose that money, I proceed to lose at once nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars. What happens? When the deal is definitely and officially a complete failure, I write off the one dollar which my books show I invested. That way it hurts neither my pocketbook nor my vanity as an investor. When I come to die my executors won't have to wonder whether I was as smart as my friends thought I was and whether my success wasn't one of those accidents we read about. No cats and dogs in my bill of fare!"

Since Norman B. Ream's day the Wall Street attitude toward cats and dogs has utterly changed. It is no longer a source of mortification to remember the moments of weakness when a great stock operator took a tip and got a piece of paper in return for his cash.

A corporation lawyer, so well known that everybody in Wall Street would guess whom I meant if I described him, told me a story. As he told it to me at his own breakfast table in his own Long Island house, I believe that every word of it is true. It concerned Daniel Dolliver.

The fame of Dolliver as an owner of and investor in high-grade Manhattan real estate is, actually, world-wide. There are the three Dolliver Hotels, the antiquated but immensely profitable Dolliver Building on Lower Broadway, and no end of whole Dolliver blocks uptown. Daniel Dolliver also is a director of railroads, banks and industrial corporations, and a trustee of savings banks, insurance companies and hospitals. He is always on the financial committees of all these institutions. He is cold-blooded but successful, and his hobby has been to create and strengthen a widespread belief in his infallibility. How never to lose money is his one text, and his pet nonloser is D. Dolliver.

Dolliver's single surviving cousin sat opposite me at the corporation lawyer's breakfast table that morning. The conversation, by reason of the publication in that morning's papers of the inventory of a great Hebrew banker's estate, drifted to what I called the posthumous indiscretions of superfinanciers who kept cats and dogs among their assets. It is a sort of financial double life, led by some very nice men in Wall Street—and out of it.

Dolliver's Mining Venture

"The day is rapidly approaching when no multimillionaire with Wall Street affiliations will leave bad investments behind him. They are using them up so fast that no matter how gullible he might be, the supply of worthless stocks can't keep up with the needs of the great surtaxed. And take it from me, there is no financial expert that didn't get stung at some time or other," asserted the host.

"Except my Cousin Dan," said Dan's cousin, William Dolliver.

But the great corporation lawyer laughed so heartfully that I said, "Tell us about it, Jerry. But I warn you right now that if you say Dan has bum stocks in any one of his thirty-seven safe-deposit boxes, I won't believe you."

"I know. I remember hearing James R. Keene say once that Dan Dolliver, whenever he bought stocks, turned himself into a bedridden widow lady asking the hand-some president of the Fifth Avenue Bank to suggest a safe investment for her. Just the same, one day a promoter who deserves to see three busts of himself in the Hall of Fame induced Mr. Daniel Dolliver to buy a quarter interest in a silver mine that was going to turn out twice as rich as the Comstock Lode. It cost him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash before he discovered that the second C. Lode was a hole in the ground. It was not worth a cent.

"I rather think that he suspected it before the other victims did, not because he tried to unload his shares, for he never had the ghost of a chance to do that, but because he did not have the stock put in his name, but in the name of his chief broker as trustee, W. D. Joslyn, of Joslyn & Co., whose learned counsel I have the honor to be. Bill Joslyn told me that for years every time he asked Dan what he wished done with that Quaker Queen Mining Company stock they had in the office belonging to him, Dan vehemently denied that he owned any such lithographs. In fact, he was so peeved at the accusation that the firm never pressed the matter. He was a good customer, and if he chose to forget that one boob play it wasn't for them to talk like a lawful wedded wife.

"Last year about this time, Joslyn decided to retire. You know, his only son was killed in the Argonne and there wasn't any sense in old Bill's staying in Wall Street any longer. His two partners had some differences between themselves, and when the old man decided to wind up the business the junior partners formed connections with other Stock-Exchange houses."

A Diplomatic Victory

"I attended to the legal end of the dissolution. One day Joslyn spoke to me about the Quaker Queen mining stock belonging to Daniel Dolliver. The question was what should be done with it, and it was then that Bill told me how mad Dan got every time they mentioned that indiscretion to him. As each of the junior partners was hoping to take into his new firm the greater part of Dan's business, neither of them was anxious to annoy the infallible Mr. Dolliver.

"It was up to me to dispose legally of that investment of a quarter of a million bucks.

"I knew it was no use to write, so I called up Dan at the Union Club, where he goes every afternoon to tell everybody who will listen that there is no excuse for anybody making mistakes. I said, 'Mr. Dolliver, the firm of Joslyn & Co. is winding up its affairs. They are clients of mine. I find they have twenty thousand shares of Quaker Queen Mining Company stock which belongs to you. My clients tell me that you have said that stock is not yours. I suppose you have forgotten the circumstances ——'

"'I never owned any such stock,' interrupted Dolliver.

"'It's all paid for,' I observed soothingly, 'and our books show ——'

"'I don't give a hoot in Hades what appears on your books. It isn't my stock. I never heard of it. I'll thank you not to annoy me at my club with any such messages.'

"'Hold on, Dolliver,' I said. 'Writing to you does no good, and that stock has to be handed over to its rightful owner. I'll send it to your office ——'

"'No! No!'

"'Then I'll send it to your house. You will sign a receipt for it and ——'

"'I shall do nothing of the kind. I don't want any mining stock. I never owned any in my life. Throw it away if you want to get rid of it.'

"'No. You might sue us some day if we did.'

"'I won't!' he promised.

"'You could,' I said. 'You've got to take it and it's for you to throw it away if you wish. Where will you be this evening?'

"'Don't you dare do anything of the kind!' he yelled.

"'Well, then, write us a little note authorizing us to throw away the twenty thousand shares of Quaker Queen Mining Company stock which W. D. Joslyn holds as trustee for you. That will solve the problem.'

"'I'll do nothing of the kind,' he said, and hung up.

"You see, he had spent eighteen years trying to forget that he had been dumb-bell enough to fall for such a play. Of course I didn't send him the certificates. But that night in bed I happened to think about the matter, and wondered how I could get him to sign a receipt for the stock, when suddenly I thought of a way to get him to take the stock not only instantly but gratefully.

"The next morning I called him up when I thought he was at breakfast. I told the butler to say it was a purely personal matter. My, but Dan was peeved.

"'I want to do you a favor, Dolliver,' I said. 'I shouldn't do it after the way you talked to me last night ——'

"'What's the favor?' he interrupted.

"'Have you stopped to think that you paid two hundred thousand dollars in cash for that Quaker Queen stock ——'

"'Can't you stop annoying me? I was breakfasting peacefully ——'

"'You listen! Have you stopped to think that if you order Joslyn & Co. to sell that stock they may get about fifty cents for the twenty thousand shares from a junk dealer? That would legally establish a loss of two hundred thousand dollars on that stock we are trying to get you to accept.'

"Dan is not so slow.

"'Oh! Yes!' he said. 'I remember now. I wished to help an old friend of mine who thought he had a mine there and needed a little money for exploratory work. He was a nice chap and I was anxious to oblige him as a personal ——'

"'Well, you send for that stock,' I said, and hung up.

"Well, old Dolliver himself came down and instructed Joslyn to sell that stock at public auction. They got two dollars for the lot from a tall chap with a comic-opera goatee, who, they tell me, buys all sorts of worthless securities on the theory that they are million-to-one shots, but if he ever lands one of them he'll be on velvet for the rest of his life. And you can bet that Dan made Uncle Sam pay for his one indiscretion. He deducted that loss from his income of last year. It was perfectly legal. There was no cheating. Of course they are all doing it. That's why I say you won't see any more cats and dogs in the inventories of Wall Street magnates in a few years."

I found the belief general that the one trouble with the present income tax is the motive that keeps it on the statute books unchanged. Whether or not that belief is justified or not, the fact remains that if the intent is to make the rich pay, then the damagogues have overreached themselves and the public is being fooled. The surtaxes have made cats and dogs the most popular animals in the millionaires' menageries. They've moved up from the cellar.

If profits are to be taxed, then losses should be deducted, in common fairness. Possibly the pleasing delusion was cherished in certain quarters that men like Mr. George F. Baker and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, whose fortunes run into the hundreds of millions, could not have many losses, but were sure to have huge profits. As a matter of fact all capitalists make rotten investments at times. A list of Mr. Rockefeller's purchases of gold bricks in the past would make an I. W. W. weep for sheer joy, and he is not the worst. They all have had them, and they all still have them, and so long as human beings are fallible they will keep on buying them.

Growing Volume of Tax Exempts

The first thing the surtaxes did was to drive those supercapitalists who were going to pay so many millions of dollars into Uncle Sam's yawning pocket into investing in tax-exempt bonds. The rate was not attractive to the small investor, but it is estimated that the amount of tax-exempt bonds in the United States, excluding such Federal Government issues as are partly exempt, is about eleven billion dollars. This compares with about five billions ten years ago. At this writing municipal bonds are coming out at the rate of well over one billion a year, and Farm-Loan bonds are also being issued pretty fast. Think of that one item alone of one hundred million dollars a month of municipal bonds. The interest on these tax-exempt bonds outstanding represents an income of well over four hundred million dollars a year that does not pay the income tax. Of course it is impossible to estimate just how much tax the Government does not get, probably not less than one hundred and sixty million dollars a year, which is the equivalent of 4 per cent on four billions of capital. Men like Henry Ford, John D. Rockefeller or George F. Baker pay the maximum tax, which is about 58 per cent this year, but there are not many like them, so my estimate is conservative enough. A business man risking his money in business expects a greater return than the 4 or 5 per cent that a bond pays, and in addition gives work and wages to other men.

Right here is a good place to state that it is not always the man with the high-surtaxed income who tries to avoid paying the tax.

St. Louis smoker moves into second place

With 405 cans to his credit Mr. Thurston smokes his way towards the lead

Mr. Byron Thurston of St. Louis is more than qualified for membership in the Edgeworth Club. But his position in the championship-smoker class is not so well established. Mr. Thurston's interesting letter follows:

Hotel Garni, St. Louis, Mo.

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

I have often heard of great smokers of one kind of tobacco.

I have smoked 405 cans of Edgeworth Plug Slice 35c size without changing.

Now if you know of any better record I would be glad to hear from you. I smoke one can of tobacco in two days and enjoy every pipeful.

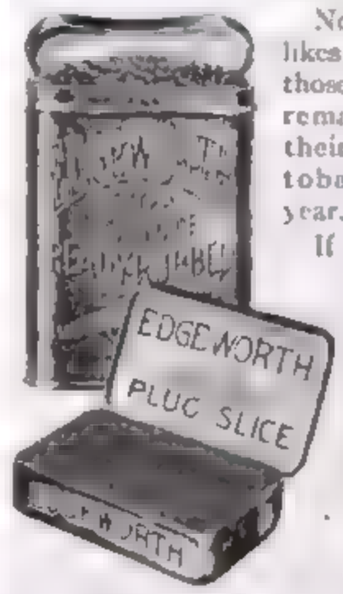
Yours truly,
(Signed) Byron Thurston.

More than a year ago an Edgeworth smoker from Burlington, Vermont, Mr. H. F. Baldwin, wrote in suggesting that he had smoked more Edgeworth than any other living man. At that time he had smoked over 1000 cans of the same size purchased by Mr. Thurston, distributed over a period of nearly a score of years.

So while it appears today that Mr. Thurston is well behind the leader, if he continues smoking a can every two days, it may be only a matter of years before he will be well in advance of the entire field.

Still, it is a big country and there are a lot of Edgeworth smokers. You can never tell when a new record will be hung up to be the envy of all smokers.

Edgeworth has something about it that holds smokers.



Not that everyone likes Edgeworth, but those who do generally remain steadfast in their loyalty to the tobacco year after year.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will be glad to send you free samples of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Then you can smoke a few pipefuls and judge for yourself whether or not the tobacco is as good as a great many veteran pipe smokers claim it is.

Just drop a postcard to Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va., and the free samples will be forwarded to you promptly.

If you will also include the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer, your courtesy will be appreciated.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed come in small, pocket-size packages, in attractive tin humidors and in handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

A friend told me a curious story. He said that an acquaintance of his, an expert accountant who made a specialty of helping corporations make out their tax returns, thought there would be a market for a book for use by small shopkeepers. He worked a long time until he perfected a little ledger or set of blank forms. It was an ingenious affair, just what was needed by storekeepers who probably kept their books in a way to give them a lot of bother at the end of the year when they came to make out their income-tax returns. The accountant and his printer were so confident of the sales that they decided to reduce costs from the start by printing a very large quantity of the books. They gave it as a side line to hundreds of salesmen and canvassers all over the country. They confidently expected to clean up a big sum.

At the end of sixty days the salesmen sent in their reports. How many of the books do you think they sold?

Not a single one!

The traveling men said that many of the small shops simply refused to keep books. Many of them did not keep their checkbook stubs. As soon as the checks were used up they destroyed the old check books, stubs and all, also the vouchers as soon as they got them. They did not wish to keep any records of their business for tax purposes. That way they didn't have to make a return.

The man who told me that story is connected with a world-famous financial institution. When I expressed astonishment he said, "It surprised me also until I began to hear of the number of lawyers and doctors who now insist on having their fees paid in cash instead of by check."

"You mean in unmarked bills," I corrected.

"Precisely."

I have a friend who is connected with the Department of Internal Revenue. When I told him my story, he said: "There is no doubt that thousands of small tradesmen all over the country do not keep books in order to foil the income-tax collector, and your story about the failure of the ledger inventor is true because we heard about it at the time. But don't run away with the notion that Uncle Sam just throws up his hands and lets the would-be dodgers get away with it. Suppose there is a shopkeeper—let us call him Kaplan and say he runs a delicatessen store. He has made no return and we want to know why, because we know he must have had enough income to report. Well, a revenue officer goes to Mr. Kaplan's shop and asks to see the books.

"'I got none,' says Mr. Kaplan.

"'Why not?'

"'I don't keep any. I am my own boss. I know what I start with and I know what I got at the end of the year. If I don't make a profit I don't have an income, do I? And if I don't have an income I don't have to make any return, do I?'"

Shaking Down the Refractory

"'You have a bank account, haven't you?' asks the revenue officer.

"'Yes,' says Kaplan.

"'Let me see it,' says the officer.

"Kaplan produces his pass book. The revenue officer adds the total deposits for the year. In the absence of proofs to the contrary, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is invested by law with authority to tax Mr. Kaplan on the basis of his gross income. This has often been done, with highly beneficial results.

"But suppose Mr. Kaplan says he does not keep a bank account. Well, the department has in its possession detailed statistics of about every known business in the United States, and so, since Mr. Kaplan will not help, the officer simply turns to the dope card about the delicatessen trade and arrives at a figure that he thinks represents fairly what Kaplan made or ought to have made during the year, and Mr. Kaplan pays this arbitrarily fixed tax.

"I wish to make clear to you that in practically every case of this kind that has come up before the department that is, when the man claimed that he kept no record whatever of his sales or volume of business and was therefore taxed on an arbitrary basis—the man somehow managed later on to produce some sort of data as to his business. This usually showed, of course, what he really ought to pay. This belated figure is always less than the amount the revenue officer kindly fixed for him to pay on, which shows how fair the department is. As a matter of fact, it is not true that these men don't keep books. They couldn't keep on doing business without knowing how they were making out. It is just a bluff. But we call it, and there is much less of it each year.

"Then, too, Kaplan and his like in every business have to borrow money from the banks. Before Kaplan gets the loan his bank usually asks for a statement of his business. Well, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue has the right to call upon the banks to see these statements. It is not often that the little fellow can get away with such crude attempts at dodging.

"Of course, attempts at deliberate fraud are a different matter. You are not interested in that phase of the business. But I may tell you that the device most frequently used by people who are trying to cheat the Government is found in the manipulation of inventories. Suppose a concern takes a physical inventory but does not permanently keep records of all these annual inventories. The department finds it very difficult to verify or disprove the accuracy of these inventories three or four years after the return is filed. This enables the fraudulent merchant to show small sales when merchandise prices are up, which, of course, would indicate small profits; and they would show large sales at times when prices were low and the profits accordingly. We want to check up the man's figures, but how can we years after that particular inventory was taken?"

Success in Tax-Collecting

"You ask how we get after the dodgers? To begin with, let me say that the department thinks it is doing mighty well if it can collect 80 per cent of what is due the Government. We allow for not getting it all. We use various methods. Of course we get thousands of anonymous tips. They are usually signed Citizen or Taxpayer or Anti-Dodger or A Friend. They tell us that a certain man is making no returns or is cheating. Of these anonymous communications we find that only about 25 per cent are of any value to us. The rest are lies, prompted by hatred or envy; spite letters, such as the society journals get. We do not know from whom they come. Quite often we get tips from clerks who know that misrepresentations are made. But we do pretty well, and the department is so convinced that the overwhelming majority of Americans are honest that we have standing orders to give the taxpayer the benefit of the doubt always.

"Don't forget what we always keep in mind, and that is that success in collecting taxes depends on the coöperation of the taxed. We are able to collect taxes only because the people are willing to pay them. What do you see every March in front of the office of every collector of internal revenue in every district? Why, a string of people waiting their turn to pay their income tax. Suppose the people with taxable incomes decided to a man not to pay a cent in taxes. Why, we couldn't collect any. That is all. Oh, no, believe me, the plain fact is that the department and the people work together. If there is any fault with the taxes you must blame the people or their representatives in Congress, but not the department that does the collecting. It would be much nicer to have a sensible tax, one that would collect itself, so that no one could cheat, and at the same time one that raised enough revenue without being a burden to any individual or class. For instance? Well, a sales tax.

"You ask about the wholesale merchants or, rather, about big business? Well, I do not think that any of the big corporations has ever been deliberately guilty of fraud in its tax payments. But being human institutions with human beings at their head, it was only natural that they should take advantage of whatever loopholes there might be in the law. They paid what the law said they must, and no more, and no man is expected to do any better than that when it comes to paying taxes. For instance, companies that had always made large profits were confronted with huge surtaxes in the high tax years, 1917, 1918 and 1919. They did not defraud the Government, but money which in a strict sense should have been paid in taxes they devoted to improving their organization and business. The way they did it was by liberal increases in salaries to their officers and employes and by enormous advertising allowances. There is no question whatever that the imposition of the high surtax had more to do with raising wages and with the extensive advertising campaigns than anything else.

"Of course the high salaries meant contented and loyal employes, and big advertising meant what big advertising always means if it is intelligently placed. They were selling all they made and did not need more business. But they figured it paid to keep their names before their trade at the cheap net rates. It was publicity in advance of the dull period that was bound to follow the war boom. It was one of the chief selling points used by advertising solicitors four or five years ago. Clients were taught to figure that they were getting one hundred thousand dollars' worth of advertising for thirty thousand dollars. High surtaxes and nothing else. In the same way, millions were spent and charged to maintenance and repairs that would have been paid out in dividends but for the surtaxes. Not only were these improvements made to the plants but even to dwellings for the workmen. Concrete was used in place of wood because the cost was of no consequence. Seventy per cent of it would have been paid in taxes. It was all legal."

I did not go to the financial district in search of evasions of the law or dishonest subterfuges. I was after the results of the actual workings of the law. It was clear that the income tax did not actually tax those incomes which the demagogues particularly desired to tax. The proper place, therefore, was Wall Street.

The first man to whom I disclosed my errand was one of the best-known corporation lawyers in the United States. I happened to run across him in front of the subtreasury. He heard me in guilty silence which he sought to camouflage by looking judicial.

I therefore ended by urging him pleasantly, "Now, go ahead and tell me about it."

"About what?"

"About this income tax that doesn't tax those big incomes you have in mind."

"I don't know any ——" he began.

And so I interrupted: "I don't mean the income of your clients, who are all honest men and intelligent, and I am not asking for stories of trickery and fraud. I think the trouble is with the surtaxes now that the war is over."

He thought a minute, obviously seeking the least guilty of his millionaire clients. Suddenly he began to laugh. I nodded.

"Yes," I said, "that's the man I mean"

He ceased to laugh and asked seriously, "What you are looking for is just stories, isn't it?"

"True stories," I corrected. "Actual happenings to prove what I suspect."

"I understand," he said. "You know Ira Temple, don't you?"

"Yes," I answered.

The Case of Ira Temple

"Ira as the only son of Roger Temple inherited a fortune of about fifty million dollars as well as a Wall Street career and a family legend. Old Roger belonged to a former generation, when the gang consisted of a scant dozen. They habitually divided the booty among themselves—that is, they all participated in whatever good thing any of them discovered. The cohesive power of public plunder was their treaty of alliance and made all of them ticker experts.

"Ira Temple inherited the fortune, the name, the stories that went with it, the superb collection of tapestries and his father's instincts; but not old Roger's genius. Being one of the richest men in the world he attracted the smoothest supervultures of the genus promoter. He was always investing or speculating or going into all sorts of schemes. The income from his father's estate was enormous and all of it was taxable, for old Roger wasn't the man to whom a state or municipal bond appealed, with its pitiful 4 per cent per annum. Now, what I am about to tell you came to me without any pledge of secrecy. I don't think it is an indiscretion to tell you."

"It is an act of friendship," I assured the distinguished counsel. "And besides, Ira Temple isn't your client."

My friend, the corporation lawyer, went on: "I have learned for a fact that since the income-tax law went into effect ten years ago, Ira Temple has never paid any tax. Not one penny! What do you say to that?"

"As he has an income of between two and three million dollars a year, I believe you," I said.

"Not one cent. You see, there never was any net income to pay on. Ira always managed to have losses in excess of his income. He is mixed up in so many things that he has been able to establish enough losses on stock transactions or in land or irrigation schemes or power plants or flyers in wheat, to offset his income. Every mistake he ever made—and there were plenty of them—came in handy when the surtaxes were boosted.

"Well, last year his head bookkeeper, who made out his income-tax return, came to him and reported that there was a net taxable income of four hundred thousand dollars or thereabouts.

"'Nonsense!' contradicted Ira, peeved. 'That can't be. It hadn't been before. Why should it be now?'

"'That's what I make it,' persisted the bookkeeper.

Patterson to the Rescue

"'Just you go over the books again. If necessary, I can sell some more of those old Western Lumber Company debentures.' It was one of his unfortunate investments.

"'We sold the last of them last year,' said the accountant.

"'What about those New Jersey Ice sixes?' Since 1913 he always had sold enough of his worthless securities to offset his income.

"'All gone too,' reported the bookkeeper.

"'There must be something. Look again.'

"'You haven't got a share of stock or a bond in your box or at your brokers' that could show you a loss if you were to sell it today,' said the bookkeeper. He knew it was a devil of a thing to do, to tell his boss that he had reached the end of his supply of cats and dogs.

"'Well, you've got to find something,' said Ira, and went away mad as blazes.

But the next morning when Ira got down to his office, the bookkeeper, who was a very competent man and had been with Ira for years, was waiting for him. He told Ira that he had worked until after midnight, to no avail. Try as he might there was no way of getting rid of that net income of four hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars on which taxes would have to be paid. For a man whose income is over two millions, to have to pay on a fifth of it is no joke, as even you can realize. Moreover, as a matter of artistic pride it was a fine thing to maintain the continuity of the record of nonpayment. After nine wonderful years, to pay now? Never!

"Ira sent for the expert accountants who usually audited the books of the Temple companies. They worked on Ira's books three days and then they reported that they found a net taxable income of four hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars. They actually had found ten thousand dollars more than his own bookkeeper, who now admitted having made a mistake.

"It was too appalling for words, but the accountants said they were right, impossible though that seemed to Ira. It disturbed him greatly, and when Ira is disturbed he always sends for William Patterson. Bill has got so rich off the Temple estate that for ten years or more he hasn't charged Ira any fee for his services. Not a cent! How much money does that give Patterson? Millions! Why, he has gone in for collecting emeralds, and he is not supposed to be called professionally except by Ira personally, when some purely personal matter disturbs him beyond measure.

"Well, Mr. William Patterson heard Ira's tale of woe like a true friend, to the bitter end. He is such a clever chap that he may even have looked sympathetic, though he is the coldest-blooded animal in North America. Then he said: 'Ira, my boy, don't worry. I shall telegraph to Washington to Jeremiah Matthews, the income-tax expert, to come at once. He makes a specialty of such matters. Of course those d. f. bookkeepers have made a mistake. It will be all right.'

"Ira believed him, for when Bill Patterson talks that way, he knows what he's saying. That tone of voice made most of his millions for him. Sure enough, Matthews showed up the next morning in the wake of Mr Patterson, who no longer has clients but friends he serves for nothing. The great Matthews lost no time in getting at Mr. Temple's books. He kept Ira's chief bookkeeper at work most of that night, till he found what he wanted.

"It so happened that Ira had done a good deal in New England Express stock.

(Continued on Page 83)

Smooth as Velvet
when you start, stop and back your Ford
Your savings are velvet too!

It's just as though your transmission bands were lined with velvet!

You start, stop and back your Ford without a trace of jerky chatter—with the same smooth ease of higher priced cars.

That's lubrication! That's Veedol Fordol!

As you breeze along the open road with the throttle at your favorite notch, you get more speed with less engine vibration. On the hills, cars you used to trail now take your dust. You coast farther and faster—no brake band drag to hold you back.

And with this velvety performance, due to Veedol Fordol, you enjoy definite economies in operation. The smaller quantity of Veedol Fordol you use is just the beginning of your saving. The money you save on increased gasoline mileage; the money you **don't** spend on engine repairs, carbon removal and new transmission bands—all that is "velvet."

Veedol Fordol was created for the Ford car—exclusively. Veedol Fordol is the economy oil for Fords because it masters the Ford lubrication problem. It perfectly lubricates the Ford engine **and the Ford planetary transmission.**

That's why it succeeds where other oils have failed.

Convince yourself. Make this test. Drive up to the nearest Veedol dealer. Ask the service man to drain your old oil and pour exactly 4 quarts of Veedol Fordol into the crankcase. Then check the new performance of your Ford with what you have been putting up with in the past.

Smooth as velvet—and your savings are "velvet" too!

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1—10 to 25% saving in gasoline—Hundreds of tests have demonstrated that Veedol Fordol conservatively saves 10% on gasoline consumption. 25 to 33% savings have been developed repeatedly.

2—Eliminates costly "chatter"—Veedol Fordol lengthens the life of Ford brake and transmission bands by properly lubricating them. 'Chatter' a result of faulty lubricants is entirely eliminated

3—10 to 25% saving in oil—The savings in oil consumption run from 10 to 25%. The exact savings depend upon the mechanical condition of the engine and the lubricant formerly used

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5—Resists heat and friction—Veedol Fordol possesses to a super degree the famous characteristic of all Veedol oils to resist heat and friction

6—Increased ability to coast—With average lubrication a Ford will only coast down steep hills. With Veedol Fordol coasting is possible down the slightest grades

7—Resists fuel dilution—Even with poor fuel Veedol Fordol maintains its power seal and lubricating value longer than other oils. Result—more miles per gallon of gas and per quart of Veedol Fordol

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Adapted by Jack Cunningham. Novel by Emerson Hough.

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A Sam Wood Production
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Screen version by Sada Cowan. From Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play.

An Allan Dwan Production
"LAWFUL LARCENY"
With Hope Hampton, Nita Naldi, Conrad Nagel and Lew Cody. From the play by Samuel Shipman. Adapted by John Lynch.

DOROTHY DALTON in
"The Law of the Lawless"
Supported by Theodore Kosloff, Charles de Roche and Tully Marshall. Adapted by Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham from a Pictorial Review story by Konrad Bercovici. Directed by Victor Fleming.

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"THE SILENT PARTNER" with Leatrice Joy
Owen Moore and Robert Edeson. From the story by Maximilian Foster. Screen play by Sada Cowan.

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With Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. Supported by Frank Campeau and Noah Beery. Directed by Victor Fleming. Adapted by Doris Schroeder.

A James Cruze Production
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With Ernest Torrance. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

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By Frank Condon. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Twenty-two real stars, fifty-six screen celebrities!

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A George Fitzmaurice Production

A George Melford Production
"SALOMY JANE"
With Jacqueline Logan, George Fawcett, Maurice Flynn. Book by Bret Harte. Play by Paul Armstrong. Adapted by Waldemar Young.

An Allan Dwan Production
GLORIA SWANSON in "Zaza"
Supported by H. B. Warner
Play by Pierre Berton and Charles Simon. Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino.

THOMAS MEIGHAN in
A George Ade Story
"All Must Marry"
Directed by Alfred E. Green. Adapted by Tom Geraghty.

A William deMille Production
"SPRING MAGIC"
With Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt
Supported by Charles de Roche, Bobby Agnew and Mary Astor. Screen play by Clara Beranger from the play "The Faun" by Edward Knoblock.

Kenma Corporation Presents
"THE PURPLE HIGHWAY"
With Madge Kennedy
Monte Blue, Pedro de Cordoba, Vincent Coleman, Dore Davidson. Adapted by Rufus Steele from the play "Dear Me." By Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton. Directed by Henry Kolker.

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"IF IT'S HEAT YOU WANT YOU CAN DO IT BETTER WITH GAS—IT'S CLEANER"

The HUMPHREY

Radiantfire

(Continued from Page 78)

There had been an inside pool in it and two mergers with other companies and a couple of stock dividends and a swap of securities and much buying and selling of both the old and the new stocks. Altogether it was a very complicated account, but Matthews knew exactly what the department's attitude and prejudices were. He discovered that as a result of injudicious trading in New England Express stocks Ira Temple had sustained during the year losses amounting to four hundred and forty thousand dollars. Ira's record remained 100 per cent clear. What do you say to that story?" And the great corporation lawyer looked at me triumphantly.

"I say that you can match it with clients of your own."

"No, I can't," he said, and waved a hasty farewell at once.

"I promise not to use real names," I called after him.

But he lost himself in the throng. I had no reason to doubt the truth of the story. But I took the trouble to verify it later. I cannot say where I went; but I learned it was absolutely true.

A few moments later I ran across a Boston friend whose firm does a very large stock-commission business. He is a member of the New York Stock Exchange and has a positive genius for knowing things he has no business to know. This makes him a great success as a stock broker. There are times when I have suspected him of lucky guessing. But whenever I have accused him of it he has contented himself with asking: "How long would I last if I just guessed? And how could I have guessed right so often? If I told you my secret for getting the real dope you'd publish it, and then I would have to fall back on guessing for a living. When I live I want to know I'm going to keep on living."

The Waters Estate

He always has stories to tell. I mentioned what data I was collecting in tax dodging de luxe and he instantly said, as I knew he would: "I'll tell you one, only the end is not yet, as you newspapermen used to be so fond of saying. Do you remember William S. Waters? I beg your pardon! Of course everybody remembers old Bill Waters. He was the most picturesque trolley promoter that ever lived, and I don't care what other names you call to mind either. His estate was one of the largest ever settled in Boston. He owned more trolley lines than anybody ever dreamed of owning. When I tell you that his estate was three times larger than I suspected and that we were his principal brokers for years, and you know how I am always getting ungetable inside dope, you will get some idea of old Bill's close mouth. He was all the time giving out epigrammatic interviews or delivering addresses that got themselves spread on the front page. He was undoubtedly the most efficient franchise grabber and financial manipulator that ever induced aldermen to vote the right way at the right time, and he developed a most ingenious system of donating hospitals, high-school scholarships and boosting Chamber of Commerce billboards to the towns served by his trolley lines. When Bill died, leaving over sixty million dollars, he was actually mourned by twenty-seven progressive communities and officially regretted by the legislatures of three states. Can you beat it?

"He was a canny old bird who bonded his trolley companies for about twice what they cost him, sold 75 per cent of the bonds and kept the balance as well as 51 per cent of the stock. He thus had what practically amounted to calls on the growth of most of the United States that cost him, as somebody remarked, about 50 per cent less than nothing. Well, sir, when he moved on to a better world it was found that he owned a few hundred bales of trolley stocks that were not yet paying dividends and had little value—for inheritance-tax purposes—and a van load of bonds not only of his trolley lines but of such railroads as Union Pacific, Atchison, Chicago & North Western, Pennsylvania, Baltimore & Ohio, and so on. He did not have a bum bond in the lot—that is, none that he ever paid cash for. The trolley bonds he got for nothing and he did not have to be so discriminating.

"Bill left five daughters, three of whom married fine chaps. I mean by that men who were valued customers of our firm. The fourth was wedded to a foreigner whom I never saw, and the fifth didn't do even as well as the fourth. She married a lawyer who lived in New York and was a customer of Wood, Durfee & Co. You know the firm. They joined the Stock Exchange the year before Tutenkhamun's grandfather cornered wheat. Each of the Waters girls inherited about ten million dollars in bonds, and of course some bales of trolley shares.

"Bill died, I think, in the spring of 1911. Ten years later those gilt-edge bonds of his had gone down; some more than others, but I should say the average decline amounted to fully 30 per cent. It was quite some shrinkage in the principal which Bill considered so safe. On the other hand, the stocks which did not cost him a cent had become dividend payers and the five Waters girls were among the richest women in the country. Their income was a blame sight better than princely, if what I have confidentially heard about royalty is true. This was as it should be in the case of the three girls whose husbands were fine, intelligent men, with an excellent taste in the matter of brokers. The Duchess di Something-or-other was very charitable, and, besides, the duke had the consideration to die, and no American has any call to slam him. But the youngest girl, who married a New York lawyer who was a customer of Wood, Durfee & Co., was in receipt of a huge income. She was the richest of the lot, by reason of certain operations of her husband. They were perfectly legal, but that's the best you can say. His name, if you don't know it, is P. J. Godfrey.

"Well, sir, two years ago Mr. Godfrey found himself with a wife whose income was close to a couple of millions. The surtax to this bird was unconstitutional because the Constitution forbids the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment.

"Out of his agony was born a bright idea. It was real clever, as it had previously occurred to several thousands of shrewd men whose chief occupation was making money and not merely marrying it. The great idea was to sell the bonds, thereby establishing a loss to deduct from this swollen income, and then buy back the bonds.

"Godfrey, who was a lawyer, ordered enough bonds sold to establish a loss equal to his income that year. He took his loss philosophically; you might say with Spartan fortitude, and then he calmly ordered the same bonds bought back, to show his abiding faith in Bill Waters' judgment. His filial loyalty enabled him to make nearly a million by not paying it to Uncle Sam. His fortune—or his wife's—remained exactly as it had been—the same income, the same securities, everything the same, and no laws broken that he could see.

"Unfortunately the department did not agree with him. The Collector of Internal Revenue disallowed his claim of exemption, on the ground that the intent to dodge payment was too evident to make his a bona-fide loss. It was established that the bonds he had bought were the bonds he sold."

Godfrey's Appeal

"I am not knocking Godfrey or his brokers, but that was certainly an inexcusable blunder. Other brokers had been executing income-tax-dodging selling orders for clients for a long time. But when they bought the securities back they didn't buy the selfsame identical certificates. A U. P. first-mortgage four, serial number B 68759, is not the same bond as a U. P. first mortgage 4 per cent serial number D 48976. Is it? Certainly not! You remember how in the old days, on December thirtieth or thirty-first, we used to see manipulated advances in the prices of standard railroad shares and in bonds? The reason was that the insurance companies used to boost prices in order to swell the inventory value of their assets as of December thirty-first. A couple of points all round made a difference of millions of dollars.

"After the surtaxes were raised by reason of the war, the process was reversed. It became an object to strive to close the year in a burst of gloom. The lower the quotation the bigger the loss that could be established for income tax-exemption purposes. If a man was carrying five thousand U. S. Steel on which he had a five-point paper loss, he sold it and promptly bought it back at about the same price. The operation gave him a loss of twenty-five thousand dollars to be deducted from his income. This practice became so popular and was carried on so generally that something had to be done, whereupon Congress acted. How? By perpetuating the process, by making it absolutely legal. The law was changed to read that the loss resulting from sales of stocks was not to be allowed unless a month elapsed before the same securities were repurchased."

My Boston friend looked so pleased with his own wisdom when he finished that my suspicions were naturally aroused. I hail from Missouri whenever a man is dead sure of the righteousness of his cause, of the soundness of his theories or of the accuracy of his facts and figures. I therefore sought the friend who is connected with the Department of Internal Revenue. I repeated the gist of the Bostonian's story and complaints.

My friend said: "I remember the Waters case very well. The claim for exemption on account of losses was disallowed, and Godfrey fought the decision. In the end the department lost out and the claim was allowed. The loss was bona fide The case hinged on whether Godfrey's brokers actually executed the selling order in accordance with the rules of the New York Stock Exchange or not. It seems they succeeded in proving that they had so sold the bonds."

The Department Not Asleep

"You know, when income-tax payers first began systematically to take advantage of the clause permitting them to deduct losses on sales of assets, friends would sell each other securities or other property at very low prices, and in that way establish losses that wiped out their entire income from all sources. But that doesn't go. The department has ruled that a sale is bona fide only when it is really made. I'll explain. If you own one hundred shares of U. S. Steel, for instance, that cost you one hundred dollars a share, and you give an order to a broker to sell it and he actually executes your order on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, it is a sale, no matter what your motive or intention may be; and if the price your broker gets is less than one hundred dollars a share a bona-fide loss is established. If at the time you give him your selling order you also give him an order to buy back the one hundred shares of U. S. Steel, the bona fides of the sale are not thereby impaired. As you know, a month must elapse between the sale and the repurchase, now.

"I gather from what you tell me that some of your Wall Street friends laugh at the department for permitting what they think is an obvious subterfuge to help them evade their tax payments. But we in the department think that Secretary Mellon knew what he was about when he encouraged the taking of losses on Stock Exchange transactions by men who promptly bought back the same securities—that is, by men who sold merely to establish deductible losses. The process was most popular when there were the most losses to take—that is, when all the markets were slumping badly. That was before the present Administration began to advocate earnestly a downward revision of taxes. The men who sold securities then did their selling practically at the bottom and they bought back their securities also at bottom. Their losses were large and their deductions corresponded. But Secretary Mellon is an experienced and exceptionally farsighted business man. He knew that the securities markets were bound to improve when the deflating process was definitely over.

"Now, what was sure to happen? Why, the men who had taken their losses and repurchased their securities would see prices advance. If or when they come to sell again, they will have big profits on which they must pay taxes. Even with reduced surtaxes, Uncle Sam is bound to get large sums when what you call the tax dodgers de luxe cash in their profits. By encouraging them to sell when they did for the reason they did, the Secretary of the Treasury helped the taxpayers through a critical period. I know a leather concern that lost over nine million dollars by reason of the collapse in the price of hides. Their inventory was accurate and truthful. Well, this inventory last year showed that they had stock on which the market price showed a big advance, and they paid correspondingly, and they could afford to pay. The slump in raw silk three years ago made it impossible for us to collect millions due of the 1920 taxes, and we didn't do anything to the delinquents. They were busted and they didn't have any money to pay the tax with."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

Get the high flyers this Fall

You can reach game with the "Super-X" load that you would have to pass up with other shotgun shells. Its 20 yards more range and its close, effective pattern have revolutionized ammunition selling. You'll find that merchants, this Fall, may have trouble to keep enough "Super-X" loads on hand to fill the demand. Stocks soon sell out with this wonderful load. Be sure your dealer can supply you. Some sportsmen think so much of "Super-X" that they are even purchasing their Fall requirements now. There is a Western dealer near you. If you should have any difficulty in locating him, please let us know.

"Super-X"

The Long-Range Shotgun Load

The ability of "Super-X" to extend the range of all shotguns—12, 16 and 20 gauge—is in keeping with all the other notable accomplishments of Western Ammunition. Every Western cartridge has certain exclusive features of design that increase accuracy and killing power.

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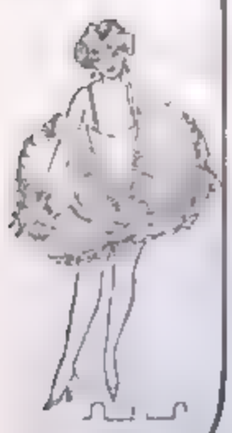

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PRO BONO PUBLICITY

(Continued from Page 21)

and many others of what may be called the strong-arm school, an eminent practitioner of which was Colonel Roosevelt. This Pingree, then mayor of Detroit, feeling the need of a little newspaper mention, seized upon the fact that the railroads issued a thousand-mile ticket to traveling men for a rate of two cents a mile, and forced the common people to pay more—three cents, probably—more, at any rate. Railroads of whatever nature—street, steam, trolley or third rail—were Pingree's especial meat. He fought them from dawn to dark.

So Pingree, as mayor of the imperial city of Detroit, taking his hired girl with him as a representative of the proletariat, went down to a railroad office one day and demanded a ticket to some point outside of Detroit for two cents a mile. The clerk refused to sell it to him. Whereupon Pingree drew back a mighty fist and busted that clerk right upon the nose. The loud outcry of the vassal of the vested interests over this assault upon his person drew crowds of people to the scene, where Pingree stood defying every corporation extant, and the result was that instead of getting half a column or so in the public prints by starting a legal action to compel the railroads to sell all tickets for two cents a mile, Pingree got pages in the papers by his expedient of muscular publicity. And later, when things were dull, he threw a citizen with whom he was at some disagreement off a street car, and there were pages more, and so on.

Tom Johnson knew how to do this sort of thing also, albeit it is not of record, so far as I know, that he ever busted a railroad clerk upon the nose; and of a later day, in a different but equally effective manner, we find Colonel Roosevelt using strenuous methods to get his contentions across. There was a great genius for publicity, but he had real concepts behind it, not merely personal gratification. I recall observing the gigantic J. Pierpont Morgan walking meekly along H Street in Washington one summer's evening, having been summoned imperiously to hurry over from New York and get his on some predacious plutocrat matter; and no one who was fortunate enough to witness it will ever forget that Gridiron dinner where the Colonel, rising in his place, told the plutes there assembled in great numbers just where they got off, naming names and using a long accusing index finger to point out the precise plutes he referred to.

Happiness Unalloyed

Of course the Colonel, like every President, had the tremendous leverage of the White House and the Presidency under his publicity and everything he said, as is the case with all other Presidents. Presidential utterances go forth without need of professional publicity aid, but Roosevelt dramatized his, and the result was that when he had a policy in mind that needed assimilation by the people he not only got the attention of his audience more quickly and more intently than any other President but he got action quicker, also. It makes an aspiring prominent citizen sigh to note the space a President gets in the papers. Or a baseball star. Or a movie favorite. The prominent citizen must work for his, but, as it is the passion of his life, he girds up his loins and works; he calls in his publicity crew and lays his plans to make another foray to capture the headlines and conquer the first page.

Not long before I wrote this article I met a prominent citizen of the third class—one who was once high, had been lowered, and was then clawing towards the top again. He radiated happiness. His joy was wonderful to see. I inquired into the matter and discovered that, for that particular day, his cup of delight was brimming, because the principal papers had printed half a column each of a speech he had made, because a letter to the editor he had written was on an editorial page, because his picture had appeared twice as an organizer of a movement or something or other, and because his daughter would have her picture in the rotogravures on the coming Sunday. He had been assured of that. The man is very rich. He has great estates. He has every luxury and comfort known to man. But a blurred one-column half-tone cut of himself on an inside page of a newspaper means more to him than all of it.

Naturally the publicity seekers of the prominent-citizen sort cluster where the aids to prominence are closest at hand and the widest of circulation. They infest the centers of population. New York has more of them than any other city, but all other cities have them in their degree. Also, in New York, because the field is richer, the best of the publicity men and women are at work. And New York is a center for publicity origination and distribution. A prominent New Yorker is more prominent than a prominent Chicagoan or a prominent Clevelander or a prominent St. Louisan or a prominent San Franciscan—nationally, I mean—because he is prominent in a bigger place. The quality of bigness in these matters is one of association. The prominent citizens, the leaders of thought, get the reflected glory of their metropolitan environment. Also, there are more banquets to go to, more associations to address, more avenues for expression, and more places where they can land their turgid stuff.

Let us consider them in their order as A, the man who seeks to be a prominent citizen; B, the man who is a prominent citizen after assiduous labor, and must remain so; and C, the man who has been a prominent citizen, who has lost his prominence because his positional prop went out from under him, but who is trying to hold himself up without the prop.

Short Cuts to Fame

Mr. A may be a man of about forty who has made a place for himself in business or profession. That is, he has made a place only in his profession or in his business. He has made no particular place in the community other than that, but he is ambitious. He easily and rightly figures it out that in order to get himself such prominence as he craves he must get into the newspapers. Many ways of getting into the newspapers are exceedingly simple. You can do it by jumping off the Woolworth Building or by marrying a chorus girl. You can do it by getting tangled up in a divorce case or by painting your head green and standing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Or in a thousand other ways. However, that is merely publicity. It isn't good publicity, and there is where many of the seekers after the limelight go wrong. They do not distinguish between publicity and good publicity. There, also, is where the efficient publicity expert comes in.

Our Mr. A, sensing this and desiring to be known among the people as a leader of thought, goes to a thought factory—that is, a publicity inciter—and buys an assorted lot of thoughts. All he has to do is to have the money. The only qualification he must have is somewhat of a basic foundation, a bit of a position, and the ability to stand plausibly for what his publicity man hands him. It takes time, but in the end, if Mr. A acquires the right sort of publicity man, he will find himself getting into the newspapers in various ways; with interviews on important topics, with letters on other important topics, as associated with other great thinkers, saviors, messiahs and miscellaneous promoters of reforms, uplifts, policies and plans for civic, national and international betterments or other purposes. So long as the money paid to the agent continues to be paid, the labor will be unceasing and intelligent; and presently Mr. A., without a thought of his own, or, in rare cases, with a few thoughts of his own elaborated and improved by his mentor, will attain his prominence. He will get often and importantly into the public prints, and hence he will come to be considered by the commonalty as prominent, which is the desired and delicious breath to his nostrils.

Thus he becomes Mr. B. He goes to great banquets, and even if he doesn't speak he sits at the head table and is always seen in the flashlight pictures. No public matter can come up that does not bring from him a volunteer opinion. He haunts the national assemblages of all sorts, speaking to every kind of convention or convocation he can break into, and presiding often at such gatherings. If, as is often the case, he has a leading place in business or finance—the financial men are the greatest gluttons for this sort of thing—he sheds weighty opinions, remedies, panaceas and palliatives for all economic conditions as a tree sheds its leaves in the fall. Rather, his publicity staff sheds them for him. And he must work at it all the time. It is a hard life.

(Continued on Page 86)

LEHIGH - - THE NATIONAL CEMENT

WITH all the various brands of cement on the market, what influences the decided public preference for Lehigh? The three deciding factors have undoubtedly been Lehigh's quality, service and *square-deal policy*. These fundamental principles have attracted to Lehigh the greatest number of dealers and users, and have assured the highest degree of satisfaction in every relationship.

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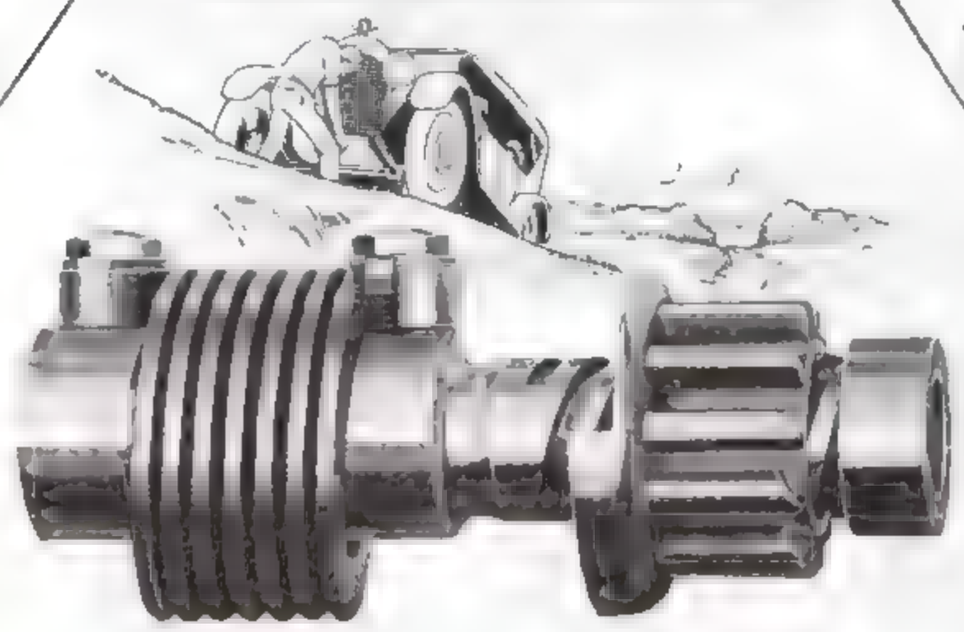


Stalled on a Hill

no more "hand-cranking!"

Up—up—almost to the top! Your engine gasps —dies! A hazardous situation in the old days of "hand-cranking!" Remember?

The electric starter brought a new day of ease, convenience and safety in motoring. On steep hills—at critical moments ***anywhere***—your electric starter responds instantly. And here The Bendix Drive renders vital service.

The Bendix Drive is a "mechanical arm and hand", for which your starting motor supplies the "muscle".

The Bendix Drive is attached to the armature shaft of your electric starting motor where it functions automatically as the connecting link between your starting motor and engine.

The Bendix Drive automatically takes hold of your fly wheel—turns your engine over—starts it—then automatically "lets go", and waits until you need it again.

The vast need filled by The Bendix Drive, and its dependable performance, are evidenced by the fact that it is standard equipment on the electric starters of a large majority of the world's automobiles and trucks.

More than 4,000 dealers and garages supply genuine service parts for Bendix Drive. Look for the name "Bend.x" on each genuine part.

The **BENDIX DRIVE**

Standard equipment on the Electric Starters of a large majority of the world's automobiles and trucks.

Manufactured By

ECLIPSE MACHINE CO., ELMIRA, N.Y.

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, LTD.
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

(Continued from Page 84)

He will make a speech on what is wrong with the moving pictures, or evolve a plan for German reparations, or show how the tax laws should be remedied, or revise the Constitution, or address a woman's club, or dedicate a monument, or speak a few words of wisdom to a cattle breeders' association—it's all one with him, provided he gets some of his speech, or his name at least, into the papers. That is what he is shooting for, and it is amazing how expert some of them become as marksmen. Or, rather, how expert their agents become, because for most of these prominent citizens there is sitting in a back room a publicity person who is supplying the ammunition.

If you look over the lists of those present at any important banquet, say, you will find in the lists of guests, and often in the lists of speakers, a group of these prominent citizens. Always they are there. Always, too, they are elsewhere. You find them popping up in the most extraordinary places, emitting their opinions as if they were oracles instead of stuffed shirts, and proceeding with great dignity and declamatory effect. It is a hard life.

Often, as time goes on, the prominent citizen loses his prop. He may have been president of some big corporation, or have held high political position, such as an ambassadorship or cabinet membership, or have been one of those eminent financiers, or something like that, and in the due processes of time, the due processes of machinations by boards of directors, and other due processes, including political defeat for his party or himself, or aging on his job, has suffered the devastating experience of being shunted off. Then he becomes Mr. C, and there is no more melancholy fate in the world for a publicity hound than to get into the C class. He has had a period of importance. Now that is slipping, and he must fight to hold himself where he was. It is a stern contest. The only easily obtained publicity for has-beens is fitting obituary notices.

Testimonial Dinners

If the life of a prominent citizen and leader of thought is hard, the life of a prominent citizen whose prominence has been dimmed and tarnished by the advent of the "ex" is immeasurably harder. Mr. B must fight, but Mr. C must battle. And we see them all over the place pathetically striving to retain their places, utilizing every artifice, going to every length of opinion, flooding the press and haranguing the public over any topic that is uppermost, proposing remedies, decrying the opinions of others, seeking any novelty, emitting vast clouds of so-called thought, writing books, circulating pamphlets, organizing associations for this and for that all to keep in the limelight.

A mere list of the activities of these three classes of publicity seekers would seem incredible to the general public, who, in a way, think them legitimately prominent in the affairs of city, state and nation. That list would include lobbying for opportunities to appear in public places, seeking invitations to speak, ferreting out channels for the publication of their opinions, buying opportunities for association with the so-called great, demanding or begging for places in important assemblies, asking to be asked to weighty conferences, butting in on every public movement, posing as authorities on various matters, hiring books and pamphlets written to be published with themselves as authors, parroting in public speeches written for them by publicity men, going to Europe and Asia and Africa to pose as leaders of American thought, undertaking journeys of investigation at their own behest and reporting their conclusions as if they were official, organizing testimonials to their own worth—standing as leaders of thought, and descending to any expedient to get into print, to place themselves before the public as men of weight and influence—as prominent citizens.

Many a public dinner in compliment to the great one who is honored is organized by the honored great himself. Many of the praiseful resolutions adopted are written by the publicity agents of those who are subjects of the resolutions. I know a man who, having secretly financed a public improvement, bought a large silver loving cup, had it appropriately engraved as a slight token of recognition of his public spirit, had some friends organize a dinner, paid for the dinner, and blushingly received his own loving cup at his own dinner as a public testimonial to his prominence. There are scores of such instances. Publicity is the desired end—the passion for being prominent at whatever cost to purse. When a man is bitten by the publicity bug all else is inconsequential.

Two methods of approach are utilized by this class of humbugs. One is the method of dealing with public problems, such as government, finance, labor, taxes, international relations, and so on; and the other is dealing with specific abuses against which crusades can be made, such as corruption in a city or state government, or alleged corruption, or the wrongs of a certain class of working people, or iniquitous financial institutions, or needs for a playground or a park, or inequalities in certain laws that affect the people, or the getting after individuals who are, either justly or unjustly, held to be inimical in their operations to the public welfare.

There are two men in this country who are perfect types of these two schools of publicity seeking. One goes in for great economic and governmental and international questions. The other confines himself to the specific crusade against the particular wrong or for the specific benefit. They are both rich, and they both have a passion for getting into the papers that is never satiated.

A Great Game

The man who specializes in national and international problems has not only one publicity agent but a publicity bureau, with many employes working in it. He manufactures his publicity by wholesale. There are hundreds of people in this country who are in regular receipt of pamphlets, copies of speeches, statements, and so on, solving all sorts of economic problems, who do not know why they are so favored. The reason is because they are on this man's mailing list.

There hasn't been an important gathering of men or women to discuss important topics in five years that this man was not there, and usually there with a speech or a solution. He is indefatigable. He is omnipresent. It must cost him a lot of money, but his clipping bureau recompenses him for that. He spends vast amounts, but he gets vast publicity also.

The other man operates along entirely different lines, but with equally satisfactory results to himself. He has much money. Also, he has an intimate acquaintance with such forms of maladministrations as provide good crusading grounds for his attacks. Intimate. His plan is to select some phase of municipal or state or national government or some phase of corporation abuse that is sensationally subject to denunciation and to denounce it. He is skilled at arranging investigations, and he has a perfect knowledge of what will be good copy for the newspapers

When he gets his objective fixed he lands on the hapless creatures of his wrath with a flood of incrimination that puts him in the headlines for days and sometimes weeks, because he never starts anything without careful organization and preparation and with a full knowledge of just where he is coming out. He always has in mind the welfare of the common people. Whereas the first man, used as a type, does not attack individuals, but deals in broad and impersonal questions, the second man goes right after the persons concerned and names names. The results are the same, and each has many other publicity grabbers following in his wake.

Half, if not more, of this public-welfare stuff—international, national and local—has its first and most vital incentive in the passion for the promoters of it for personal publicity.

It is a great game. It embraces everything from the giant financial institutions and the great railroad systems and corporations to the bootleggers. If a man with any money gets into trouble with the police he hires a press agent. If a great financier falls afoul of the Government he hires a publicity director. Publicity is a great national industry. All the government departments have publicity directors. Publicity is a great international industry. All the nations of the world have publicity agents in this country. It gives employment to thousands of clever people. And it usually does no particular harm, save in the creation of bogus reputations. Still, that doesn't amount to much, because the publicity most of them get is as spurious in the long run as the methods by which it is obtained.

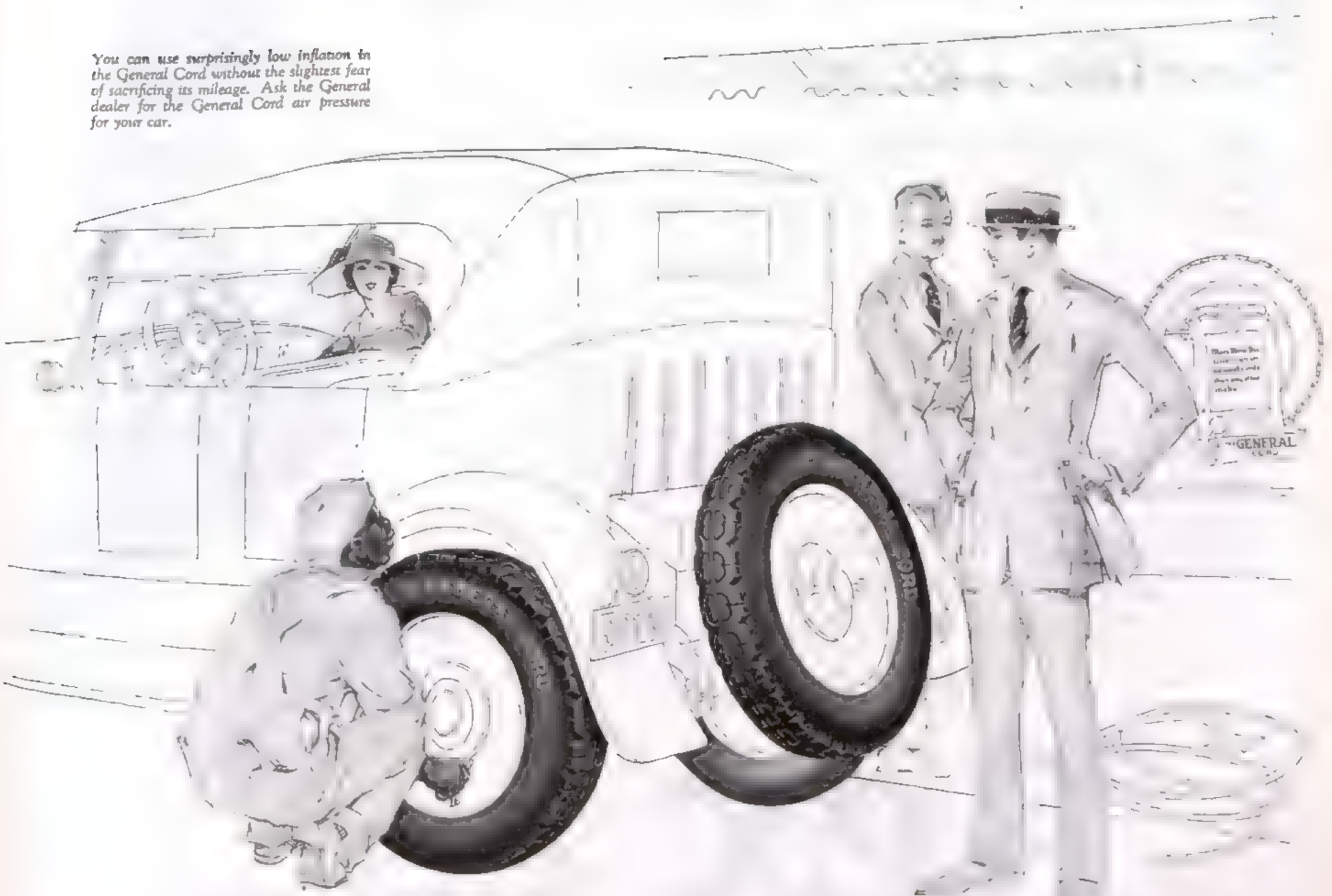
THE GENERAL CORD TIRE

—goes a long way to make friends

YOU hear the General Cord praised as a tire of beauty and distinction. You hear it commended for its exceptionally long mileage. Most of all you hear of its ability to travel on low air pressure; how the General Cord cushions the passengers and the car itself from the jolts and jars of the road, without curtailing its unusually long life by a single mile.

When you think of *riding comfort* as well as *mileage* you will know the reason why the General Cord has been so successful.

You can use surprisingly low inflation in the General Cord without the slightest fear of sacrificing its mileage. Ask the General dealer for the General Cord air pressure for your car.



BUILT IN AKRON, OHIO, BY THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER CO.

The REX Enclosure
Only
$75 F. O. B. Connersville
Ask your Automobile Dealer

A New Motoring Comfort for Thousands

The Rex Enclosure Now Gives Touring Car Owners Dignified Closed Car Comfort and Pleasure at a Price Formerly Considered Impossible

Protection against all kinds of weather—clear vision through broad panes of sparkling glass—ventilation controlled by instantly adjustable sliding windows—construction of a type and quality that assure permanence—good looks that add distinctly to the appearance of your car!

The Rex Enclosure, developed by the world's largest manufacturer of California tops, provides these essential closed car advantages at a price almost unbelievably low. It is fitted to the top now on your open car, and offers the advantage of light weight that levies no tax on open car power, economy or roadability.

The installation of a Rex Enclosure can be made in a few hours, by the dealer from whom you bought your car. Drive down your open car in the morning; drive away by mid-afternoon in a handsome, enclosed automobile—the same car, yet a vastly different one in its greater usefulness, increased comfort and all-year dependability.

Write us, telling what car you own or are thinking of buying, and we will send you an illustrated folder, showing exactly how that car will look when Rex-equipped.

For prompt installation service, we suggest that you see your dealer very soon

Installation is made in a few hours by any authorized dealer in these cars:

BUICK CHEVROLET ESSEX DODGE BROTHERS
HUPMOBILE NASH STUDEBAKER

REX MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA (30)

Rex Tops at a very moderate cost supply the finer touches that add [illegible] deep-bevelled glass [illegible] in antique silver finish [illegible] comfort and rich beauty both inside and out

Rex Tops and Enclosures

ECONOMICAL CLOSED CAR COMFORT

OH, DOCTOR!

(Continued from Page 23)

Miss Hicks here wrought an effect with a sudden nasal expulsion of breath that betrayed her lack of interest in these reports, an effect commonly but defectively phoneticized as "Humph!" This lettering conveys little of the actual sound. But the sound itself was informing.

Doctor Seaver, who had meant to put this meeting at once on a plane of geniality that would thaw much official ice between nurse and patient, saw his error. Miss Hicks had not met him halfway, nor had the patient himself evinced any response in kind to the genial attack. He had merely said "Oh, how do you do, Miss Hicks? I'm sure we shall hit it off," swept her with a spiritless glance of disinterest, and once more brought his cephalic sensations to the fore.

"It's that pressure again, doctor." He clasped his head in long, thin hands. "Is it too soon for another dose of that powder?"

Seaver grimly measured another bit of the white powder into half a glass of water. "Tricky stuff," he said. "I can't risk giving you another shot of it for half an hour yet."

He turned to the nurse.

"Miss Hicks, see that he gets this, just as it is, in half an hour."

"Yes, doctor."

The patient idly reflected that her voice was unlike Miss Schultz's.

"I believe that's all now. You have your other instructions. I'll look in again at five."

When he had gone Miss Hicks set back the chair he had drawn to the bedside, tidied the books on the table, cast a professional eye about the room, straightened a print on the wall, went to the dresser, ostensibly to rearrange the toilet articles but actually to glance at her cap, which she readjusted ever so slightly, though not obscuring the one visible ebon lock, picked a shred of wrapping paper from the floor, and glanced at her patient. His face was turned from her. She raised a curtain that was impeding sun rays, swept the room with another look as if finally to orient herself, and went to the door, where she turned and spoke:

"I'll be in here. Call me if you want anything, Mr. Billop."

"Very well, Miss Hicks."

He did not face her, but his tone was cheerful. She went out silently. The patient lay motionless, still regarding the wall. He presently clasped his head again and wondered if the doctor hadn't been too cautious with this latest anodyne. Perhaps he could safely have taken another dose in fifteen minutes. Then his thoughts wavered back to the new nurse. She seemed to meet the promises that had been made for her, though he now wondered a little at the enthusiasm shown by his three friends. Probably, he thought, she had nursed one, perhaps all of them, through illnesses. They would thus have learned that she was a good nurse. And at least she was different from the other one. She had not revealed, in the look of their brief greeting, her unalterable conviction that he was done for. She had not, by a stealthy manner of approach, nor by a resigned tenderness in smoothing his pillow, recalled a certain too-well-remembered phrase from the Billop advertising. Nor, he was sure, would she presently launch into personal reminiscences of an exclusively mortuary character

There was another difference he had noted. Although garbed in practically the same uniform, Miss Schultz had irradiated a wholly needless aroma of antiseptics; he had been too certain that her costume was always scientifically sterile. She might at any moment, doubtless without further precautions, have stepped into an operating room. That had been a forbidding note in her stage presence, as it were; and it had been absent from this Miss Hicks. She had not reminded him of germicides in her few approaches. She had seemed to exhale, rather, a dim, entirely discreet, all but evasive scent of some forgotten flower—wood violets he thought of, but could not be certain.

Finally, he had observed a welcome variation in footwear. Miss Schultz, in her felt soles, had been able to draw near him as unobtrusively as death itself, often as disconcertingly, when he would glance up to see a hopeless face where an instant before no face had been. The new nurse was more humanly shod. She should know better than to wear such high heels, of course; but he would know when she was coming; and even then, it seemed, she would not come Anubis-like. Too often had he vividly fancied the jackal's head on the broad shoulders of Miss Schultz. He dozed presently on these agreeable musings.

He was aroused by the return of Miss Hicks, who had not acquired the knack of opening doors quite noiselessly. She advanced alertly to his bedside, an eye on her wrist watch. He raised himself on an elbow and took the glass from her.

Miss Schultz would have said "And how are we by now?" Miss Hicks merely said "Here's the stuff." and looked out of the window. He quickly drained the glass and glanced up catching her eyes at an angle that showed him a look of listless indifference. She was regarding him, he saw, but quite impersonally, as she would any object in the room—a vast improvement, he thought, on the too personal manner of her predecessor.

She felt his stare and again became alert, attentive, businesslike.

"Anything else you'd like now?"

"No, thank you. I'll call if I do." He smiled with an afterthought. "I'm sure we shall get along."

Miss Hicks stared as if the table had addressed her.

"Why not?" she asked very simply.

She set the glass away, looked about the room once more, and retired, again with a large indifference. He idly noted that her figure suggested slightness, though also the vigor required of one following her profession. Her step was light but assured. Her self-possession was marked. He dozed again, pleasantly aware that he was served by a nurse who caused him no apprehensions—a nurse almost not human, a nurse he could forget.

Miss Hicks had bestowed even less thought than this on her charge. But with the closing of the door between bedroom and living room the listless manner fell from her as a garment outworn; she became not only alert but vivacious. She ran to a couch at the far side of the room, plumped herself among its pillows and resumed her open copy of a motion-picture magazine. As her widened eyes ran down the column to locate the words she had last read, one blind hand groped its way to a box of chocolates. She had her preference among these confections, but her present tension forbade even one look into the box; she took what her hand found and munched abstractedly, her jaws halting at intervals, stilled by some extremity of poignance in the drama she followed.

Across the top of her page ran the title, Hell's-Fury Brackett, a Gripping Novelization by a Master Hand of the Superfilm of the Same Name. Miss Hicks read rapidly, intently, excitedly.

Hell's-Fury Brackett, big, strong, silent man of the open, with the unsuspicious nature of a little child, but a demon when aroused, loving animals and respecting good women wherever found, had his back to the wall. But he exulted in danger, and there were already intimations that he would prevail over his enemies and win the guerdon of a pure girl's love.

Miss Hicks was now so certain of this that she turned back a page to study the portrait of the sterling actor who had so convincingly impersonated this hero. He was roughly dressed as a woodsman, with rolled sleeves revealing his mighty arms. His face was stern, the square jaw a threat to evildoers. She groped again for the candy box, recalling other triumphs of this same actor, a daring chap who took chances. His strength was immense, his skill with wild horses, racing cars, aëroplanes, such as to put him high in the ranks of his profession. Miss Hicks was thrilled; Miss Hicks was, indeed, human. Small wonder she had viewed that wasted weakling in the next room with bored indifference.

Doctor Seaver that evening dryly imparted to three anxious inquirers the details of Miss Hicks' installation:

"She's been there six hours and he hasn't seen her yet. He hasn't even looked. She means as much to him as any other nurse that attends to her business; not a bit more. This minute he couldn't tell you if she's a blonde or a brunette. That's the way I want it, and the way I was afraid it wouldn't be. So it's all right. You'll never have to recall what I said, because nothing will happen. He dozed off ten minutes after he saw her, and slept a lot after that."

"Dozed off! With her in the room?" This was Mr. McIntosh. "I won't believe that. It was a lethargy he fell into, some baneful stupor. No man could doze off naturally with that bonny picture in plain sight."

"It was a natural sleep," insisted Seaver.

"Well, for the Lord's sake! He is a limpet. But can't we do something—even with a limpet? Mightn't you ask her to blandish him a bit? Tell her she needn't mean it."

XI

LIFE for the invalid now fell into a rhythm of well-ordered routine that soothed to quiescence all his lately tormented nerves. He could hear the bird song from the bougainvillea sometimes for a long moment before remembering that the creature would no doubt be piping there with the same light insouciance on a certain morning when the defectively assembled organism known as Rufus Billop had forever ceased to function. He could often endure the blatant self-assertion of poinsettias and the now blossoming jasmine, without reflecting that they were merely a concrete symbol of life's instability. He was more nearly cheerful than at any time since the desertion of Cleaver and Aunt Sena.

He even pleasantly anticipated the comings of his food tray with its modest array of chemically accurate proteins and calories. As never before he was swathed and tended, watchfully yet unobtrusively, in endless peace. And all, it conclusively seemed, because Miss Hicks was unlike Miss Schultz.

His last perturbations had centered about a possible disharmony between the new nurse and Aunt Beulah, arising from the latter's whole-hearted approval of Miss Schultz. Aunt Beulah had found the discourse of Miss Schultz edifying, and considered that she had shown a proper sense of her responsibilities; and it had been his instant fear that the new nurse might not please in these respects. The very difference in their faces might overwhelmingly suggest that Miss Hicks had no adequate sense of responsibility.

He had, he thought, detected almost at once that she was not a mental type—she was not a cerebral like Miss Gauch, who had listened so respectfully to him at the Bide-a-Wee Sanitarium, and she had a way of humming abstractedly to herself as she moved about the room. It suggested not so much frivolity as that she was not quite vividly aware that she tended a dying man. These variations from Miss Schultz pleased rather than pained him; but would Aunt Beulah also be pleased? His last misgiving vanished when it appeared that Aunt Beulah's likings were of the broadest catholicity.

Not instantly did this appear. Their first meeting had occurred at his bedside, Aunt Beulah breezing in from a shopping tour on that memorable day of Miss Hicks' arrival. He lightly performed the ceremony of introduction, and was pained to note that the pair received each other in a watchful, even guarded manner. They did no more than nod, and their nods were stiff, even cold. They uttered conventional phrases from which warmth was not too subtly excluded. They coolly and not very furtively appraised each other, with little side trips of the eye for details of dress. They went apart noncommittally. It was not quite an armed neutrality, but they were accepting each other with a plenitude of reservations.

He had seen that Miss Hicks was reticent. She had impressed him, indeed, as being secretive. But he was amazed at Aunt Beulah, whose nature had seemed to be open on four sides to any human wind that blew. At least this had been true of her observed encounters with men—with Seaver, Clinch and the others. With each of these she had been instantly her open, hearty, freely hale self. And here she was being a strange woman, cold, shut; perhaps not actually suspicious, but too evidently doubtful. She had hoped, without the slightest conviction, that Miss Hicks would like her new place, and then announced that she would immediately die in great suffering if she didn't get something easy on her feet. She had gone away to avert this catastrophe, while Miss Hicks resumed the lightly hummed accompaniment to which she had been performing certain minor tasks. Aunt Beulah had become to Miss Hicks an entirely forgotten episode.

He lay speculating wildly about women. Were they instinctively suspicious of one another, far more than men of men? Must these two become reassured like a couple of strange—cats, he decided upon, before they would relax into the unwatchful friendliness he had hoped would be found native to both?

For another day their eyes had continued to narrow on each other, sometimes to mere slits. Their politeness was still excessive, far too highly mannered. Neither, to his knowledge, relaxed ever so faintly. He decided that Miss Hicks could remain only under resigned sufferance, if, indeed, she did not find Aunt Beulah impossibly objectionable. Down to the very end he had observed no sign of relenting. No tiny bleached banner flew from either rampart. Hostilities, it seemed, might be forward at any moment. Then on the morning of the third day, when he was certain from a chilled, brief encounter between them that the end had come, through the half-open door of the living room he heard Aunt Beulah call the new nurse "Dearie!"

He gasped, listening intently. Their voices mingled informally now; they brazenly interrupted each other, whereas before they had with extreme punctiliousness waited for the icy end of each other's short speeches. The babble rose, warm, animated, continuous. He gathered its import. They were going to wash their hair. They were comparing soaps and methods. Each conceded the merit of the other's soap and method, although it appeared that Miss Hicks might speak with riper authority from the circumstance that her sister had worked for two years in the Bon Ton Beauty Parlor. Their voices died away, though not diminishing in activity. Somewhere a closing door silenced them. He was mystified anew. Was hair washing some sacred rite in which two women might celebrate a hardly woven amity? Did it incur an intimacy that might even cement this?

After a time he heard them come into the sunny back court upon which his glassed door stood open. They brought chairs and sat in them. Again he heard the astounding "Dearie" from Aunt Beulah, and then from Miss Hicks, quite as inexplicably, the words "Aunt Beulah." Some magic had been wrought by the mere cleansing of human hair. Was it broadly human—or merely womanish? With real excitement he raised himself from his bed to look out.

They sat side by side, their backs to the sun. A thick towel lay about the shoulders of each, and over this spilled their drying hair. He had not before seen the nurse out of her lawn cap. He liked the effect of the cap, but the full brow possessed an undeniable merit. Her hair was black, and he followed the lustrous strands of it as far as he could. The strands were undulating. Her brow seemed paler under this pall, her now darting eyes a deeper green.

He spared a glance for Aunt Beulah. He saw with surprise that the hair she had washed was a sparse growth commonly secreted from the public gaze by that blond hair which he had felt was somehow alien. Aunt Beulah was in truth now mentioning this precise discrepancy:

"Yes, I've had that same transformation going on two years now; it cost money, dearie; but Mr. Rush always used to say, 'Get the best while you're getting.'"

"It must save a lot of trouble."

This was Miss Hicks, reaching over her left shoulder at the moment to better spread the damp mass of her own hair.

"It does," said Aunt Beulah. "When needed, I take it down to the shop and read something while they simply put it on a wig block and give it a good going over. You wouldn't believe what a relief it is."

The listener was now suffering embarrassment. He wondered if he should cough. A baser instinct prevailed. He labored under the burden of his recent sensational discovery that women are creatures of mystery. Never had he suspected this. He was thrilled, and held to a course of bald eavesdropping.

They were now prattling of the occult. Aunt Beulah had been to a fortune teller the day before, having felt the need of superior advice about certain investments of her modest competency.

Continued on Page 92

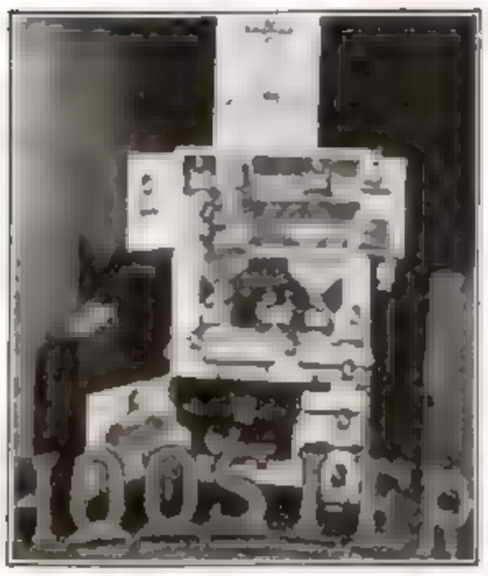
The Ideal Store, general, displayed Pillsbury's Flour and her other Farm & Fireside advertised products

The Daylight Store, general, featured Kellogg's Corn Flakes and seven other products

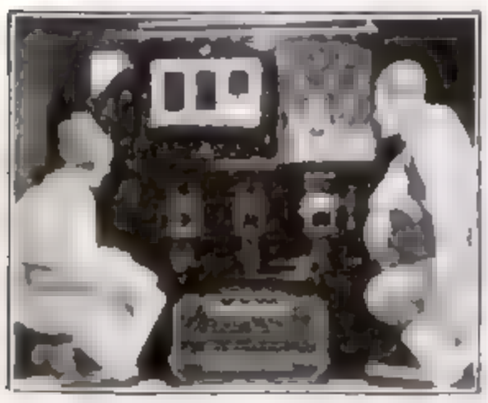
De Laval Separators were one of seven products shown by the Hughes Hardware Company

Visitors to New Richmond were informed of Farm & Fireside Exposition Week by this large banner, conspicuously placed

The town that held a Farm & Fireside Exposition



M. J. Casey, Furniture, had an interesting display of Hoosier Kitchen Cabinets



Williams Hardware Company displayed New Perfection Oil Ranges and eight other products

How the merchants of New Richmond, Wisconsin, co-operated in a great community showing of the products advertised in Farm & Fireside, and increased their sales 69 per cent.

TO towns the country over which are dependent for their prosperity upon farm trade, New Richmond, Wisconsin (population, 2,248), suggests a new plan of co-operative retail merchandising.

Pioneers who have converted this upper Wisconsin territory into a fruitful farming region, and the sons of pioneers, these New Richmondites have blazed a new trail in the field of community retailing which other towns, other merchants, may follow with profit.

The idea is simplicity itself, simple in its operation. Instead of the overworked bargain days, dollar days, farmers' days and similar devices, the Kiwanis Club of New Richmond, whose membership comprises all of the leading merchants and professional men, conceived the thought of a great and interesting exposition of nationally-advertised merchandise.

A Farm & Fireside Exposition

What more natural than that they should look to Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, for inspiration? And as they turned its pages, first one merchant, then another announced that he carried one of the products advertised, until it was discovered that fifty-eight of these products were represented, and sold, in New Richmond stores.

And thus was born the idea of a Farm & Fireside Exposition, a joint showing by all of the merchants of the products with which the community had become familiar through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

The plan, in spite of a backward spring, late planting, seasonal handicaps, was a pronounced success.

A 69% increase in sales

Twenty merchants reported an average increase in sales over the preceding week of 69 per cent.

Individual merchants reported increased sales running as high as 150 per cent. Eleven merchants reported increases exceeding 50 per cent; five in excess of 100 per cent.

Sales of Farm & Fireside-advertised merchandise aggregating $4,199.81 were reported by six merchants who kept individual records of these products.

The merchants, the people of the town and the people of the country were brought closer together, and were reminded that their interests are identical.

At the Boston Store, general, sixteen Farm & Fireside-advertised products were shown

FARM & *The National*

McMonagle's, general, featured five Farm & Fireside-advertised products

Three products received special display by the Model Grocery

New Richmond Heating & Plumbing Company featured Duro Water Systems and American Radiators

A number of the merchants painted special signs like this—Farm & Fireside products featured here—for their store fronts

Three products were displayed by the Wells Electric Construction Company

How the exposition was conducted

Merchants representing every line of trade—drygoods, men's and women's clothing, groceries and meats, jewelry, drugs, hardware, farm implements, automobiles and accessories, lumber, general stores—participated in the exposition.

Rivalry among the stores in preparing special Farm & Fireside window displays was spirited and friendly. Every window carried neatly lettered cards announcing one or more products, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside." The result was a series of windows that constituted a panoramic showing of the nationally known merchandise which is regularly advertised in Farm & Fireside.

The event was liberally advertised in local newspapers and by printed programs mailed throughout the countryside. Merchants vied with one another in offering special values, but it is worthy of note that not a single Farm & Fireside-advertised product was offered at a reduced price.

Manufacturers and jobbers offered special assistance in the form of demonstrations, window trimming, display material, samples and literature.

And thus the first Farm & Fireside Exposition—the first of many, if its success is a criterion—goes down in merchandising history.

An opportunity for your town

A Farm & Fireside Exposition will be equally successful in your town. For in every community Farm & Fireside wields a tremendous influence—an influence among the prosperous and influential farm families who look to its editorial and advertising pages for inspiration and guidance in the business of farming and farm buying.

The publishers of Farm & Fireside will be glad to co-operate with any town, any merchant, in the development of a Farm & Fireside Exposition. We will furnish you complete details of the plan, as it was so successfully applied in New Richmond, and will supply you with display material for your windows.

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FIRESIDE
Farm Magazine

The Standard Spark Plug of the World

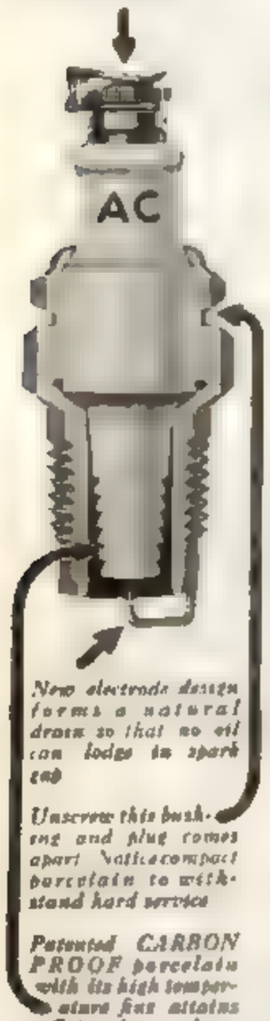
Ford Drivers

Why You Need a Good Spark in Each Cylinder

Without a good spark in each cylinder it is impossible for your engine to run properly. The function of the spark plug is to deliver the current in the form of a *full* spark at the gap between the two firing points.

It follows that if part of the current never reaches the spark plug points, due to its leaking away through the porcelain, or because carbon accumulates, either there will be no spark or it will be so weakened that it will not properly ignite the mixture.

Spring terminal clip permits wire to be instantly detached and reconnected while motor is running. Facilitates testing spark plug and coil. No nut to be unscrewed or lost



New electrode design forms a natural drain so that no oil can lodge in spark end

Unscrew this bushing and plug comes apart. Note compact porcelain to withstand hard service

Patented CARBON PROOF porcelain with its high temperature fire attains sufficient heat to burn oil deposits, thus offering effective resistance to carbon

Why You Should Change Your Spark Plugs

Incorrectly designed plugs cause poor performance. Old or worn-out plugs will cause a gradual loss of power until finally your engine does not pick-up and get away as it once did. Put in a set of AC 1075's—you will observe an immediate all-around improvement in performance and easier starting. If your Ford dealer cannot supply you, obtain them from any other dealer.

Something You Have Always Wanted

Carrying spare plugs without risk of damage is now provided for by the AC Plug Kit—a compact, substantial metal box, illustrated below. Obtain yours free, with a set of AC 1075 *Specials for Fords*, then when your motor misses or performs poorly, how convenient it is to take your *AC Plug Kit* and change all your plugs. At your convenience clean and test the removed plugs and put them back into the *AC Plug Kit* ready for future use.

AC 1075
Special for Fords

The AC Plug Kit to carry your spare plugs

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

Makers of AC Spark Plugs — AC Speedometers

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 89)

"Of course I don't believe in it," she said; "and yet there must be something to it, like that time when I sold out my gas stock just before it tumbled. Of course it came back; but anyway, it was queer."

"I don't believe in it either," agreed Miss Hicks; but they do tell you queer things. My sister knows a good one, and one time when I was still in training four of us girls at the hospital made up a pool to bet on a certain race at Tia Juana; and some of them wanted one horse and some another; and sister says, 'You let me go to Madam Wanda for a tip and I'll come in with you myself.' So we said all right, and sister went. This Madam Wanda had an Indian control, an old chief or something, who said Ajax would win the race we wanted to bet on; and we put the whole ten dollars on him, and he won, and we got forty dollars back. What do you think of that? And of course sister wanted us to bet on another race a couple of days later, and went to Madam Wanda again; and the old chief, or whatever he was, gave us Drummer Boy as a sure thing—and Drummer Boy isn't in yet, so far as I know. Of course it was silly of us to think we'd go on winning. In that case everybody'd find it out, and pretty soon no one would give you a bet."

"Of course, dearie; you might have known."

Aunt Beulah reached about to widen the spread of her own meager locks. Miss Hicks tossed her head at a sun she did not know was dying, and voiced the wisdom she had garnered.

"You can beat a race," she said, "but you can't beat the races."

"How much did this Madam Wanda charge?" demanded Aunt Beulah.

"Only a dollar."

"Well, what I always say, if you are going to one, go to a good one—and I don't believe you'll ever find a good one that charges less than five. That's what mine gets, and his waiting room's full from nine to five. He's a Hindu party by the name of Singh Mahl—you must have seen his ads—and he has black velvet curtains hanging from the ceiling and wears a native costume and has the most piercing eyes. Sometimes when I'm sitting there and he looks at me and begins to talk in this voice of his control—say, I tremble like a leaf."

The listener was here briefly lost, trying vainly for the indicated picture. Aunt Beulah, he thought, was ill calculated to tremble like a leaf.

"And you tell him your dreams," she was continuing. "You'll dream something that seems silly, but when he analyzes it you see it had a secret meaning. He's given me some wonderful tests in that way."

"Dreams," murmured Miss Hicks.

"Like dreams that repeat on you. The same one comes every night. They're the kind that have a bearing on your fate."

He was watching the face of Miss Hicks, a compact little face, firm of contour; it came to life now.

"Oh, that's like my dream I'm always having. It comes—well, at least once a month. I'm in one of the big shops down town, and fire breaks out. I can see the flames leaping up and the crowd rushing to get out, and people are grabbing things, and I'm always perfectly cool, and I think this is my chance for everything I want. So I grab up bolts of silk and laces and ribbons—everything I've been looking at—and I've got the most wonderful armful, and start for the door. But it's too good." She shook her head, with its great backward-falling veil of black hair. "I wake up. Last time I had it I got nearly to the door with this loot, and right by the door was a case full of all kinds of pins—hatpins and common pins and cards of safeties—just silly stuff that I shouldn't have stopped for; but I did, and while I was grabbing a lot of this cheap stuff I woke up again. If I hadn't stopped there I'd have been out with my plunder." She sighed regretfully. "And of course it will be the same next time I dream it."

A moment later they were discussing relative values among what Aunt Beulah called face fixings. Massage creams, powders, rouge were among these. With the exception of creams, it appeared that Miss Hicks had but a superficial knowledge of these toilet adjuncts. She did like a good cream; it kept the face up, and she named her favorite. Nor was she above the sparing use of a certain standard powder when exposed to raw airs. But rouge ——

"The first case I had after I got my badge, that I'd slaved three years for, was the husband of a woman that was hard-faced, like frozen ivory, and the paints, oils and putties she put on! They have all kinds of money and solid-gold plumbing in three of the bathrooms; she told me it was so much easier cleaned than the nickel plumbing. Anyway, she was snippy to me, and I was three days guessing the reason—because I didn't slap on a lot of make-up. She was pretty old, and painted herself to look pretty young, and it made her kind of boiling to see even a kid like me look young without tricks.

"Isn't it the limit the way you pass things of eighteen or so painted and eyebrowed and lip-sticked till they look as old as the average forty-year woman you see at the tea places or the dance places? If a girl's got a good complexion, why cover it up as if she hadn't, and why draw her mouth just so, till it looks like every other mouth in the room—like a cheap sign painter had turned out the lot? That's what I said then and what I say now. But I was anxious to make good on my first case; and after I saw the only way I could please this jealous old thing, I actually did beg some rouge from her in the sweetest way and said I wished I could put it on cleverly like she did, so no one would ever suspect it. Didn't she sun up to me then! And she'd do my mouth herself. I managed to duck the eyebrow part. And she hated to have me go when her husband got to stepping again. Wasn't that funny?"

"Well"—Aunt Beulah spoke on a note of mild defiance—"I couldn't keep my schoolgirl complexion forever, and I have to make the most of what's left."

"Of course you do." Miss Hicks was patting Aunt Beulah's plump hand. "You'd be crazy not to. We women have to look our best. It means a whole lot in this profession, let me tell you, and you certainly do yourself a lot of good. Don't think I was criticizing a woman for putting on something she needs."

Their chairs moved on the brick floor of the court.

"This mane of mine's about dry," said Miss Hicks.

"I'd love to brush it," said Aunt Beulah.

"You're a dear," said Miss Hicks.

The two were seen slowly to disappear, arm in arm.

The watcher, the listener, lay back on his pillow in a high flush of enlightenment. Miss Hicks—the silent, laconic, guarded, businesslike—was human after all. But this was a minor discovery. What thrilled him was his late admission into a realm whose very existence he had never suspected. Women were different, then, when they were alone together, their guards down; and they were strange. Insoluble mysteries, he now decided, but provocative. He was interested in the sex as never before. He must read something about women. And to be sure, with his new data to pique him, he would continue to study—to observe.

Miss Hicks came to him with his luncheon tray. Her cap was again in place, her face set in the secretive lines he knew. Her glance at him was perfunctory, a glance vouchsafed him in the line of duty. But for the opened door, he would not have guessed her human frailties so artlessly disclosed above a mere hair washing. He ventured a small test of her armor of reticence.

"I'm glad, Miss Hicks, that you and Aunt Beulah seem to be hitting it off. I was afraid you weren't going to like each other."

Miss Hicks stared at him impassively.

"Why wouldn't we?" she said shortly. "I liked her a lot from the beginning. Here, take this broth first."

He forbore any other assaults. He could, of course, abash her by saying that only the most primitive minds believe that the prospective winner of a horse race could be revealed from any post-carnate source whatsoever. But this might shut him off from further disclosures and would, in truth, be of no immediate satisfaction. He kept still.

But he was again to marvel. To Aunt Beulah, later that day, he said, "I'm so glad you and Miss Hicks seem to be hitting it off. I was afraid at first you didn't like her."

"If men aren't the queerest things!" she retorted. "I fell in love with her the moment I laid eyes on her."

It was incredible, but he said no more. He had discovered something, and in the exciting realization of this he was content at first to watch and wonder. Like a pioneer gazing from an uplifted peak across a broad new land, he made no immediate effort to particularize. His abounding little curiosities about mere detail were held down by the bare spectacle at large. He had discovered women! Even the familiar Aunt Beulah had been *terra incognita*. For the present he would watch; he had the feeling that he stared through glass at weird hybrids from another age, who swam in a medium composed of their trivial talk, their superstitions, their strange half-intelligent beliefs, their secret vanities withheld from all but their own kind.

Later he would study them in detail; and of course there must be informing books about creatures so curious. At present he could only recall, of his random reading, that the vocabulary of the average woman consists of not more than eight hundred words. Yet in the hour's chatter to which he had listened, neither of these women had ever seemed at a loss for a word. He had not felt that they were at any time conscious of being cramped.

He recalled the term "sex equality," also encountered by him at a period when it possessed no meaning. Now it seemed to bear rather baneful implications. Would these two, by any chance, pretend to be the equal of himself? Only a week ago Aunt Beulah had flatly denied her common origin with the lower animals. She had said it was against the laws of common sense, and even supposing it was true—what of it? She had proved unreceptive to the elementary truths of biology and denied that they could have significance of any value even to the credulous ones who accepted them.

Miss Hicks, also, was a primitive, her superstitions unflawed by any knowledge of those ineluctable sequences called laws. Uncorrected by experience, she innocently surveyed her private universe of which she was the purposed product and the interested but not at all perturbed center. The world had been made for her—she would not be above even this rank teleology.

Swiftly he had persuaded Miss Gauch at the Bide-a-Wee Sanitarium that she was the most accidental of incidents in the universal redistribution of matter and motion. Miss Gauch had said that he made it all so plain. But Miss Gauch had been a cerebral. Miss Hicks was different. It would be beyond him to persuade her, he was already certain, that her existence had not the slightest cosmic significance. So early had he learned this much.

He slept on this. When he awoke there was a note propped against the glass on his table. It read, in firm, plain script:

> Your aunt wanted me to go polking around shops with her to get some plooms for her new hat. Will be back soon.

He felt an irritation against Aunt Beulah. What was her notion of a trained nurse's duties? Whose trained nurse did she think Miss Hicks was? He passed from this to a consideration of Miss Hicks' individual spelling. He had not from the first, he reflected, thought her a mental type.

He awaited her return, deciding at first that he would appear to have felt neglected. He abandoned this pose. He would not be able to carry it off. But he wished to make further observations—he would ask her to read to him.

She came in, bringing some cool, nameless fragrance from the out-of-doors. She hoped unconcernedly that he had wanted nothing, and, when he asked her to read to him, stared peculiarly. He suffered a quick pang of discernment.

Undoubtedly the girl was studying him, as he had fancied his own study of her; through an aquarium glass she watched a curious creature swimming about in some medium composed of his own—what? He could not divine, but the mental sensation was quite unprecedented. No one had ever made him feel that way. The stare was broken, and Miss Hicks obligingly took the opened volume he proffered. She drew a chair up, seated herself with care, crossed her feet and began at the place he had indicated:

"'Our species is biologically very modern. The earth itself is one of the smaller, perhaps later planets, revolving around a minor star. The entire solar system, of which the earth is so insignificant a portion, is itself a system of contemptible minuteness, set among other luminaries and other systems which surpass it many times in magnitude ——'"

(Continued on Page 95)

R. B. JOHNSTON
4328 LEACH AVENUE
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA
TELEPHONE MERRITT 5700

January 28th, 1923.

American Radiator Company,
816 S. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

I am writing this letter as an unsolicited testimonial of the value of the finest little heating plant I have ever known - The Arcola.

I came to this city two years ago from Detroit. In the east I have operated many different makes of hot air furnaces, also steam and hot water plants - and, of course, after this experience I knew that hot water was the ideal way of heating.

During this last summer I built a 6 room bungalow and installed Arcola placing the little boiler in a small basement made for this purpose. I have four radiators - one each in the living room, dining room, bath and my den - none in the two bedrooms.

When we put the plant in operation it was a revelation to us in easy heating - especially in the short time that it took to get the whole house warm. We heat every corner of our house WARM with a nice summer heat with less coal than we would use in one stove - and at the same time have plenty of warm water from a coil I had placed in the fire box.

Several of our friends who contemplate building have been in to look us over and they all declare that they too are going to install Arcola. In fact I might say that if our boosting will help any Arcola is going to have a wonderful future here - for Oakland is a fast growing city.

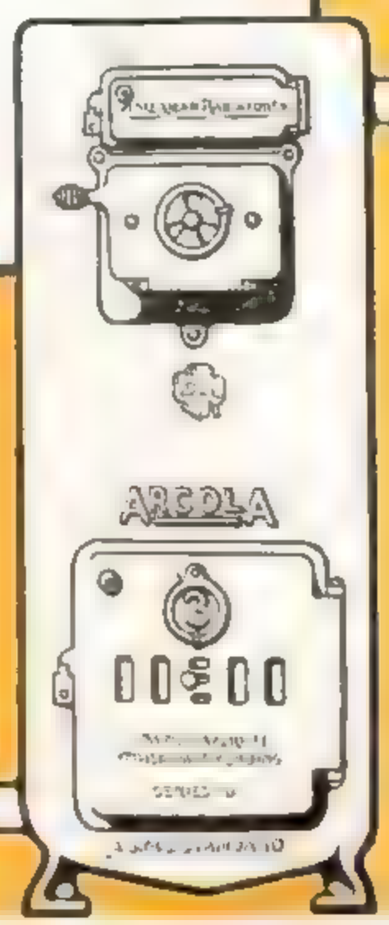
In conclusion will say that we almost feel that Arcola is one of the family and that we refer to "her" as "Arkie".

With best wishes to the makers of a most estimable heating plant,
I am

Very truly yours,

R. B. Johnston.

Send for the book that tells about Arcola



AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

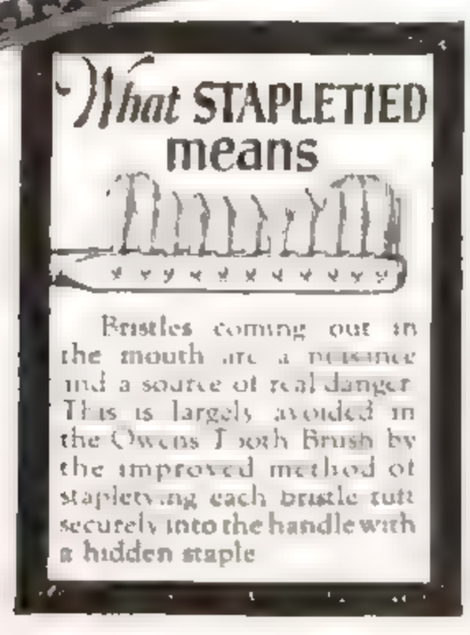
IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

104 West 42nd St., Dept. 96
NEW YORK

AMERICAN IDEAL
RADIATORS BOILERS

816 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 96
CHICAGO

See this striking display at your Druggist's


What STAPLETIED means
Bristles coming out in the mouth are a nuisance and a source of real danger. This is largely avoided in the Owens Tooth Brush by the improved method of stapletying each bristle tuft securely into the handle with a hidden staple

Remarkable New Tooth Brush- in glass container- scientifically correct trim

FRANKLY, don't you prefer to know that your tooth brush is positively clean and sanitary? Most tooth brushes are exposed to dirt and thumbing by thoughtless people. Even those sold in cartons have to be taken out and exposed to handling so the purchaser can see what he buys!

The new Owens Stapletied Tooth Brush is sold in a sparkling, clean, sanitary glass container. You can see what you buy without running the risk of getting a soiled or germ-laden brush. The container is heavy enough to resist breakage. It makes a wonderfully convenient traveling case!

Very economical

The Owens Tooth Brush, sold in this better way, doesn't cost you a cent more than ordinary brushes! This is due to tremendous production, and also to the fact that we produce our own glass containers at minimum cost.

Approved by dentists

Money cannot buy a better tooth brush! The trim design is one voted on by hundreds of dentists as the best for cleaning every part of the teeth! Notice how wide apart the bristles are—the wedge-shaped tops and the trim that fits the shape of your teeth! You'll like the curved handle, too! It makes cleaning the back teeth so much easier.

Don't fail to ask your druggist to let you see this remarkable new brush! There is a different colored handle for every member of your family. Prices are only 30, 40 and 50 cents in the child's, youth's, and adult's sizes, respectively.

OWENS
Stapletied TOOTH BRUSH
THE OWENS BOTTLE COMPANY, TOLEDO.

(Continued from Page 92)

The bird sang from the bougainvillea, and Miss Hicks, from behind an inadequate barrier, yawned. She stole a look of wonder at her charge and resumed:

"'When it is alleged that the universe is purposive it is assumed that humanity is intimately connected with the purpose. Without that assumption, none but the most transcendental of philosophers would have any interest in maintaining teleology.'"

Again Miss Hicks stole a look of wonder at her charge—hurt wonder. He was not regarding her, so she continued: "'As the ——'" There was now a discernible trace of irritation in her upward glance. "It's spelled a-n-t-h-r-o-p-o-c-e-n-t-r-i-c," she finished accusingly. He pronounced the word. Her glance became complicated with something that might have been respect, but he missed this.

She read on: "'We must deny, then, all forms of existence other than those envisaged by physics and chemistry; that is to say, existences that have some kind of palpable material characteristics and qualities. Our modern doctrine stands in direct opposition to a belief in any of those existences that are vaguely classed as spiritual. To this category belong ghosts, gods, souls, for these have long been rejected from the beliefs of advanced thinkers.'"

The bird outside poured forth a sudden peal of rejoicing, and the reader again imperfectly hid a yawn. Her charge looked about at her.

"Does that happen to interest you?" he asked.

Miss Hicks considered.

"Well, I don't know yet—is it a joke?"

He did not answer this directly, but said, "I'm afraid it will tire you too much, whatever it is. Perhaps you have something you'd rather read."

"We brought an evening paper home that looked lively on the front page." She was out of the room before he could tell her that he abhorred newspapers. She returned to her chair and began to read with an animation that his own selection of matter had quite failed to arouse. She read first of a hold-up on a business thoroughfare, sparing no details. She paused for comment: "Those police are a great lot." She reread "'Within twenty minutes squads of armed detectives in high-powered automobiles were scouring the vicinity.' The papers always put in that line—you see it every day or so. I must say, this town has a lot of well-scoured vicinities."

Her eyes hovered over the colored sheet. "Here's another divorce—m-m-m ——" She looked discreetly down the column, but read no further aloud. "Just another rich couple separating," she announced. "I don't know what we're coming to. Seems like marriage is getting to be nothing but a fence to crawl through." She further scanned the page. "And here's where they're trying to break a will—eighty-six million dollars at stake, it says, and the man was eighty-six years old when it was made, and you can guess what his family is saying about him because most of it goes to charity. Ever hear doctors talk about how to tell if a man is crazy? It's very hard, often. But I can tell them one easy way. It's when he makes a will that doesn't suit his folks. Let's see what else there is ——"

"Miss Hicks, I don't really find newspapers of great interest. That paper of today, excepting a few names, could hardly be told from the same paper of a year ago today. You'll find the same things in the other one. Haven't you one of your own books you'd rather read to me?"

"Oh, very well."

She abandoned the paper with plain reluctance and was presently reading to him from a novel which he saw to be entitled Her Mad Bargain. On the first page a young woman of great beauty was being pursued across desert sands with evil intent by a band of Arabs. As he listened he felt that he was learning about women. Just before she left that night she briefly stooped above him to reach a pillow at the far side of the bed. But she was still regarding him, he knew, as something strange from outer space. He was not of her species. The novelty of this engaged him for a long time. She was making him self-conscious.

And she had aroused a memory which he was long in identifying. It was nebulous at first, leading him back along the sick years to an adventurous summer in the country when Aunt Sena first came. He had, unwatched, strayed to a highly insanitary barnyard where a man in blue overalls milked a cow that was chewing green cornstalks. Then the memory led him back to Miss Hicks as she had bent above him. He had it now. Her breath—like warm new milk.

XII

SEAVER, three days later, was reporting to his clients: "He doesn't take the least notice of her. He won't, either. I predicted that, you'll remember, after their first three minutes. He's too up in the clouds. And she—she doesn't know he's alive. Treats him like a piece of old baggage. All you could expect, though. She'd never look at anything but a husky, two-fisted man."

Mr. Clinch inflated his bulk of chest and complacently regarded the nearly submerged knuckles of his cushiony hand.

"'Course not," he said.

The aged Mr. Peck expanded his own narrow chest and arose to contemplate the Lesson in Anatomy above Seaver's desk, gently trying out again his left knee that had creaked as he lifted himself.

"Naturally," he said.

McIntosh regarded them with grim intolerance. In an imaginary mirror he threw back his gaunt shoulders and readjusted the cravat to his collar.

"She'd see little to him, of course; but his own vision is not impaired. I'm still saying the chit can be made a tonic to his ailments if only we can persuade her to wheedle him betimes."

"Let sleeping dogs lie," urged Seaver. "You might wish you had. And he's reacting right. Easier in his mind—already he's forgotten three or four of those cephalic sensations I was always having to give him new medicine for. He's taken a fresh interest in all those studies of his; philosophy and biology—those things. Never read much else, I guess. And he's cheerful; likes to have flowers around and wants to know what kind of a bird is singing outside. All he needs is to be let alone, by nurses or anyone else. Properly let him alone and you win your bet hands down."

"He'll not be normal, though," insisted McIntosh. "I maintain it's contrary to natural law that he should be unmoved by so bonny a creature."

"He's not like us, remember." Mr. Peck cackled with this, leering in the direction of Mr. McIntosh, who frowned at him.

"A big, two-fisted man," muttered Mr. Clinch ruminatively.

"Yes," assented Seaver; "one of these movie actors that can bite nails in two and throw a horse over a fence and climb up the side of a church with only a finger hold. That's her style—like this Stanley Howard that does all those stunts, and licks seven strong men without unplastering his hair. She eats up all the stuff about him; cuts out pictures of him in danger, leaping a chasm on horseback or riding a motorcycle off a cliff, or even in a dress suit, just being nice to his old mother. I saw her doing it—and with that handsome devil filling her mind, you expect her to notice a physical cipher like Billop! Nothing doing, gentlemen! And I'm satisfied. It's good enough as it is; you don't know what complications she might have started."

"Stanley Howard!" Mr. Clinch was disdainful. "I never could see why women go crazy about him. I don't think he's so much."

The speaker drew himself to his full height and paced the floor with masterly tread, his shoulders back, his thumbs in the armholes of a noticeable waistcoat.

Propped on his pillows, the subject of this clinic was at that moment learning, with an interest through which disappointment ran, that he had not been the first to discover women. Here was a German philosopher who long ago noted certain incongruities the detection of which, for a moment, had permitted Rufus Billop the thrill of fruitful original research.

"The natural feeling between men," he read, "is mere indifference; but between women it is actual enmity. The reason of this is trade jealousy, which in the case of men does not go beyond the confines of their own particular pursuit; but with women embraces the whole sex, since they have only one kind of business."

And that business, so Schopenhauer averred, was the ensnarement of men. Rufus could not, of course, believe anything so preposterous, yet the old boy, however faulty his conclusions, had accumulated sound data.

"Even when they meet in the street, women look at one another like Guelphs and Ghibellines. And it is a patent fact that when two women make first acquaintance with each other they behave with more constraint and dissimulation than two men would show in a like case."

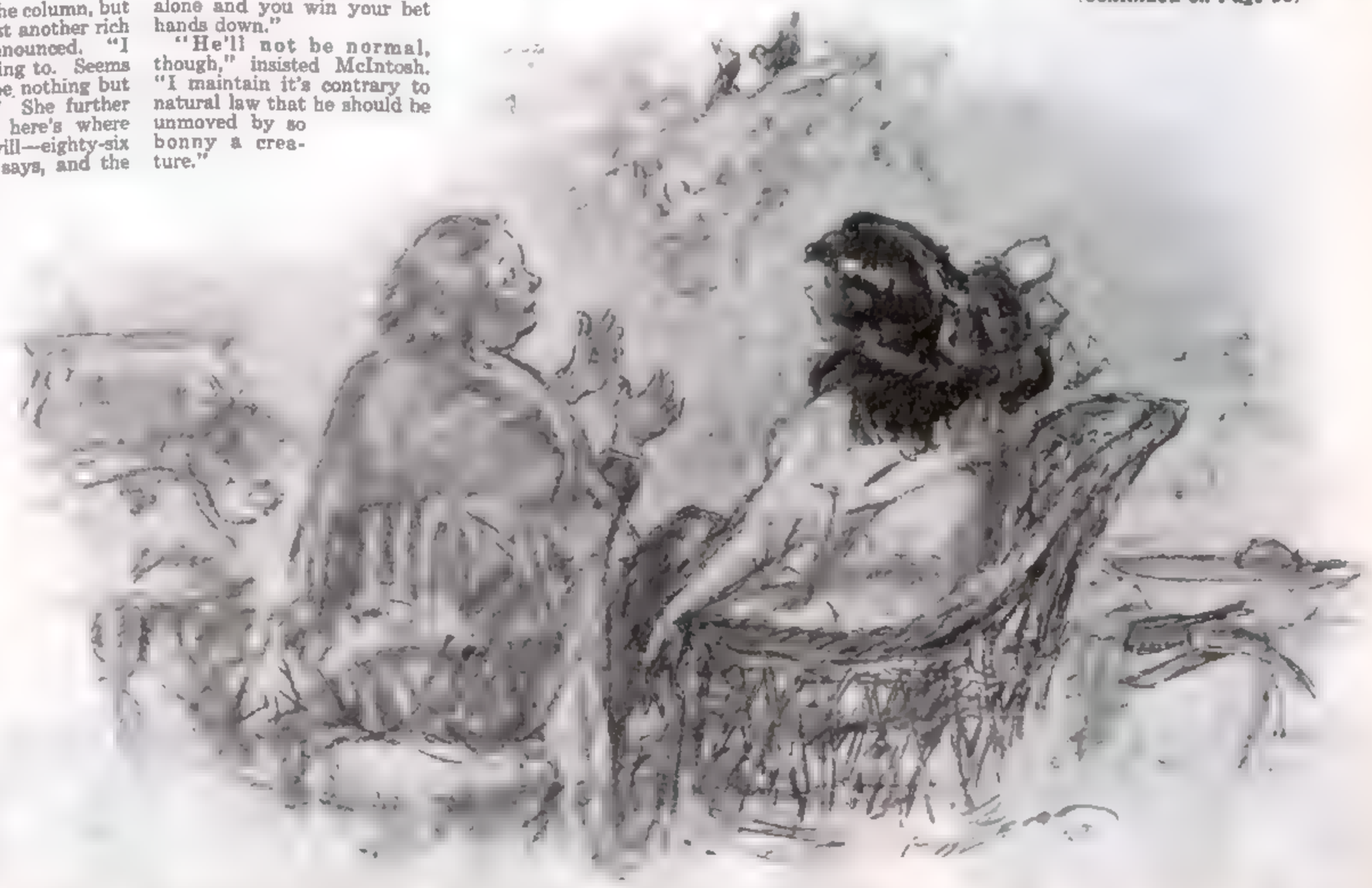
True, true! Had he, Rufus, not observed as in a laboratory the facts here set down? Could he not recall, even from his own uncheckered past, the little shock he had felt at watching one woman in the street stare at another, appraising her items of dress, face, carriage, with an eye cold, speculative and faintly hostile? As for two women making acquaintance, the philosopher could not have been sounder if privileged to study the mutual suspicion of Aunt Beulah and Miss Hicks in their first encounters. Here was a profound, cool, impartial student of the sex; and he had, it appeared from random glances into the volume, even more piquant disclosures to make.

The neophyte darted a veiled look at his nurse, who, across the room, was removing dust with a damp cloth from the frame that inclosed the colored print of a gondola on the Grand Canal. She hummed lightly at her work, her selection, he recognized, being an erratic musical ferment that Aunt Beulah, before the phonograph, would sway to at odd moments. He glanced again at his page and felt alive with superior knowledge. The girl was unconscious that beneath his eyes her trivial soul was being bared with a merciless accuracy sparing no paltry detail. A mad impulse seized him to demand that she read the stuff to him. But no, he would be above such cruelty. She was a highly perishable organism, alive now with the unconscious abandon of a flower. She would fade and wither as the flower, unconsciously. It would be kinder to keep these brutal revelations forever from her; this cool dissection of her sex, that would shame her to no profit. He pictured her flinging the book aside, perhaps bursting into tears of rage, rushing from the room to hide her humiliation.

He caught now the firm silhouette of her profile, the tiny lock escaping back under the white cap to join the hair that ran straight from her low brow; the sweep of her black lashes, the warm pallor of a cheek, the nose almost but not quite tilted, the lift of a short upper lip, the suave line that rounded her chin and flowed unbroken to ambush at the neck of the lawn waist. She had her place in a transitory universe; a mere esthetic worth, to be sure, but valid for all that. Would he, if that were possible, blast the yellow jasmine she had brought for his table that morning by shouting its instability?

The girl was but another blossom, slightly advanced in complexity. He would keep from her the distressing truths that a wise.

(Continued on Page 98)



"Sometimes When I'm Sitting There and He Looks at Me and Begins to Talk in This Voice of His Control—Say, I Tremble Like a Leaf"

In Summer

Threaded Rubber Insulation withstands extreme heat

This is the time of year when you need a battery that's built to withstand the damaging effects of overheating.

Overheating results from overcharging—putting too much current into the battery—and there are a number of reasons why this is likely to happen in hot weather. You do more driving, starting is easier and you burn less light.

A hot-weather battery must contain insulation that will stand excessive temperatures and resist the tendency of the battery plates to bulge or buckle.

Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, because it is made largely of rubber, does not "burn out", while the hard rubber ribs on each insulator help to keep the plates from warping.

And Threaded Rubber Insulation, being uniformly porous, prevents uneven chemical and electrical action, so that no one spot in insulator or plate is acted upon more than another. This helps prevent premature breaking down of insulation and plates—helps make Willard Threaded Rubber Batteries the outstanding batteries for hot weather service.

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Willard Rechargeable Radio Batteries save you money, reduce noises, increase efficiency.

Willard

In Winter

Threaded Rubber Insulation means quicker starting

Cold mornings—when the engine is stiff and hard to turn, and the starter hums again and again before that spark finally explodes the mixture!

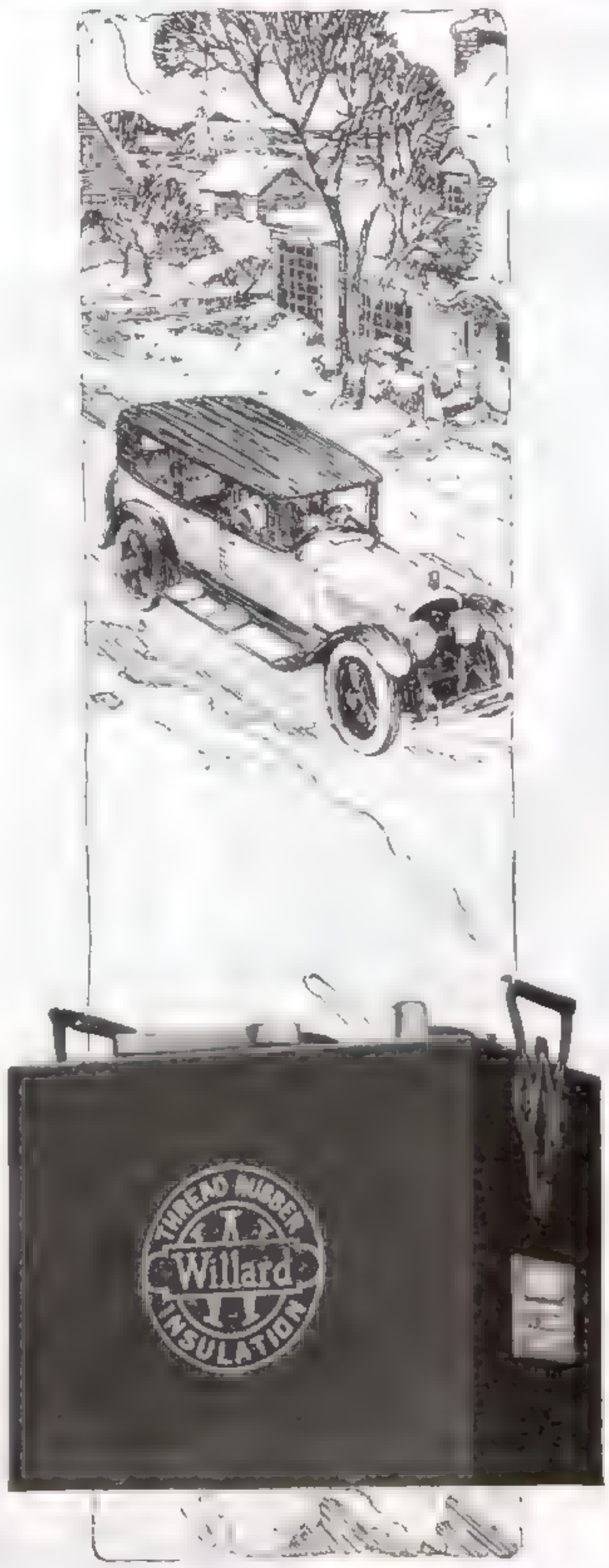
Short days—with long, cold hours by the curb; dark afternoons, and long nights with all your lights constantly consuming current!

That's when you're glad you have Threaded Rubber Insulation, because every one of the 196,000 tiny threads in each insulator helps to keep up the steady, uniform chemical action that means plenty of power and punch for reliable ignition and quick starting.

Naturally, too, the battery that is less quickly exhausted has still another advantage, for it isn't as likely to freeze when the temperature sinks to zero or lower.

Winter seems a long way off now, but remember it will surely come again and a Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation will show its superior quality then just as it now does in the heat of summer.

Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario



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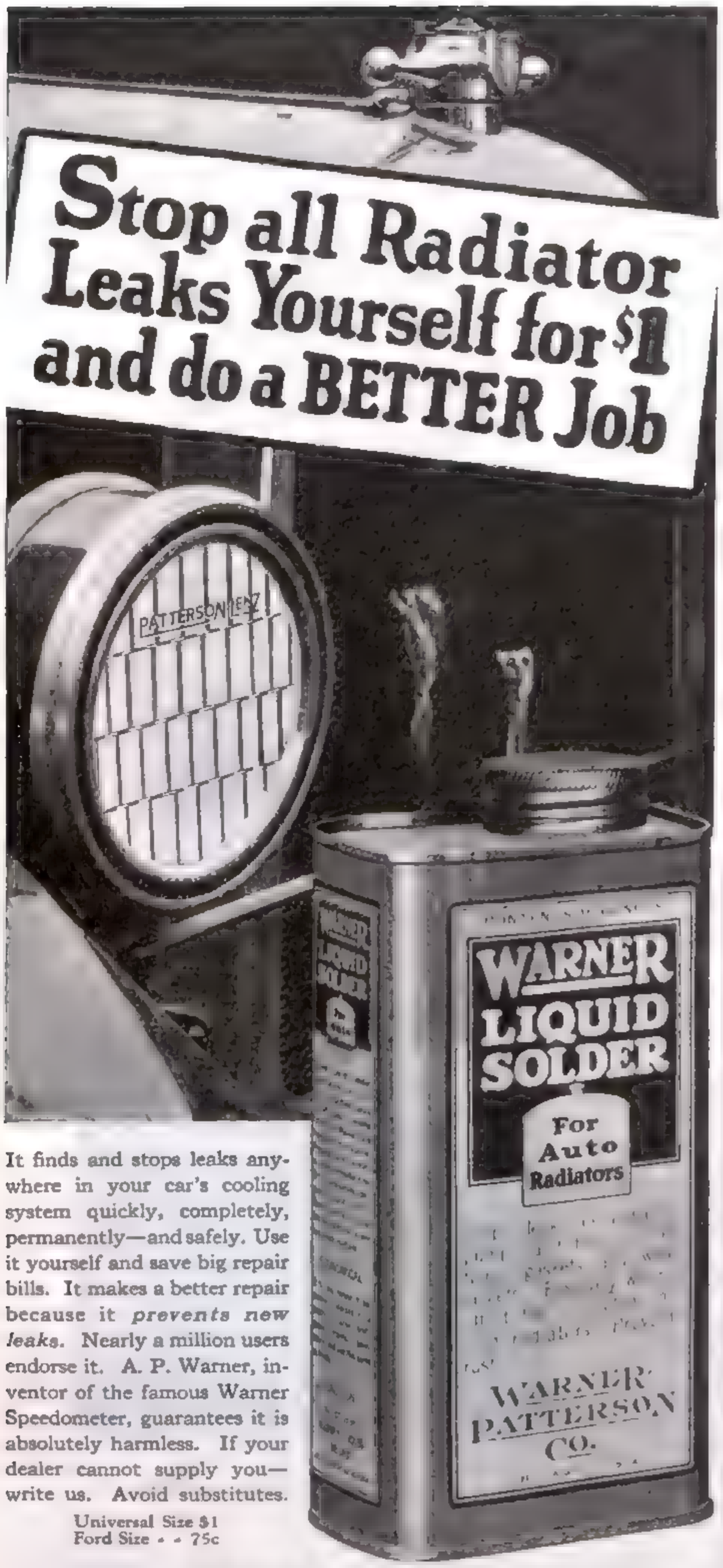
Batteries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(Continued from Page 95)

man had learned about her kind. He was conscious of warmly wishing not to shame her. Tears of humiliation brimming her eyes would, he was sure, pain him. Schopenhauer to her must remain a closed book. He read on with secret exultation:

With young girls, Nature seems to have had in view what, in the language of the drama, is called a *coup de théatre*. For a few years she dowers them with a wealth of beauty and is lavish in her gift of charm, in order that during those years they may capture the fancy of some man to such a degree that he is hurried into undertaking the honorable care of them—a step for which there would not appear to be any sufficient warranty if reason alone directed his acts.

Miss Hicks still stood before the colored print, dust cloth in hand; but she had quit dusting.

"Italy, isn't it?"

"Italy," he said. "Venice."

"Italy," she repeated in low tones. "Italy and gondolas and nightingales—they have nightingales, don't they?"

"They do—or did."

"Have you been there?"

"Exactly on that spot."

She faced him with eyes no longer hard of surface. He could see far into them.

"Right on this spot. But they don't dress like the young couple in the boat, do they—not now?"

"No; that canal is getting to be rather a mess of dirty water, and they have motorboats on it, and I didn't hear any nightingales; not there, at least. I heard my first one farther south, at Taormina. We got in at night; my window looked out into a moonlit garden, and I heard the nightingales' song—in an almond tree covered with white blossoms. I thought it was wonderful for an hour. Then I wanted to sleep, and couldn't on account of their infernal racket; and I hadn't a thing to throw at them. I got malaria before we left."

She turned from him back to the print and again wiped its frame with her cloth. He felt brutal. He should have let her stay in her little dream of loveliness. She must be hurting now with the disillusion he had wrought. He was on the point of reassuring her that much could still be said for Italy, when she turned from the print with the old cool look in her eyes.

"That was just like you, wasn't it?" She hummed again and fell to dusting.

So he hadn't discouraged her about Italy. But what was just like him, and why? He had told simple facts. Why, for that matter, should anything be just like him? Didn't he know himself? She had given him again the feeling that he was something queer she surveyed under a glass—queer but not more than queer. In all his years no one had ever said, accusingly or otherwise, that something was just like him. Never, it seemed, had he issued from his frame to look back at himself. He had taken himself for granted. But three times now this girl in another world had made him feel as if he were something he had not known, had not visualized or comprehended. Being annoyed by untimely nightingales in a moonlit garden, contracting malaria from insalubrious surroundings—why was that just like him?

Taken literally, it was absurd; yet the creature had meant something more. He who had plumbed the mysteries of the physical universe, the cunning interplay of matter and motion, who knew that humans were but combinations of protein molecules—could he have overlooked certain aspects of himself inspiring comparisons invidious if not actually belittling? Would it be entertaining, even instructive, to look in upon himself? He pondered.

Under an impulse finely scientific in its lack of prejudice, he took up the hand mirror, noting that Miss Hicks had hummed her way from the room. It was a mirror in which he had lately regarded his tongue with emotions highly personal, even disturbing.

Now he bent his cool gaze on the surface phenomena of his entire face. He was amused. From his detached point of view it was the face of a stranger; not, he suspected, very prepossessing.

And this facial aspect was, unreasonably, a perhaps governing factor in the judgments people formed of him. People like Aunt Beulah—and like Miss Hicks. It must, largely, cause her to say that certain irrelevant things were just like him. He tried to realize this in all its bearings. Never had he wondered what people saw or thought when they looked at him; it still seemed absurdly of little consequence. It ought, at least, to be of little consequence.

But the certainty that this was the face Miss Hicks, for example, would at intervals briefly contemplate, seemed curiously to have acquired a significance in no sane proportion to the bare physical phenomena. He scanned the full face, then moved the mirror to an angle for as much of the side face as his eyes could reach. Nothing was shown, he decided, that would justify hasty, perhaps contemptuous, decisions about him—a somewhat narrow countenance; a thinnish nose of bold sweep; a wide mouth drooping a bit at the corners; a chin, prominent enough, not exactly pointed, but still of no assertive breadth—rather delicately lined, the chin; and above a forehead of but moderate elevation, straight hair of a reddish tinge, hair parted at the left in a bygone mode and always falling loosely apart in strands that refused to cohere. Bones stood out high above hollow cheeks, the sallow hue of these being accented by many freckles of a rusty brown.

It was just a face, he decided; practicable, but not twice to be looked at for its own sake.

It proffered no æsthetic enjoyment, as flowers did; the eye was not solicited to follow its lines—as with the face of Miss Hicks—to their pleasantly surprising junctures with other lines, or to where they were lost in firmly modeled little contours. And the coloring, of course, was not one to hold, as hers commandingly would, the merely sensuous eye. The freckles burned in too sharp relief against the underlying yellowish pallor.

His roving glance caught his own eyes, and into their depths he now stared intently. They were brownish, almost the hue of the outstanding freckles, with little rusty glints just under their surface, the lashes light, indeterminate. He knew every close aspect of his tongue; but he had never studied his eyes before. He seemed, amazingly, to read in them a scrupulously kept record of all his sickly, timid years. His earliest consternations were living there, fresh as at birth.

The lenses had copied and kept all the confusion of disease and fear of death that life had become for him; even copied and kept, it seemed, a record of his defensive measures against this—the instinctive cunning with which he had tried in his reading for the negations that would prove life an adventure not worth its pain.

This, too, was what others saw. This was what Miss Hicks saw; this charged her look of listless indifference—the only look she bestowed upon him. He felt suddenly that these eyes of his undressed him to his shame. He would look no more at his nurse. He might even have to persuade Seaver that Miss Hicks was not all he could wish for in this important post. The need for another personality was indicated; one with a less incommoding effect, he might put it.

He laid down the mirror to picture another nurse. He could accurately describe her; the terms leaped to his mind. But somehow he could not see her; she shunned visualization. Minutely specifying a nurse differing both superficially and inherently, Miss Hicks persisted as a falsely pretending vision of her. This led him into a psychological maze: What quirk prevented his imagination from banishing the wraith of Miss Hicks and replacing it with a vivid image of the person his mind prescribed? Some inhibition, he supposed; a perverse, upreaching command contrary to the one his consciousness so ringingly issued. But, of course, he was not normal; this was merely a demonstration in the morbid anatomy of the human mind.

He took up the mirror again to study his eyes with a new curiosity. There was no qualitative difference, he knew, between the eye tissue and other tissues. Of course, the eye had attained a higher complexity; but it was composed of that same substance whose psychochemical reactions made life. Long-continued impact of light from without, a response to it from within, and this cunning mechanism had evolved under fixed mechanical laws.

But was that all? The eyes were a moving equilibrium of matter and motion, and the laboratory had at last triumphed signally over matter, dissecting it until nothing but motion was left. Matter—he now put it—was merely congealed motion; but what of motion itself?

Staring deeply into his own eyes, he suddenly found far back in them a sharp

(Continued on Page 101)

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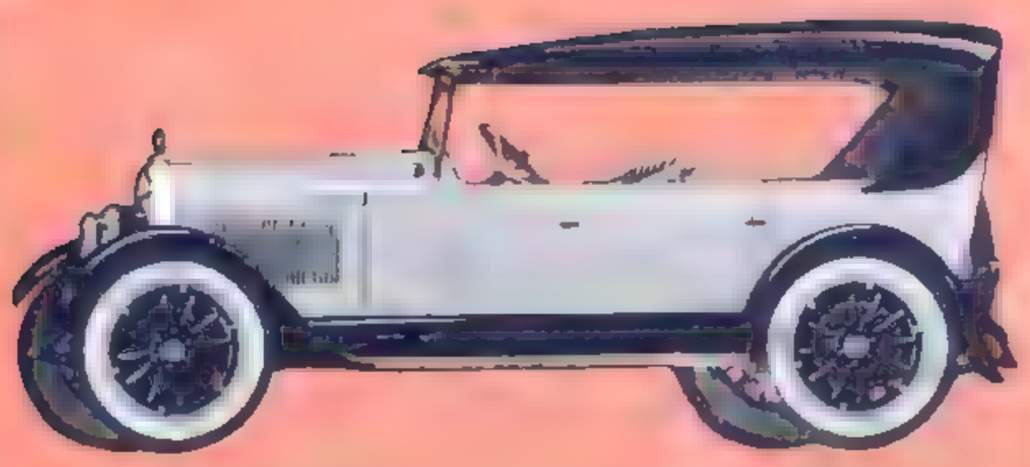
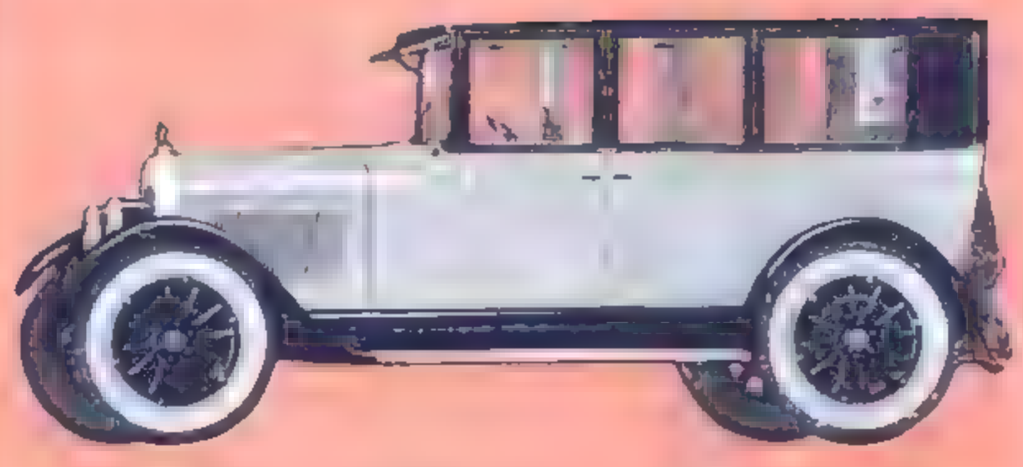
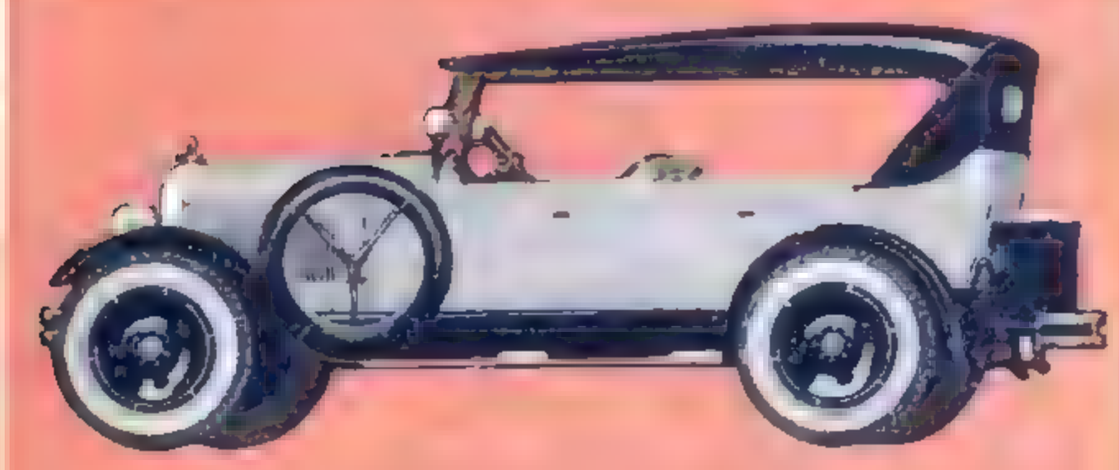


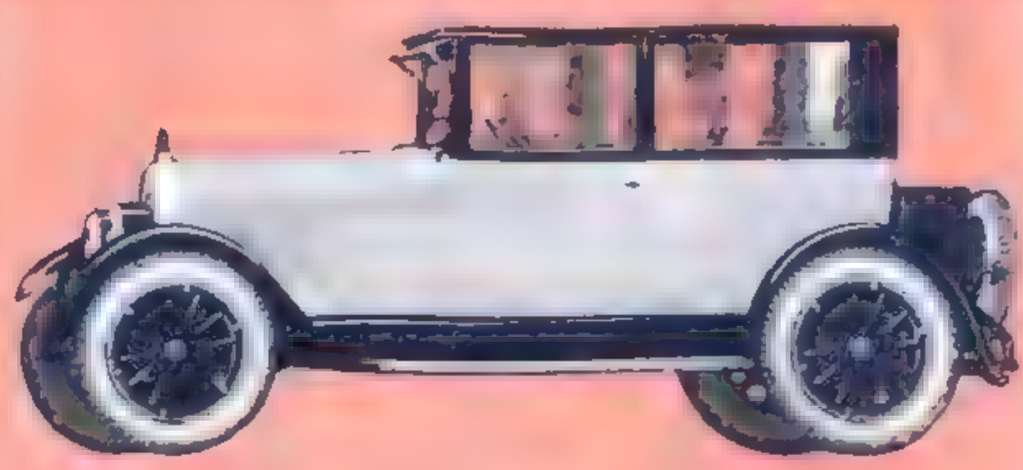
Velie Model 58, five-passenger Touring; beautifully finished and equipped; all Velie cars are powered with the remarkable vibrationless six-cylinder, valve-in-head Velie-built motor.



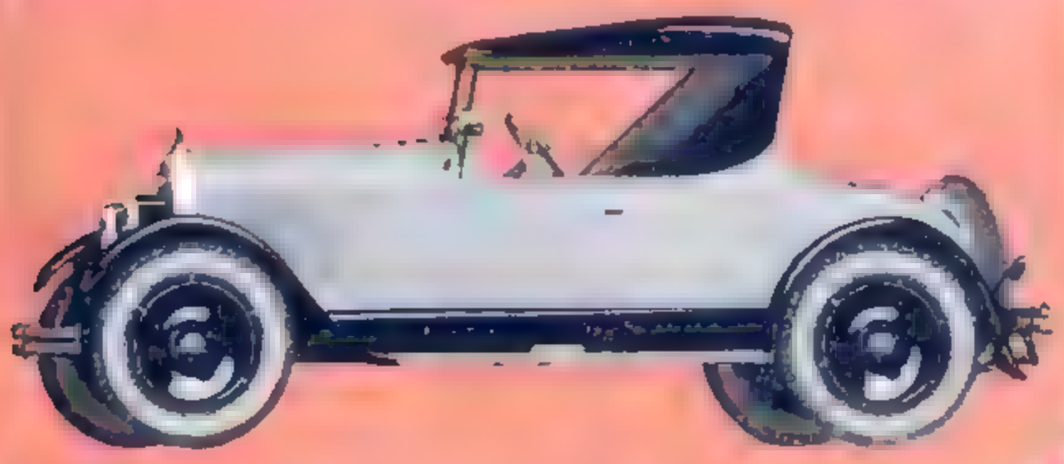
Velie Model 58, five-passenger Sedan; all Velie enclosed cars are upholstered in a choice grade of taupe mohair velvet, with carpet and trimming of harmonizing color.



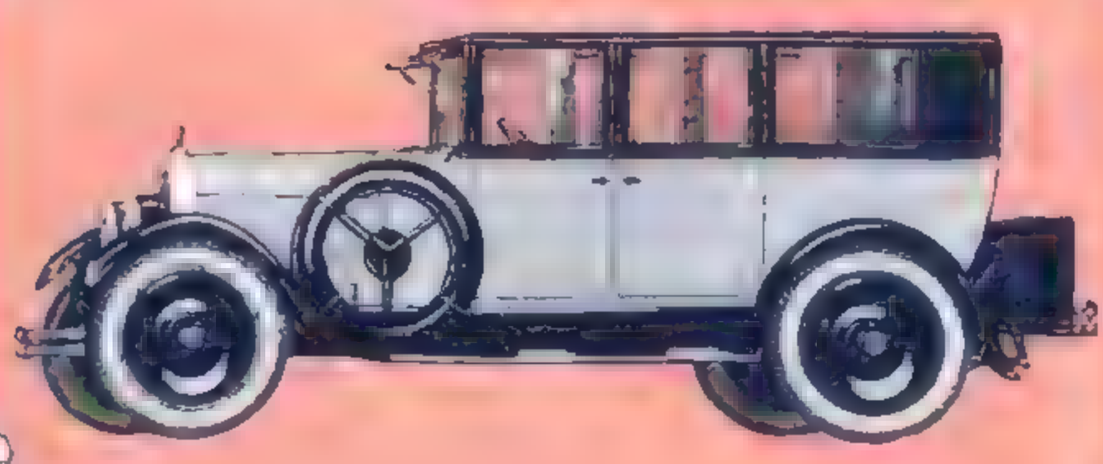
Velie Model 58, five-passenger Sport; equipment includes two extra cord tires, disc wheels, bumpers, spotlights, trunk, two suitcases, hat box, and many other items.



Velie Model 58, five-passenger Brougham; a most desirable [illegible] car; trunk contains two suitcases and hat box; interior equipment includes vanity case, flower vase and smoking set.



Velie Model 58, three-passenger Sport Roadster; specially painted; extra cord tire, disc wheels, bumpers, spotlights. We also furnish a similar roadster with standard equipment.



Velie Model 58, Touring Sedan; completely equipped; disc wheels, two extra cord tires; two suitcases and hat box; step plates, body rails; luxurious interior features.

VELIE

VELIE

VALUE

To the Motor Car Purchaser: We present here the wide latitude of choice in this year's Velie body styles—a most attractive line, meeting each customer's precise requirement as to capacity and minutest desire as to details of equipment.

Three Books for You: Our new "Style Book" gives full descriptions of each of these choice models. Our "Motor Book" describes the amazing Velie-built motor with its automatic lubrication, even to the piston pins. "Owner Loyalty" is a *résumé* of testimony from Velie owners that is highly interesting. All three booklets are yours for the asking.

To the Motor Car Dealer: We take equal pride in the unquestioned satisfaction that these cars are bringing to the owner, and in the vastly increased business they are bringing to Velie dealers. Velie is widening its circle of popularity at a tremendous rate.

We invite you to partake of this prosperity. The details of the Velie franchise for distributors, direct dealers and sub-dealers are certain to interest you. Write us for particulars or, better still, come to the factory.

EVERY TIME WE SELL A CAR WE MAKE A FRIEND

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, *Moline, Illinois*

(Continued from Page 98)

questioning of all his glib materialistic formulas. As he looked, it became more than a questioning—an inarticulate but dogged assertion of something beyond even laboratory refinements; a stubborn, dumb insistence on something irreducible to matter and motion. It was crying out to him, though the message was clogged, incoherent; flooding him with intimations, hints, warnings, prophecies. It viewed some end the laboratory had not divined, some shining consummation whose glories could not be detailed.

He dropped the glass and went back to motion. Motion was understandable in its effects; but what of its substance? What moved? His materialistic philosopher traced matter unerringly to its components of pure motion, but motion he assumed; motion, alone, he shunned. And he called himself a mechanist! And Rufus Billop had called himself a highly modern, scientific materialist; and now, in a moment, here was something back in his own eyes dumbly perturbing him with intimations that ——

He again held up the mirror to that submerged entity. It no longer assured and reassured him. It was still there; but now furtive, sly, evasive. It was as if his attempt at analysis had affronted the thing. It still knew, but no longer called. It would reveal only what could be won. Then, visibly, it receded, faded, vanished.

Yet it had left certain lively suspicions. That one about motion, for example. It was plain to him now that motion was more than motion. Motion wanted to see—it made eyes to see with. Motion wanted to live—it fashioned with a material of ineffable plasticity an organism responding to this want. Slowly, through millions of years, motion had built this machine from one primeval speck of organic matter in obedience to its ever-growing demand for life, expression, sensation.

Some of these machines functioned lamely and would have to be scrapped, like the one he knew best. Some had been perfected to the utmost limits of the present design, like another he knew not so well. And motion was persisting, still avid as when it had achieved merely the first vertebrate structure. It still planned. It was not through. It would—this came as a blinding flash never be through. A failure like Rufus Billop couldn't daunt it. A success like Miss Hicks would but inspire it to designs yet more intricate, even yet more plausible of exterior—if that were not sheer nonsense.

Motion—he caught himself thinking of the word as written with a capital letter—it was motion that sought through even his own faulty organism to realize itself. Constantly it pushed through him, seeking to sound the clear note. Never had he felt its full urge; the will to live had been weak in him, beaten down by precept and practice. He feared death; but he had feared life too. And now, the glass out of hand, he felt that some unsuspected spring of tempered metal, long coiled within him, had been released. He thought of it as being far back in his eyes when he had searched them. Something in his look had released it.

It was not that he wanted with a quite new intensity to live; it was that he found himself like a petulant child protesting against the cosmic injustices. From his earliest studies with the renegade theologian, Cleaver, he had learned submission to these, not regarding them as injustices but as results of laws beautifully ordered. Now Cleaver's work was undone, his pupil a rebel, pulsing with arrogant rebellion against all his past bland acceptances. If he died now he would die hard, making no bookish truce with the law that extinguished him. Gone was the almost smug self-satisfaction in his unbroken invalidism, a subdued pride in his complications, an impression that he was rather importantly apart from the unailing.

How had this come about, this unquiet state of mind? He followed back the train of late events to what seemed the first discernible cause. It had all begun because Aunt Beulah and Miss Hicks for some days held each other aloof with a reserve pointed close to hostility, then brazenly denied that they had done any such thing. It had come about, in short, because women were queer. Then he had discovered women. And now he knew that these events had in some obscure fashion driven him on to discover himself. He was about to do this, and he was already persuaded that he would not like what he found.

He reached again for the accusing, the deriding mirror, noting now that the lines of cheek and chin were blurred by an untidy sprouting of reddish beard. This would form an unpleasing item in what Miss Hicks—or anyone—saw when she looked at him. Small wonder she had usually the air of not knowing he was in the room. Small wonder that, compelled to recognize his presence, she did so with listless indifference or patently assumed a quite formal, unregarding cheerfulness, like a nurse who had learned a routine technic—the nurse of a spoiled, testy child of unattractive visage. He stared hopelessly at himself, then raised his eyes to picture Miss Hicks as she would presently be regarding him. So vivid was his mind's picture of her that when she came in he confusingly, for an instant, saw two of her, both with an unwinking stare of profound disinterest.

He pretended to be looking at his tongue in the mirror, feeling the heat of a little rage that had blazed up inside him: rage with himself and with the nurse. There was a new fiber in his tone when he spoke, making his voice strange in his own ears. It sounded hoarse, yet he had no cold.

"Miss Hicks, I shall shave; then I'm going to sit out there in that court for an hour or two." He knew this to be an adventure—exposing himself to the open air!—but he spoke as if he were habitually a man of the open. "Then perhaps you can sit there a while, too, and read to me—if it won't be too chilly for you."

"I'll chance it," said Miss Hicks. He knew this for either professional good cheer or mock recklessness; he was still uncertain when she added, "I have my furs." That slow rage burned in him again.

XIII

AN HOUR later, having made the lines of his thin face again definite, he tenderly swathed his lank frame in a dressing gown of the correct wool, socks of wool, slippers of wool and a muffler of silk. He hoped he would not pay too dearly for this temerity - already he felt that ominous pressure at the top of his head. He raged at himself. In a burst of vanity—puzzling because he could place no value of consequence upon the opinions of Miss Hicks—he had resolved to show the girl that he wasn't in the least afraid of things like the open air. And the court, flooded with a thin sunlight, looked treacherously chill. He hoped Miss Hicks would also find it chilly out there and be compelled to use the furs she had spoken of. He protected his head with a woolen cap and went out to recline in the wicker chaise longue. Miss Hicks had already covered this with a woolen blanket, and he tucked about his long legs the thick rug he had brought out, suppressing a shiver as he did so.

"Oh, you've fixed yourself." Miss Hicks stood at the doorway, running a perfunctory eye over his protective garnishments. "Well, what did you want me to read?"

He answered cheerfully, with that new hardiness of tone: "Oh, anything. Probably you have something of your own." He was meaning to show not only fortitude for this daring exposure but that he was genial, tolerant.

Miss Hicks brightened. Her set little mouth surprisingly relaxed in a smile of pure delight. The secret spring of this was that she had been wanting to read a second time that gripping novelization of the superfilm entitled Hell's-Fury Brackett, to the name part of which the heroic Stanley Howard brought all the resources of his difficult art. She disappeared, running. She returned, running, the colorful magazine clutched in both hands. He saw she had chosen something especially pleasing. He prepared to be bored, but he would give no sign of this. In a well-equipped laboratory he was noting, under a high-power lens, the reactions of a unique bit of clotted motion. He would amass further data.

Miss Hicks brought a chair for herself, but did not bring her furs. She had no wrap at all; nor in the sheer lawn waist did she shiver as he had done under his burden of wool. She seemed unaware that February sunlight was thin. Perhaps she had forgotten the furs.

"Won't you need a wrap?" he asked—he hated to see her carelessly catch something.

She glanced at him, again brightly, glared at the sun, looked back at him with squinting eyes, said swiftly "You're so funny!" and put her still-peering gaze on the page before her. She read the important title in an important manner, flashed him another look to see if he were not instantly impressed by this, and darted into the narrative.

In her voice of a purring roughness she read with a cool precision through the introductory passages, but with mounting animation as she came to the fond description of the hero, that strong, silent man of the open, the man's man, but revering true womanhood wherever found; handsome as a Greek god, in a woodsman's costume that revealed every line of his muscular, well-poised figure.

There was an especial reference to the muscular neck, almost sung by the reader in a way that caused one thin hand of the listener, in spite of himself, to go up, furtive and questing, to his own thin neck. So this was the sort of thing that moved them, sheer brawn with an irreducible minimum of mind; for it appeared even so early that Hell's-Fury Brackett united no giant intellect to his physical perfections. It was said of him that he had the trusting mind of a child, and he was already shown being deceived by two such obvious scoundrels that a child not congenitally defective would have read their fiendish purpose at a glance.

The drama waxed in tension, and with it the tones of Miss Hicks. Her speed increased; her words at a crisis had an emotional tendency to overlap. When Hell's-Fury Brackett, his mind childish to the last, deliberately sought combat with the two obvious scoundrels and three of their quite atrocious hirelings, and bested the five by his prowess, she was all but overcome. Unconscious of a listener now, she floundered in a vortex of fear and hope, stopping to read over the most pithy clauses of the fight or merely staring with wide eyes at the thrilling words. He watched her closely. He wished Schopenhauer could be there.

The reader's manner calmed, but her intensity grew, for she had reached the final scene prepared for by the choice words, "Came a day when love found love." Miss Hicks read with vibrant solemnity:

"'My wonderful darling—my mate woman!' he cried.

"The lovely girl faltered, then raised her splendid orbs to his who had risked death, dishonor itself, for her sake; whose love for her had burned like a holy flame even when she had been foully led to believe him the basest of God's creatures. Her eyes hung upon his.

"'You—you, you!' she murmured, dabbing at her eyes with an absurdly small handkerchief.

"'Love has at last come into its own—our black days are past,' he thrilled.

"'You—at last!' she sighed.

"Their lips met in a long, clinging kiss of purest passion."

The voice on those last lines had fallen to a tender hush. The reader looked off above the page, dreaming, he saw. She was being the mate woman won by physical prowess. At last she turned her eyes on his. They were no longer of that almost hard surface brilliance. Now he could go down in them fathoms deep as into the lucent green of a southern sea. Momentarily he was lost in this thrilling descent.

Then she recalled him, eager now, he detected, for assurance that he loved this wonder tale as she did. She waited with a bright, peering expectancy.

He felt tolerant, warmly kind. If women were that way —— He shrugged but spoke gently, trying for a look of appreciation to vie with her own.

"Exciting stuff," he managed; then: "And not too subtle, is it?"

She rewarded him with a look of friendliness such as he had never evoked, making him glad she had been insensitive to the irony.

"No, not a bit," she eagerly agreed. "It isn't at all too subtle. I'm so glad you like it."

She was glad, indeed, and gave him at once another proof of some new confidence she had won from their common liking. She came over to stand above him.

"You just ought to see some of the pictures," she began, placing the open magazine before him. "There, that's Hell's-Fury on snowshoes going into the frozen north. He doesn't know yet that they've robbed his cache of provisions. And here's Hell's-Fury again, getting ready to chop down the big tree." She called him Hell's-Fury with affectionate familiarity. "And over here's the fight where he knocks down every one of those five brutes that set on him." Her voice warmed with generous indignation. "And look"—she turned a

Watch This Column

"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

I mention the fact that UNIVERSAL has put more than a million dollars into Victor Hugo's masterpiece, ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** merely to indicate the pretentious character of the production. The *big* fact is that one of the great classics in literature has been put in pictures. *I believe it will amaze and please the whole civilized world.*

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* * *

For several weeks past I have asked you to remember the name ***"Merry Go Round"***—the title of one of the greatest love stories ever pictured. It is shortly to be shown at the finest theatres in the country. You will find it extremely refreshing and so delightfully different from the pictures you are accustomed to seeing, that I feel certain you will give it a prominent place in your list of the best in pictures. I assure you it will please and delight you. * * *

Have you seen UNIVERSAL'S fine plays ***"The Shock," "Trifling with Honor," "The Abysmal Brute,"*** the new series of ***"The Leather Pushers,"*** with REGINALD DENNY? If so, I'd like your personal opinion of them. Write me a letter—mark it "personal" Aren't you learning that you can't see all that is best in pictures unless you see UNIVERSALS?

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page—"over here's Stanley Howard himself. Wasn't it a shame he had to let his beard grow in the last half of the picture? I don't see why he couldn't have looked the part in a smooth face. Isn't he a stunning creature, even just in evening clothes that way?"

He obligingly studied the portrait, hiding the disdain he felt for this man, the disdain he felt for women as well.

"What wonderful eyes he has, don't you think?" murmured Miss Hicks.

"Wonderful!" he contrived to echo.

"Magnificently built too."

"Very," he managed.

"Of course his face would be almost too beautiful if he didn't have all that strength; don't you think so?"

"Possibly." He tried to be judicial.

"A man like that ——" She broke off, pondering. "Naturally, women go foolish about him." She pondered again. "Of course he must get thousands of letters."

"Letters?"

"Letters from women—sentimental, silly girls."

He caught a note in this that left it a little less than convincing. Despite the words, she was not feeling wholly scornful of these overcome creatures. She might even be nerving herself to —— All at once a new rage burned in him, one that seemed to have begun smoldering at his first sight of the pictured paragon who was very definitely and exhaustively everything that Rufus Billop was not. His tolerance had burned to ashes. He was raging, yet cool.

"And a perfect dare-devil," pursued the unconscious girl. "You ought to see what he did on a motorcycle, in his picture before this."

It determined Rufus Billop. If he was not a man that women would go foolish over, nevertheless he had his rights, and he would now exercise one.

"Thanks so much," he said, "and maybe you'll read something of mine for a bit. There's a small brown volume on my table in there ——"

"Is it about those anthrocentrics and atoms and things?" she demanded. "Because lots of those words I don't know very well."

"It's quite simple; you'll understand every word—a small brown volume on the table by the head of the bed."

"All right."

She was still in the friendly glow of her last reading, and went for the book. It was a brutal thing he meant to do, one he had shrunk from earlier. If only she had been content with her silly reading and not enraged him with her spoken adoration of the dimple-chinned Stanley Howard. She had gone too far. She had brought this humiliation upon herself. He kept his eyes from her when she came back. He knew there was malice in them. But he would manage to watch her shame at the pitiless exposure of her sex now imminent.

"Studies in Pessimism," she announced doubtfully; then smiled at him, still with her friendly look. "Isn't that just like you!" He made no sign of hearing. She began to spell out the name. "Oh, Schopenhauer! There's a man of that name has a delicatessen place down on Western Avenue; good stuff he has too; but of course it wouldn't be the same."

"It wouldn't," he said, and Miss Hicks read at the place he marked, while he waited for the culmination of an anger he knew would instantly begin to swell. She read glibly enough, however, of the shallow triviality of her sex, and he grew slightly impatient. Was she dense?

"'The only business that really claims their earnest attention is love, making conquests and everything connected with this—dress, dancing, and so on.'" Her voice did not falter then, nor when she read that women's reason is of niggard dimensions, causing them to remain children their life long, preferring trifles to matters of the first importance; whereas man, by virtue of his superior reasoning faculty, does not live in the present only, like the brutes, but looks about him and considers the past and the future.

The sole effect Rufus could discern was that Miss Hicks was inattentive to the book, allowing her mind and at times her eyes to be distracted by the bird that so often sang from the bougainvillea. He had won a mate of sober hue, lacking his own gay neck and head coloring, and they were nest-building under the eaves of the near-by garage. Again and again, even in the midst of passages that should have caused tears of rage, the reader would glance from the book at this noisy activity. She calmly read that women are inferior to men in their sense of justice, less honorable, less conscientious. Dependent upon craft, they have an instinctive capacity for cunning, an ineradicable tendency to say what is not true. A woman perfectly truthful, not given to dissimulation, would be unthinkable. Normally she is false, faithless, treacherous, ungrateful. Perjury is so common among them that it might be questioned if in a court of justice they should ever be sworn at all.

The reader was still apparently unmoved by the biting lines. She was glancing up oftener at the bird pair. He decided that a guarded self-possession alone sustained her. She was demonstrating before his eyes a rare gift for duplicity.

"'It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by sentimental impulses ——'" There was an upward look at the noisy husband of the sober-hued bird—a longer look than usual. "Where was I—excuse me! Oh, yes, 'only the man whose intellect is clouded—that could give the name of the fair sex to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped and short-legged race ——'" Again the reader's eyes went dully from the page to lighten with interest as they found the birds. The thwarted listener addressed her with an impatience not wholly hidden:

"Something interest you?"

She was apologetic, but pleasingly animated as Schopenhauer had not caused her to be. Not even the last acid epithets had flawed her serenity.

"Oh, do excuse me; but I've been so interested watching those birds. They're killing—especially the husband. Do you see where they're building the nest?" He had already seen this. "Well, watch her doing all the work while he sits around and sings. There she comes with another straw! Doesn't he look on in the grandest way? There they both go! Isn't he attentive? He'll sing while she looks for something else. Here she comes!"

"Here they both come," he icily pointed out, "and you'll notice he has a straw of his own."

"So he has—that's the first stroke of work he's done today."

They watched the birds, perched now on a weather vane surmounting the garage roof. The dull little wife swooped to the construction work under the eaves. The husband, proudly mouthing his straw, remained on his perch, twisting his head vivaciously.

"He's saying he isn't used to this sort of thing," insisted Miss Hicks. The wife appeared. She fluttered anxiously to the weather vane, tilting side glances at her mate. "She's telling him to hurry down there and build his nice big straw into the wall," Miss Hicks disclosed. Then she gasped, "Will you look at that!"

The husband had been overcome by a vocal impulse. He opened wide his beak, and the released straw fell nearly to the ground before it was caught by a breeze and borne off beyond recovery. But neither of the homing pair had regarded the straw. The husband sang—a melodious shaking of silver wires in his full throat—while his mate, forgetting all vexations of labor, listened ecstatically, fluttering about him in a frantic sincerity of applause.

"There!" said Miss Hicks. "Wasn't that like a man—and like a woman?"

"Of course, genius is only found in the male," he answered coldly.

"That male in his red vest is simply a loafer," said Miss Hicks warmly.

"Women," he began oracularly, "lacking genius, have no knowledge of any art, rarely any intelligent love for it. You'll find something to that effect ——" He broke off casually. "By the way, were you interested in that?" He pointed to the book.

"In what? Oh, this funny book? Well, I suppose it's interesting enough. It isn't anything I'd get up in the night to read."

"But he seems to have studied your sex a lot."

"Does he? I didn't notice."

"Do you think he tells the truth?"

"Oh, I suppose so. Why shouldn't he if he studied a lot? I don't know, though. I never thought much about women myself."

He gave up. Miss Hicks seemed to regard her sex as something from which she was apart. Or did she? Was she expertly dissembling? Her look, at least, was still entirely frank.

"There's a woman up there for him if he wants to study some more."

She indicated the adoring wife of the songster as she left him.

He had discovered women; but, plainly, he hadn't mapped them.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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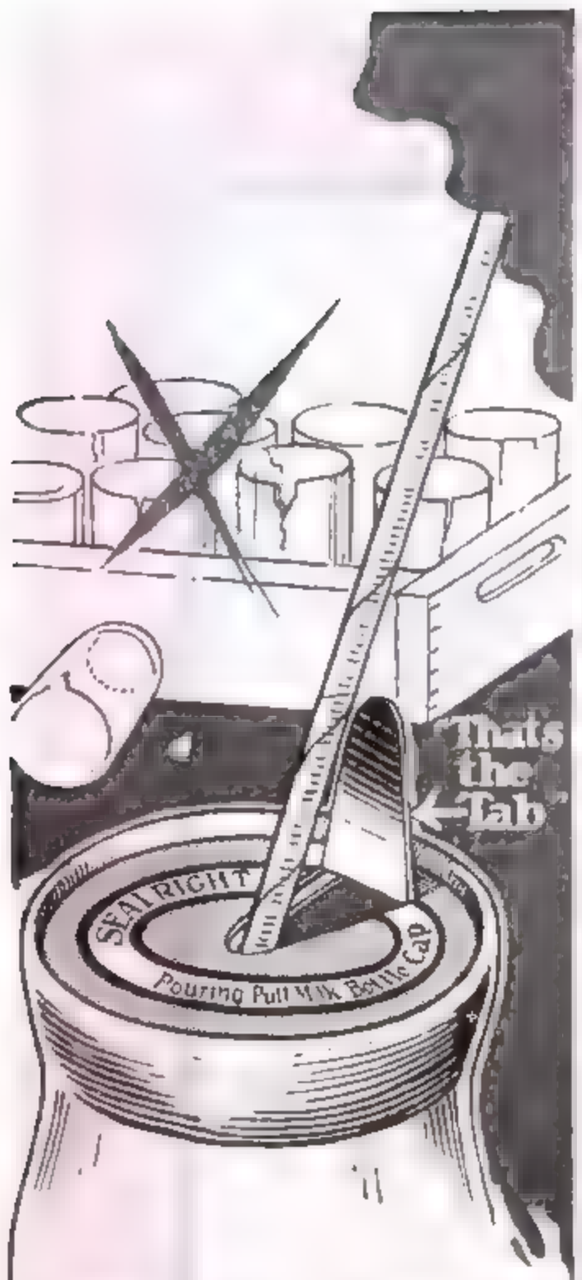

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THE TRAGEDIES OF MR. PIP

(Continued from Page 19)

Pyppe Court with her—when she was not in a tantrum, of course. He told himself that he must be getting used to her. Now that he came to think of it, she had her good points; she was cheerful and sympathetic and interested in whatever he was doing, and, of course, delightful to look at. Even in the worst of her furies she was that.

Besides, now he came to think of it, her temper had been getting better, the intervals between her tantrums longer; also, she was quicker recovering control of her temper and getting out of them. But then she never received any encouragement from him either to start or to continue a tantrum. He ended by telling himself that it would be a great pity if she had gone and thrown herself away on that fat little idiot. He cherished no illusions about Monty the hat basher. It seemed only too probable. After all, she had tried to commit suicide because her uncle and aunt had refused to allow her to marry him. He went to bed chafing at the idea. His annoyance, however, did not prevent him from sleeping soundly. He came to breakfast in a bad temper with a good appetite. Mrs. Lancaster made a comforting suggestion.

She said, "Perhaps they changed their minds about coming back to tea and went on to London to a theater or to dance somewhere."

"Of course!" said Charles Edward, immensely relieved. "That's what they did! I was a chump not to think of it!"

He finished his breakfast with an even better appetite. Then he went for a ride with the old groom, who was instructing him in that accomplishment, and came back in excellent spirits.

III

MRS. LANCASTER, who had been looking out for him, met him in the hall, wearing a face which had perceptibly lengthened since breakfast.

"They've come back," she said in dismal accents.

"That's a good thing," said Sir Charles cheerfully, and he was surprised to find how relieved he felt.

"But is it?" said Mrs. Lancaster yet more dismally. "The car broke down miles from anywhere; and when they did get to a station they found that the last train had gone, and they had to spend the night at an inn at Horeham. Of course, the servants will talk; and it will be all over the place; and what people will say, I can't think."

"But, hang it all, cars are always breaking down and landing people like this!" protested Charles Edward.

"Yes; but this is different. Sarah Ann has been going about with Mr. Morrison so much and for such a long time," urged Mrs. Lancaster.

Charles Edward perceived that the voice of Mrs. Lancaster was the voice of the world.

He frowned darkly at her and said, "Well, what's to be done?"

"They ought to get married. There's no doubt about it," said Mrs. Lancaster with decision.

His frown became a scowl.

He growled, "It seems a pity. He's such a fat little idiot."

He was cherishing fewer illusions than ever about Monty

"It's the only thing to be done," said Mrs. Lancaster firmly. "You know the construction that people always put on this kind of thing."

Charles Edward perceived more distinctly than ever that Mrs. Lancaster was the voice of the world.

"Well then, he'll have to marry her," said Charles Edward in a rather savage voice. "I'll go and talk to him about it at once."

"You'll find him in the rose garden," said Mrs. Lancaster, and she heaved a sigh of relief.

Charles Edward found Monty in the rose garden, the weary wayfarer in haven, with a large cigar and a long whisky-and-soda.

Charles Edward scowled at him and said in a captious voice, "This is a nice mess you've gone and made of things."

"Me? I like that!" replied Mr. Morrison in a startled and aggrieved voice; and his little eyes sparkled fiercely. "I didn't throw the spanner at the magneto!"

His round, full face had on the instant lost its tranquility.

"But you're responsible. What are you going to do about it?" said Charles Edward almost truculently.

"Do about it? What can I do about it? What do you expect me to do about it?" asked Monty.

"You've compromised Miss Pyppe and you'll have to marry her," said Charles Edward succinctly.

Monty's little eyes opened wide, and he stared at Charles Edward as if he couldn't believe his ears.

Then his face brightened and he said, "By Jove! I suppose I have. It never occurred to me. She'll certainly have to marry me."

Charles Edward could have kicked him.

The brightness faded from Monty's face, and he added, "But will she?"

"She's got to," growled Charles Edward.

"Yes, I know. But will she?" said Monty.

The proper course had appeared so clear that this obstacle had not suggested itself to Charles Edward.

"You'd better go and explain things to her and ask her."

"Right-o," said Monty, but not in a hopeful tone.

With a determined air he emptied his glass and rose. They walked towards the house. As they entered the front door he took his cigar from his mouth, threw it away and manifestly braced himself for the enterprise.

"She's not in the best of tempers," he said uneasily, and went up the stairs to Sarah Ann's suite on the first floor.

Charles Edward went gloomily to his paneled room. He picked up four heirlooms, one by one, and examined them with much less than his usual pleasure. The sight of Monty had not reconciled him at all to the marriage. He went to the window and gazed gloomily out on the sunny garden. He was still gazing at it when the door opened with the violence which often heralded the coming of Sarah Ann, and she entered with her eyes blazing furiously.

Charles Edward knew those eyes. He braced himself against the onslaught.

"What on earth do you mean by telling that fat little idiot Monty to come and ask me to marry him?" she asked in furious accents.

"Well, what else is there to do? You've got into this mess; how else are you to get out of it?" asked Charles Edward coldly.

"Not that way, anyhow!" exclaimed Sarah Ann with immense decision. "I wouldn't marry Monty if he was the last man in the world!"

"I never in my life came across anyone so changeable," said Charles Edward, taken aback by the sentiment.

"Changeable? I'm not changeable! How am I changeable?" she cried.

"Why, you threw yourself into the Serpentine because your uncle wouldn't let you marry him," Charles Edward reminded her almost earnestly.

"That was ages ago—ages!" protested Sarah Ann. "Besides it was quite different. Uncle Algernon wouldn't let me marry him!"

"I believe you always won't do what you're wanted to do, just because you're wanted to do it," said Charles Edward with more sincerity than clarity.

"I don't!" Sarah Ann declared fiercely. "Anyhow, I'm not going to marry that fat little idiot!"

Charles Edward looked at her rather helplessly. Once more he observed that fury undoubtedly did not dim her distinguished beauty.

"But look here! You've got to marry him, you know. You've gone and got yourself compromised. There's nothing else to be done."

"I won't! Nothing will induce me to!" said Sarah Ann, and she stamped her foot.

Charles Edward ground his teeth. He knew how little could be done with her in this mood.

Nevertheless, he said in a paternal voice, "It's no good being silly about it."

"Then why be silly?" asked Sarah Ann.

Charles Edward was firm; he said, "You've got into this stupid mess entirely by losing your temper, and you've gone and got compromised with Morrison."

"That's your fault," said Sarah Ann with decision.

"My fault?" said Charles Edward, a trifle jarred.

"Yes; you're responsible for me; Uncle Algernon told me you were. You'd no business to let us go out in the car together."

Charles Edward again ground his teeth.

Then he asked bitterly, "How was I to guess that you'd be such a little idiot as to throw a spanner at a magneto?"

"You'd have thrown a spanner at the magneto yourself after trying to mend that beastly engine for an hour. Anybody would," asserted Sarah Ann with profound conviction.

Charles Edward refrained from grinding his teeth. Why wear them out?

He returned coldly and firmly to the subject, and said, "You've gone and got compromised with this fat little idiot, I tell you; and there's nothing else to do but marry him."

"And I tell you I won't do anything of the kind!" said Sarah Ann.

So, as they so often did, they had come comfortably back to their original positions; and Charles Edward did not find his position at all satisfactory. It was all very well to tell Sarah Ann that she must marry Monty; but he could see no possible way of making her do so.

Then she added with considerable heat, "And after all, you're talking nonsense. You're just as old-fashioned as Uncle Algernon and Aunt Marion. Nobody nowadays cares anything about being compromised or not!"

"They do when it comes to getting married," protested Charles Edward sternly.

She simply glowered at him; then she burst out, "But I'm not getting married! I don't want to get married! Men are such idiots!"

With that she flung out of the room as violently as she had entered it.

Though he knew it well already, Charles Edward told himself, in a few well-chosen words, exactly what he thought of her. It was something of a relief; but it did not really mend matters. The burden of his responsibility was still heavy on him. He felt that he had failed.

IV

PRESENTLY Mrs. Lancaster came to him. She had learned from the now doleful Monty that Sarah Ann had refused to marry him.

She did not bring comfort to Charles Edward, for her view of the situation was even gloomier than his. She, too, felt that she had failed. She said that she ought to have protested against Sarah Ann's driving out alone with her young guest.

"But how on earth were we to guess that she'd throw a spanner at the magneto?" asked Charles Edward.

"We ought to have prepared for it," said Mrs. Lancaster mournfully. "But you must not relax in your efforts, Sir Charles. You must make Sarah Ann see that if she doesn't marry Mr. Morrison her chances of making a good marriage are utterly spoiled; so she's bound to marry him."

"But she won't," said Charles Edward in a tone of finality.

"It's a terrible business," said Mrs. Lancaster dolefully. "Somebody's got to marry her." And she left him.

Her last words stuck in Charles Edward's mind, though he tried to thrust them out of it. It was certainly true that if somebody married Sarah Ann she would cease to be compromised. His way lay plain before him; but he did his best not to see it. It was a way that he could not regard with any enthusiasm. It was at lunch that he perceived that he would have to take it. Sarah Ann was wholly delightful at lunch. Apparently she had forgotten the painful and compromising incident of the day before. He also perceived that the one bright point in the way that lay before him was that it was the last way in the world that Sarah Ann was likely to accept.

But then, as he told himself gloomily, you could never tell with Sarah Ann.

The fact that she was in a good temper at lunch did not raise his spirits. He would have felt safer had she been in a bad temper; and yet he was not quite sure about it all. After all, when Sarah Ann was charming she was very charming; and, of course, in spite of their furious battles, he liked her very much. Perhaps —— He thrust the thought from him.

After lunch he had a happy thought; he took Montagu aside and said, "Miss Pyppe

(Continued on Page 107

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MENIHAN'S ARCH-AID SHOES

(Continued from Page 104)

is in a very much better temper this afternoon. Don't you think you ought to have another shot at it?"

Montagu looked at him aslant and sourly, and said with infinite decision, "I'll be hanged if I'll have another shot today! You don't know what it's like. Once a day is enough for any man." His face grew sourer, and he added darkly, "Besides, I've had so many shots I'm getting fed up with it."

"I don't think much of your spirit," said Charles Edward coldly. He was disappointed in Monty.

"Spirit be damned!" said Monty hotly, and he went away.

There was nothing for it. Charles Edward perceived clearly that he must throw himself into the breach. He braced himself for the onset and went in search of Sarah Ann. He found her strolling up and down the tennis lawn, apparently immersed in a girlish dream.

He was direct; he said, "Look here, Sarah Ann! You've got to marry somebody, you know."

Sarah Ann emerged from her girlish dream, looked at him with eyes still rather bemused, and said carelessly, "Nonsense!"

"But you've got to! Look here! Will you marry me?" he said in a brave but rather cheerless voice.

Sarah Ann appeared to wake up wholly; her beautiful eyes were of a sudden shining very brightly; and with an adorable smile she said, "Oh, Charles Edward! Do you really want me to?"

Charles Edward thrust aside the vision of the ruined years and said heroically, "Yes."

V

SIR CHARLES PYPPE—né Charles Edward Pip—was enjoying Italy immensely. Lady Pyppe was enjoying it less.

They had come to the town of Rimini and were lingering there. With them was Mr. Montagu Morrison. He had, figuratively, returned to the hand that smacked him.

Charles Edward had welcomed him with no show of warmth. He had never been able to find any use for Mr. Morrison, of whom he was wont to speak, not without justice, as "that fat little idiot, Monty." Sarah Ann welcomed him warmly, for they had scores of common acquaintances and their doings to discuss. This Italian journey was a continuation of her honeymoon, and she had been away from London for nearly three months.

Monty was happy, sunning himself in her smiles. But he missed something; she no longer provided him with the exciting life. During the three days he had spent with them at Ancona and the three at Rimini she had not fallen into one fury. It appeared to Monty that the soothing society of Charles Edward was weakening her spirit. He could not make up his mind whether the change in her was for the better or not. Then came the incident in the Caffè Forli at Rimini.

After dinner they had gone for their evening stroll beside the still and starlit Adriatic. Sarah Ann had talked, chiefly to Monty, with her usual lively animation about common acquaintances. Coming back through the town, they had turned, as was their custom, into a café for a zabaione, a sweet and rather sticky drink, which their young palates found uncommonly pleasing. At a table on the other side of the café were four Italian officers. Sarah Ann's beauty drew their eyes, and they stared at her in the frank and somewhat offensive fashion of Italian officers. Sarah Ann was well used to being stared at; but they stared at her the harder because they saw that she and her friends were not Italian. Indeed, with his clear-skinned, tanned face, fair hair, blue eyes and high-arched Pyppe nose, Charles Edward was plainly English of the English. At the moment the Italians, like most other nations, were, thanks to the unfortunate friendships of the late British Government, disliking the English very much. The patriotic fervor of the Italian officers did not permit them to lose this opportunity of showing themselves careless of the feelings of natives of that detested country.

Sarah Ann began to chafe at their staring, and she said, "I wish those men wouldn't stare so."

Charles Edward turned and regarded the Italians with rather cold, distasteful eyes. The three younger officers seemed to find his cold scrutiny rather discouraging and ceased to stare. But the major of the battalion, a short, thick-set, swarthy, bull-headed, sulky-looking man of nearly forty, only stared the harder. Then, when Sarah Ann's eyes next rested on him, he smiled at her, a smile which doubtless he meant to be engaging, but which was merely insolent. Sarah Ann frowned and looked away. But her eyes would stray back to him, and he raised his glass and bowed and drank to her with a yet more insolent smile.

There came a gleam into Charles Edward's eyes, and his lips set in a straight line.

Sarah Ann scowled and said, "Really, Charles Edward, you ought to speak to that cad."

"I don't think I'd better," said Charles Edward.

Sarah Ann thought that there was a lack in his tone of the concern which the circumstance demanded. She tapped her foot; the flush deepened in her beautiful face; her eyes sparkled very brightly; and she said with considerable heat, "Do you mean to say that you're going to sit still and see me insulted by that cad?"

Charles Edward was looking earnestly at the major; and he said, still without the proper concern in his tone, "One can't have a row in a restaurant when one has a lady with one—especially in a foreign restaurant."

Probably Sarah Ann would have perceived the good sense of the statement had not the major at that moment laughed. Probably he laughed at something one of his friends said. But Sarah Ann took the laugh to herself and, as our Canadian cousins felicitously phrase it, went off the deep.

"You're not going to do anything?" she said in a furious voice.

"I'm not going to have a row," said Charles Edward with a certain decision.

"You're afraid!" snapped Sarah Ann, and her eyes blazed on him.

"I'm always afraid of rows in restaurants," said Charles Edward.

Sarah Ann, as always in these circumstances, took the romantic view. She became as sorry for herself as she was angry. She dwelt on the horror of being married to a coward. She said that she could not bear the thought of it; that she could not endure it; that she was not going to endure it; that nothing would induce her to endure it; that it was an appalling state of things that must end at once. She repeated all these things several times. Then Monty rose to the occasion.

He said nobly, "I'll go and speak to the blighter."

Sarah Ann turned on him furiously and cried, "You won't do anything of the kind! It's Charles Edward's business, not yours! You sit still!"

She returned to the horror of being married to a coward; then said that she could not stand it any longer and, ordering Monty to come with her, flung out of the restaurant.

Charles Edward had listened to her fulminations without a word and without any perceptible change of expression. When she was like that she was like that. There was nothing to be done.

The Italian officers, who had gathered roughly what was happening, were grinning. The major laughed unpleasantly. Charles Edward took his note case from his pocket and from the note case a visiting card. Fencing was his chief accomplishment, and he had read a good deal about the duel and knew the procedure. He crossed out the Pyppe Court, Merstham, Surrey, and wrote on it, "Hotel Victor Emanuele, Rimini." The Italian officers saw what he was doing, and their demeanor changed. They ceased to grin; they looked interested; they sat upright and stiff in their chairs. Charles Edward called the waiter and paid for the zabaione. Then he rose and crossed the café.

He bowed to the officers, presented his card to the major and said in an unpleasant tone, "Cad!"

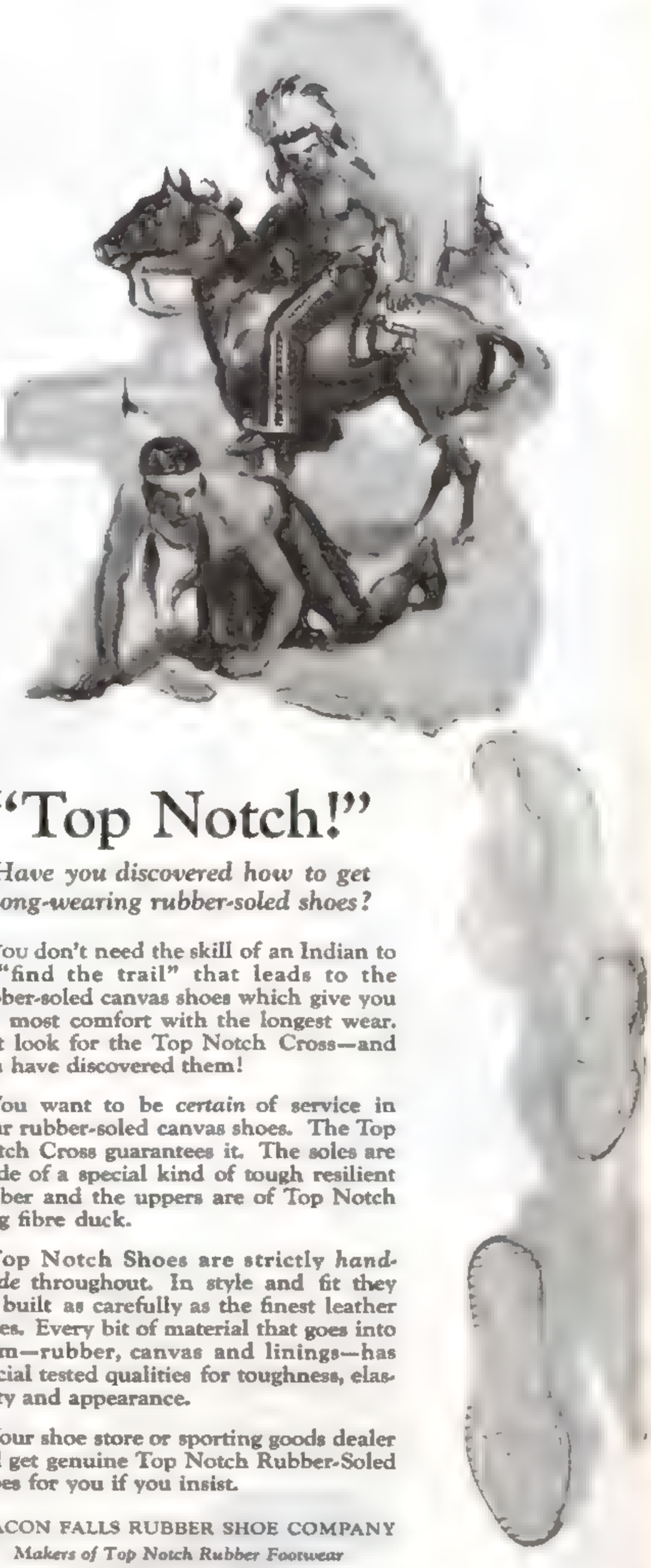
He wished that he knew the Italian word, but he did not. The major rose and bowed, scowling. He did not know what the word meant. He guessed. That was what it sounded like.

Charles Edward turned and walked quietly out of the café.

VI

HE DID not hurry back to the hotel. Sarah Ann needed time to calm down. Monty could very well be useful for once in his life and put in a little time in soothing her. That would give her the opportunity of transferring her anger to Monty. She would probably take it. Monty was used to her anger; he had been used to it for

(Continued on Page 109)



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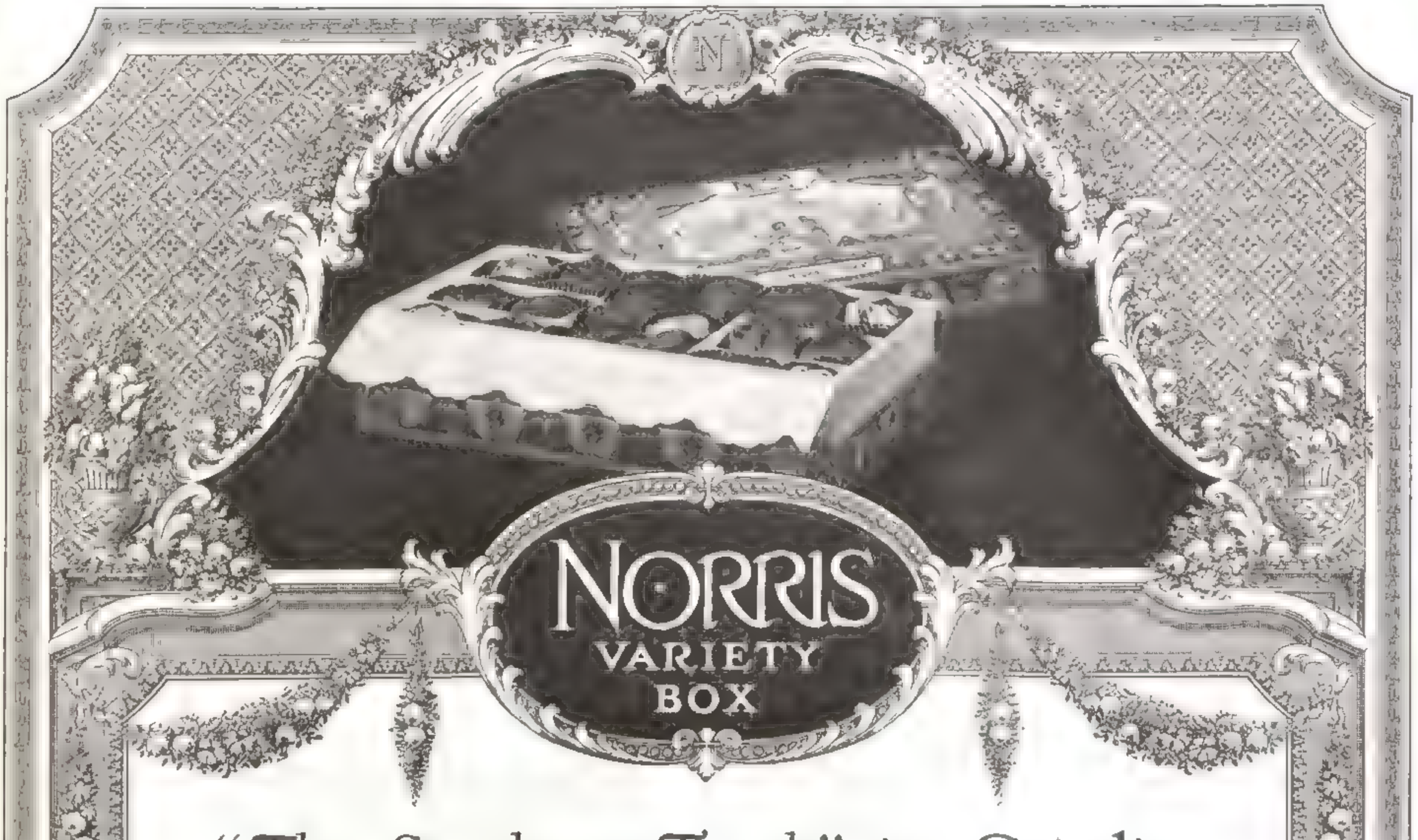

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(Continued from Page 107

two years longer than Charles Edward. Besides, what else was he there for?

Charles Edward was feeling pleased. He had always thought that a fencer ought to fight at least one duel. It was peculiarly incumbent on him, he felt, to fight one duel, for he was a member of the London Fencing Club and one of the best of the English team. Of course, a duel was a tricky thing; there is always the element of accident; but he was ready to take his chance. He ought to be at least as good a fencer as the major, probably better. After all, he had met some of the best Italian fencers; and though he had only won three out of more than a dozen matches, he had not been easily worsted in any of them. Also he was uncommonly fit. He lit a cigarette and strolled up and down in front of his hotel, waiting for the arrival of the representatives of the major. They could very well hold their conference outside the hotel, for he did not wish Sarah Ann to know that he was going to fight a duel. There was no point in letting her get frightened

The representatives of the major were some time coming. They had had to go back to the barracks to find an officer who spoke English. Charles Edward had finished another cigarette before he met them at the corner of the street, out of sight of the hotel—one of the young officers he had seen at the *caffè* with an older one in captain's uniform. They saluted him; and he explained that he would rather discuss matters where they were, since he did not wish his wife to be frightened. The older man, Captain Carpi, who spoke English fairly, agreed to it readily. Then Charles Edward explained that he had no one to act for him; that the friend who was with him knew nothing about these matters. The two officers conferred in Italian. Then Captain Carpi offered to act himself for Charles Edward, since Major Budrio had the services of all his brother officers at his disposal. Charles Edward accepted the offer gratefully. Captain Carpi said that Major Budrio would prefer swords, but that it was a question whether Charles Edward was not the offended person and had the choice of weapons. Charles Edward said that swords would suit him perfectly. The arrangements took no time to make. Charles Edward explained his social standing; Captain Carpi said that he would find another second for him, arrange the meeting place and meet him at the Caffè Forli at eight next morning and drive with him to it. They said good night, and Charles Edward returned to the hotel.

There he found Monty, rather sulky and inclined to be supercilious. Charles Edward perceived something odd in his manner, but could not make out what it was. He seemed to be enjoying a kind of suppressed triumph with a hangdog air. A suspicion came to Charles Edward that he had been plotting something with Sarah Ann; but he could not think what it could be. He had never been fond of Monty—Monty was not one of those who inspire unreasoning fondness. Now he had a feeling of distrust of him. Yet it seemed rather absurd.

Charles Edward went up to their suite of rooms and found that Sarah Ann had locked her bedroom door. She would not answer him when he spoke to her through it. Well, she would probably be better next morning. Her furies rarely lasted longer than twelve hours. He went to bed in a pleased excitement at the thought of the business before him. He was about to gratify a desire of long standing. He slept like a top.

He awoke in excellent spirits and dressed quietly. Then he thought that he would like to kiss Sarah Ann, for, after all, a duel was a tricky thing. But apparently she was still suffering from the shock of the discovery that she had married a coward, for she did not open her door or speak. He called good-by to her and went off to the *caffè*, feeling pleasantly excited and cheerful. He reached it at twenty to eight. Then, remembering that he had read that an Englishman fights best on a full stomach, he ordered an omelette, rolls and coffee

He was finishing this meal and enjoying it very much when Captain Carpi arrived, wearing the grave expression proper to a man engaged in so serious a business. He seemed somewhat surprised by the cheerfulness of Charles Edward's greeting and the carefree tone in which he invited him to join in his simple meal. He even appeared a trifle shocked that Charles Edward should be taking things with this levity. He said somberly that they ought to be starting at once. The bill was paid and they got into the carriage.

Charles Edward, since he was feeling cheerful and excited, talked about the weather and the scenery, the quality of the horse and the probability of the carriage falling to pieces before it reached the scene of action, with pleasant animation. The Italian listened to him with a slightly bewildered air for about seven minutes.

Then, with a look of sudden enlightenment, he leaned forward and said, "I understand. I perceive that you are used to these rencontres."

"If you mean duels," said Charles Edward, "I'm not. This is my first"

The Italian looked even more bewildered

"You consider it without—without seriousness," he said.

"Oh, well, I've done a good deal of fencing, you know," said Charles Edward.

The Italian hesitated. He did not wish to unnerve his principal. But he did wish him to take the business seriously.

He said gravely, "Fencing—it is not the same thing as the duel. The best fencer has to be very careful all the time in a duel. It is not always the best fencer who is victorious."

"That's odd," said Charles Edward. "I should have thought that if he kept his head he would win every time—bar accidents."

"Ah, yes; if he keep his head," said the Italian more gravely.

Charles Edward smiled at him pleasantly and said, "Ah, well, I must try to keep mine."

It took the bag of bones which was drawing the ramshackle cab the best part of half an hour to bring them to the meeting place, three miles from the town. At the nearest point of the road to it they came upon the twin cab and the twin-cab horse waiting at the entrance to a path through a grove of wild olives. They went down it and came out of the grove to find themselves on a level piece of turf of about half an acre. Charles Edward was wearing light shoes, and as he came onto the turf he tested their grip. It was satisfactory; he would be able to move with the quickness which was one of his chief advantages.

On their right, in the shadow of the trees, Major Budrio, the other seconds and a doctor were waiting for them. Captain Carpi was glad that his principal had not had to do the waiting, though he thought that he would have felt the strain very little.

Major Budrio, naturally of a sulky disposition, was looking even more sulky than usual. Captain Carpi had informed the colonel of Charles Edward's rank; and the colonel had sent for the major and advised him to deal gently with the young Englishman. Otherwise, since he had been the original offender, there might be a considerable fuss about the matter; the army authorities would certainly be annoyed, and they might very well invite him to retire, to save their faces. The major, like most of his type, suffered always from a flaming patriotic enthusiasm and had had the intention of doing his best to kill Charles Edward. He felt balked.

The seconds were not long making the arrangements, and while they were making them Charles Edward studied his opponent. Doubtless he had a wrist of steel; but he did not look quick. Indeed, to judge from his walk, he was rather on the stiff side. Also, he was short in the arm. Charles Edward reckoned that he must be about twice as quick on his feet and have a longer reach by a good four inches. That was enough for anybody.

At one time he had cherished a hope, which he had drawn from reading romances, of developing something in the nature of the *botte du Jésuite* or the *coup de Jarnac*. He had since learned that these were but the fanciful inventions of those who wrote the romances. But, starting with this advantage of quickness and length of reach, he decided to try instantaneous action, something in the nature of a surprise. If it did not come off he could always take the measure of his opponent afterwards. And always he had the dashing style which is so often the characteristic of a fencer who is also a good boxer.

They came forward and took their places, with the sun directly on their left. The major wore the careless air and the rather contemptuous expression of a man who has an easy job before him. It pleased Charles Edward. He himself came into action looking rather limp, and his face wore no expression of any kind.

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The signal was given, they saluted and engaged. On the instant Charles Edward put in the quick action. It was so quick and unexpected, so early in the duel, that the onlookers hardly saw what did happen. But, using his longer reach and greater quickness, Charles Edward ran his point three inches into the top of the major's left lung, and in the same movement jumped back six feet before the major could take advantage of the opening he had left. The major came after him, an expression of extreme astonishment slowly covering his face. But the red patch which appeared and spread swiftly over his shirt assured his seconds that honor was satisfied. At once they stopped the duel.

The major, who did not yet seem to realize what had happened to him, burst into excited protests. Then he staggered; his seconds lowered him to the ground, and the doctor got to work on him.

"My word, but that was quick!" said Captain Carpi in a new tone, a tone of respect, as he helped Charles Edward on with his coat.

"Major Budrio was a bit careless. He didn't give himself much of a chance. It never does, you know," said Charles Edward.

"But Major Budrio is experienced in these affairs. I did not tell you; but he has been victorious in five."

"They must have been some time ago," he said. "Though, of course, he did take it for granted that I was no good."

"Why, yes; the last was seven or eight years ago," Captain Carpi admitted.

"I shouldn't have brought that little bit of quick work off then, I expect. It would have taken me longer," said Charles Edward simply.

Captain Carpi went to the doctor and had a few words with him. He came back looking grave.

"The doctor says that it is a rather serious wound—the top of the lung—the lung is always awkward," he said. "I think you had better go away. Indeed, it would be well to depart from Italy, I think."

"But why? The duel is recognized here, isn't it? And everything was quite regular, wasn't it?" said Charles Edward.

"Oh, yes, all was in order, awfully. But should Major Budrio be so unfortunate as not to recover, there is heaps of popular feeling against England at present; and the government might find it safest to put the law against dueling into effect."

"Then I suppose I'd better go," said Charles Edward with no concern in his tone.

"Yes; a long way," said Captain Carpi.

They went into the olive grove, leaving the doctor still at work on the major's wound, walked to their cab and drove back to the town.

Charles Edward had had his desire and fought his duel; but he was disappointed. He had not had so much excitement out of it as he had expected. It had been so short. However, he had done the thing neatly and as he had intended to do it. He was in no hurry to get back to Sarah Ann—the longer she had to cool the better—and the drive and excitement had given him a fine appetite. He invited Captain Carpi to breakfast with him at the Caffè Forli. Captain Carpi accepted the invitation with a faint light of enthusiasm in his eyes.

Charles Edward discussed the menu with the head waiter and with Captain Carpi, to whom he appealed in the matter of the wine.

He said, "You must tell me about the wine. What's the best they've got?"

Carpi's eyes sparkled, and he said quickly, "There is a Lachryma Christi—old, very old, sparkling—a great wine." Then he paused and added diffidently, "But it is expensive, very expensive."

Charles Edward ordered a bottle.

It was, indeed, a great wine; and the breakfast was admirable. Charles Edward had seldom enjoyed a breakfast so much; and over it, as the wine warmed their hearts, they became very friendly. Charles Edward, giving his ingenuous curiosity the rein, learned that the life of the Italian officer, compared with that of the English officer, is dull, with a great deal more work in it. He learned also that Carpi was not at all distressed by the result of the duel. Major Budrio, on the strength of his earlier victories, had been on the insufferable side for about fifteen years. This reverse, at the hands of an Englishman, and so young an Englishman, might make him a pleasanter fellow.

At a quarter past eleven they rose from the table and parted excellent friends. Captain Carpi wished that dueling Englishmen came to Rimini more often. He felt that there was an opening for them there.

VII

CHARLES EDWARD walked back to the hotel in a pleasant elation. He went up to his suite to find that Sarah Ann and Monty had gone out. He came down to the hall and asked a waiter if they had left word where they had gone. The waiter went to inquire and came back with the astonished manager, who told the astonished Charles Edward that the signora and his friend had left Rimini by the ten o'clock train. Then he gave Charles Edward a letter which Sarah had left for him. It ran:

Dear Charles Edward: I have left you forever! As I explained to you last night, the thought of living with a coward is quite unendurable. You must see it yourself. The only possible thing is a divorce. I do not know whether I shall marry Monty afterwards or not. He is very keen on it. But then he always did appreciate me, and after all he did want to prevent that loathsome Italian insulting me.

Yours sincerely, SARAH ANN.

As he read this ingenuous document the astonishment on Charles Edward's face deepened and deepened. Then it changed to an angry dismay. Here was, indeed, a pretty kettle of fish!

He ground his teeth and murmured, "Silly little idiot!"

Well, he must do his best to save her from her idiocy and her idiot. He asked the manager whether the ten o'clock train ran northward or southward. The manager said that it ran to Milan; that the next train to Milan was at twelve o'clock. Charles Edward said that he would go by it. He told the manager to let him have his bill. He learned that Sarah Ann had already paid the bill. That was exactly like Sarah Ann.

He packed, fuming. Sarah Ann had certainly put the fat in the fire this time. The way in which she would hit on some romantic idiocy directly she lost her temper was amazing. Until she lost it she was as sensible as the next person. It was a serious business, and the longer Charles Edward considered it the more serious it appeared. It meant that she would spoil her life, or at any rate four or five of what should have been the best years of her life. Certainly that fat little idiot Monty was not the man to make up for the things she would lose.

He pondered Monty. Of course, this idiotic elopement had not been that fat little idiot's idea; but that was no excuse for his encouraging her in it. She had suggested it, and he had jumped at the chance of getting hold of her. He had wanted her for so many years. Charles Edward began to long for Monty, to crave for him. He burned to teach him not to jump at chances—at any rate chances of Sarah Ann. There was one chance at which he was going to jump himself—the chance of clearing Monty out of the affair before it was too late.

He had quite a good chance of doing so. He looked into the matter and found that he would reach Milan only an hour after they reached it, for the twelve o'clock train was the express of the day and took an hour less over the journey than the ten o'clock. Also, it was any odds that he would find them at the Hotel Victor Emanuele. They had decided to stay at that hotel when they left Rimini. Sarah Ann would go to it as a matter of course; should Monty have the sense to expect him to pursue them, she would reject the suggestion on the principle that she always rejected Monty's suggestions.

Therefore he caught the twelve o'clock train in a strong expectation that he would be able to extricate Sarah Ann from the mess she was making of her life. If she refused to listen to reason, as was not improbable, Monty would give him very little trouble. He did not propose to try reason on Monty, at least not verbal reasoning; but he did see his way to getting a certain amount of comfort out of him. He had never liked Monty's nose; at the moment he liked it less than ever. He thought he saw his way to compel Sarah Ann to select somebody else for any permanent running away she might feel inclined for. Moreover, if Monty had not been there to run away with, she would probably have never run away at all. There would have been nothing to suggest that course to her. Yes; Monty should certainly prove a comfort.

He caught the twelve o'clock train in an uncommonly bad temper. It did not

Continued on Page 113

GREIST Lamps

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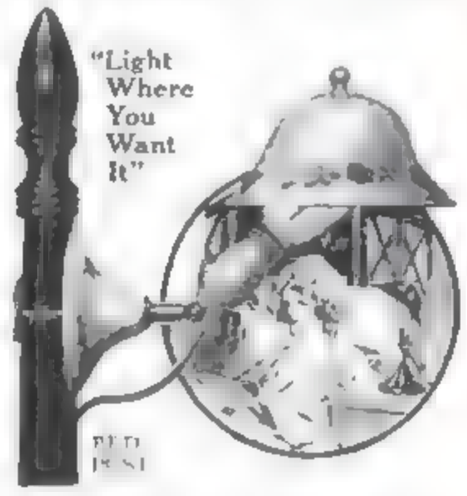

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(Continued from Page 110

improve. Apart from the scenery, there is nothing soothing in a journey from Rimini to Milan by an express train. It always seems to be foozling the rails, and when it does not bump it jerks. The journey did not soothe Charles Edward. By the time he reached Milan he had settled comfortably down into a cold fury.

VIII

SARAH ANN started from Rimini in a fair to middling temper. She felt that she was taking the proper course for a young woman of spirit to take. The journey, though she was in a less active train, did her temper no good. Also, those hours of contemplation of the round, full and rather puffy face of Mr. Montagu Morrison did nothing to soothe her. The face of Charles Edward, no matter what the circumstances were or how cold a fury he might be in, was always pleasant to contemplate. Also, it always looked clean. As early as Bologna, Monty's face looked dirty. The longer it was forced on her contemplation the clearer it grew that it was not a necessary adjunct to romance.

She arrived at Milan hot, dusty and irritable. At the station things did not move with the celerity to which she was used. Porters and cabmen did not rush to Monty to do his bidding as they rushed to Charles Edward. While she was waiting she bought the latest edition of The Corrière. Running her eyes rather languidly down its columns, the headline, Duel to the Death at Rimini, sprang at them. They were almost starting out of her head as she read that the English Lord Pyppo had fought the famous duelist, Major Budrio, and run him through the right lung.

Under the influence of that noble Lachryma Christi, Captain Carpi had been frank and open with the Corrière's representative at Rimini.

It would have occurred to many a young woman that she had rather played the fool. This did not occur to Sarah Ann. It was plain to her that she had acted in a reasonable and dignified manner; but it was also plain that she had done Charles Edward an injustice. She must repair it at once.

Hot and flurried, Monty came up with the most incompetent porter at the station.

"What do you think, Monty?" she exclaimed. "Charles Edward has wounded that horrible Italian in a duel! We must wire to him to join us at once!"

Monty gasped, and his eyes began to start out of his head. He passed a hot but dirty hand over his hot and sweaty brow and smudged it. Even then he displayed no enthusiasm.

He temporized, saying, "Look here! We'd better talk this over at the hotel."

"There's nothing to talk over," said Sarah Ann with decision.

"But, hang it all, you can't expect him to come rushing straight to you after the letter you left for him and the things you said about him last night!" he suggested.

"But he'll see that it was all his fault," Sarah Ann protested. "He should have told me that he was going to fight that horrible Italian."

"I dare say he thought you'd be anxious if you knew he was going to fight a duel," Monty suggested.

"But he must have known I shouldn't be anxious!" said Sarah Ann. "Charles Edward must be a match for any Italian, fencing as he does."

Monty continued to protest till he saw the well-known gleam in Sarah Ann's eyes. He ceased. On the way to the hotel she telegraphed.

At the hotel she lingered over her bath and getting out of her dusty traveling clothes into a more pleasing frock. She came into the sitting room looking her most ravishing. Over their tea she talked at some length about the severe things she would say to Charles Edward about his not telling her that he was going to fight that horrible Italian. Monty grew restive.

He said with unbecoming petulance, "You seem to be taking it for granted that Pyppe will come flying to you the moment he gets your wire."

"Of course he will!" said Sarah Ann confidently.

"He won't!" said Monty with equal confidence. "I know he's a poor-spirited blighter."

Sarah Ann went off the deep with surprising suddenness.

"You worm!" she said; and since his face happened to be within easy reach, she smacked it.

Monty rose in empurpled dignity and made for the door, assuring her, as he had often assured her before, that he would never return. He left the room at an inopportune moment. He should have left it earlier.

CHARLES EDWARD reached Milan in his cold fury about fifty minutes after Sarah Ann and Monty. He had had all the time he needed to consider their behavior. He had arrived at a definite conclusion about it; he did not want any more of it. He was now thinking not so much of justice as of vengeance.

He followed his instinct and went straight to the Hotel Victor Emanuele. In rather less than three minutes he had learned that Sarah Ann and Monty were at the moment drinking, or at any rate trying to drink, the tea of Ceylon, made in the Italian fashion, in a sitting room on the first floor, Número 7—a lucky number. He went quietly up the stairs.

As he was passing the door of Número 5 the door of Número 7 opened.

Monty came out, and paused on the threshold to say bitterly, "Never again! I've had enough!"

He was wrong. The words were hardly out of his mouth when he received some more.

Charles Edward's left landed with astoning violence on that button-mushroom nose which he had always disliked. Then he caught its possessor by the scruff of his neck before he had quite gathered what had happened, propelled him to the top of the stairs and with his right foot helped him to descend them quickly.

Comforting though these actions were, they did not sate his cold fury. They rather whetted it. He went briskly back to Número 7 and entered.

Sarah Ann uttered a little cry of pleasure at the sight of him, and rose, flushed, smiling and radiant.

"Oh, Charles Edward! How splendid it was of you!" she cried. "But why ever didn't you tell me what you were going to do?"

Charles Edward gazed, or rather he glared, at her with cold eyes.

He observed, "You tiresome little idiot! If you are bent on bringing discredit on our name I'll jolly well give you something to do it for!"

There are scenes too painful for the human pen. A passing waiter certainly heard the pathetic sound of a woman's howls. His assertion that the sound was accompanied by a sound of spanking we may ascribe to the belief, prevalent in Italy, that the English always beat their wives—or we may not.

Five minutes later Charles Edward paused as he came out of the door to say, "I've had enough of it!"

At the moment he was unaware of the fact that he was plagiarizing Monty.

It happens to but few young women to be left by two men in rather less than six minutes. Sarah Ann was hardly the kind of young woman to allow it unless she wanted it. With equanimity she had seen Monty depart. The world is full of Montagus. Besides, he would return; she knew him well. It was not the first time he had left her forever. Charles Edward was a different matter.

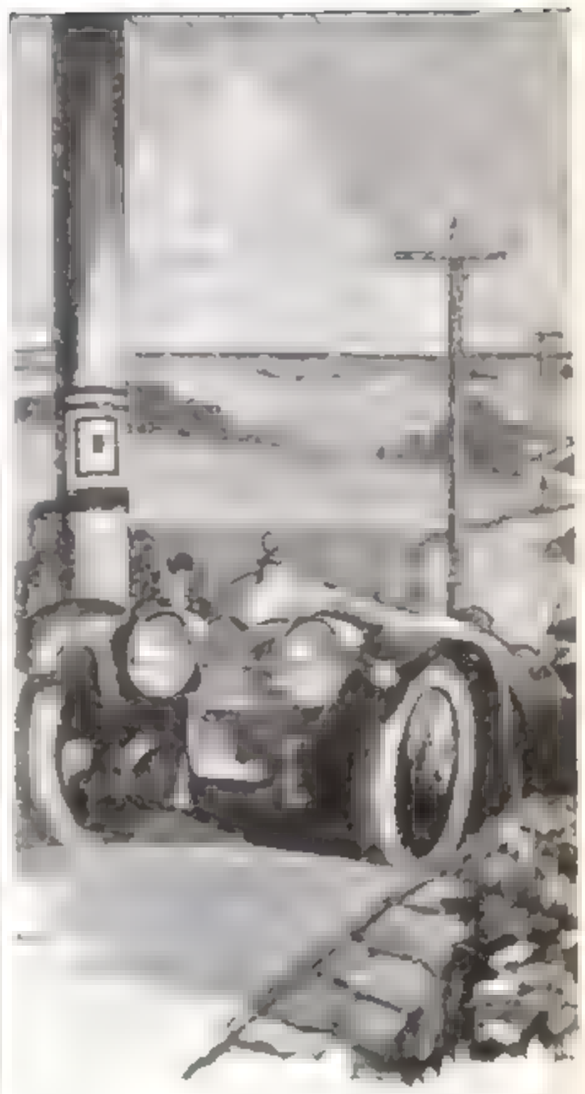
Therefore the manager of the hotel was distressed; but, knowing the English, neither surprised nor shocked, when, as Charles Edward was stalking towards the door of the hotel, there came rushing down the stairs the charming English guest whose beauty he had marked, with the tears streaming from her lovely eyes. She caught Charles Edward as he took hold of the handle of the door, seized his arm with a grip that would take some shaking off and cried, "You shan't leave me, Charles Edward! I won't let you!"

Charles Edward paused. With that grip on his arm he had to. His well-ordered mind realized almost on the instant that one cannot have a tussle with a weeping woman in the hall of a first-class Italian hotel, even if she is your wife. Also, his fury had somewhat abated. Besides, now that he came to think of it he was not sure that he did wish to leave Sarah Ann.

"All right," he said in icy accents. "But the next time you play the fool you know what you'll get!"

"Oh, what a brute you are, Charles Edward!" cried Sarah Ann in a tone of bitter anguish, pulling him towards the stairs.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of stories by Mr Jepson.



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MY SECRET AMBITION

(Continued from Page 11)

nation—I might say the white races of the world—open to a grave situation. Perhaps this fear is a sign of age in me, perhaps I am merely quite wrong, but frankly I don't believe so. I claim to have a fair amount of intelligence, and I know I can't get away with the dual job—not, at least, to my own satisfaction. A number of years ago, when the woman question was a live issue, I read interviews with ladies refuting this statement, and when I read I was convinced. Since then I have tried out the theory and it does not work. I, at least, cannot be the sort of wife and mother which seems to me ideal and at the same time do my job as a purveyor of public entertainment. I am not wholly to blame for this situation, because I got the work habit before I had any acceptable opportunity for the domestic ideal. My job and its responsibilities were upon me; I was proud of it; and I had not the faintest realization that it was, in a way, a stumblingblock between me and the grand old simple fundamentals of life.

I wonder how many women of my generation have been caught in the same trap—a trap laid, of course, by changing economic conditions for the greater part, but often by personal ambition as well. I am quite willing to grant that my sixteen published volumes have been a valuable contribution to society at large, and that they were a lot of fun to write, besides being reasonably profitable. That is not the point, which is that I have a sneaking suspicion that perhaps as many good American citizens would have been a better, more beneficial line after all, more important to the nation, of more value to the world. Yes, sixteen of 'em. Well, let's say three or four, anyhow. A woman with health and a good provider, who goes at it in the right spirit, ought to be able to do that much for her country and get a lot of happiness out of it. And by the way, if I ever get those four children in that big home of mine, I am going to knit them all red mittens and ear muffs to wear when they dig out the path in the snow from the porch to the road.

Every time I see a new book bearing my name I get a fresh thrill of pride. I fondle it, display it proudly. And inside of a week I am fretting over how to write the next one. I am cranky to the home folks, late for meals, and am generally not fit to have about! And the latest volume is forgotten as if it had never existed.

An Invitation to Confession

My son is the best thing I have ever published. He is never on the shelf, he is never forgotten except during my working time. My job with him is never done and I am never bored by that task. I often wish I could abandon my literary work for his sake. But can I? Even if he were not, as is the case, partially dependent upon me for support, could I break myself of the habit, formed long before his birth, of working at my job? I doubt—in fact I know it cannot be done. The modern idea, and the circumstances which made it necessary for me to become self-supporting at a very early age, have raised an inhibition that is far from imaginary. I am bound to go on writing. Yet if by some miracle my ambition should be realized and I ever do have those five youngsters I was mentioning—well, all the writing I am going to do is make up fairy stories to tell them in their nighties before the nursery fire at night!

Come on, girls, confess! How many of you lady sales managers, Paris buyers, opera singers, actresses and other professional women dare look me in the eye and tell me, as you hope for heaven, that you wouldn't, now you've tried it, swap your job for the right man and the sort of thing the world, since its beginning, has called a home? Just a regular, old-fashioned home! And don't write and tell me any fibs about having both of 'em either!

My secret ambition does not concern itself with children only. It extends itself to inanimate objects also. I have a complex for washing windows and for scrubbing floors. But I can no longer afford to scrub floors. It would cost me about fifty dollars per floor, and my business sense comes to my rescue and prevents this wild extravagance except upon special gala occasions. But every once in a while I wipe up my bathroom floor, to relieve my feelings. It is a small one and doesn't take but a few seconds, and I do it much better than the servants do. And the glow of accomplishment it gives me, the thrill of satisfaction! I know that floor is clean, because I cleaned it—than which no greater gratification to feminine vanity exists.

Don't think I have no home, for I have three. They are shared by my husband and my child. They are furnished with the lovely things George and I have earned and chosen with infinite pride and care. But the supreme joys of the housewife, the loving polishing of old mahogany, the washing of fine teacups, are things denied me because of my obligations to my public—an obligation incurred through this fatal habit of work.

One day last summer I had the time of my life. My latest order had been filled and the manuscript lay complete on my desk in the studio. I took half a day off, and as my husband was having a nap there was no pressing necessity for golf. I have a habit at such rare moments of wandering about my home, regarding my possessions with a caressing glance. And on this occasion my attention was attracted by a set of candelabra on the parlor mantel.

Relaxing Occupations

Now this set, consisting of three pieces, a center branch candlestick and a pair of ends, has long dingle-dangles of cut glass, dozens of 'em, and they needed washing. You know how servants regard that sort of thing. So I got a basin of suds—the delicious aromatic suds proper for such a purpose—and spent two hours of solid comfort manicuring those prisms with an old toothbrush, polishing each individually and holding it up to the filtering sunlight to admire with loving care when it was done. The utter peace and relaxation of that afternoon stand out in my mind more vividly than the most gratefully received applause from any of my other works.

When my mother died I put in two solid days cleaning up the attic. I know of no such consolation in sorrow as the mechanical concentration on little things which comes with putting the garret in order, or the store closet, for an excellent substitute. The perfectly definite problem of whether or not that old blue sweater of Martha's should be put away for the possible use of future guests or given to those poor Joneses over by the railroad track, eases one's mind so naturally and so simply away from the abyss of eternity! There still exists a deep woman tradition of getting necessary things done in the midst of personal calamity, and no place offers so right a field for this as the home. Here her hands may perform those simple tasks which generations of habit have made almost mechanical, and the hypnotic performance is a more certain cure for sorrow than all the formulas of our modern cults. At least, so I have found it.

Now don't think that I sentimentalize about the beauty of household tasks because of my remoteness from them or that I enjoy sweeping the porch merely because I don't have to. Not so very long ago I did have to, and I enjoyed it then, too, for when a woman worships her home, though she may grumble at these humble tasks, they are, in her inmost heart, a glad rite performed before the altar of her very being.

Of course, unfortunately, not all homes are the temple of a perfect marriage. Yet I believe that in her heart the average woman clings to her household, not, as has been so often said, because it is bread and board, but for the less simple and far more basic reason that it ought to be the center of her universe, and when it has worked out unsuccessfully as such she is violently unwilling to acknowledge the failure.

Most of my friends are professional women, many of them most distinguishedly so. They have fought for freedom, as they call it, from domestic life. Yet practically without exception these women have, after a few years of emancipation from things essentially feminine, decided that a child was necessary to their complete development. A child means, automatically, a home. And a home, if it is to bear the remotest resemblance to success, must have at least one parent constantly in it. This is just as true as it was when Noah was a cabin boy, and no amount of modern theorizing actually alters the case. And I assure you that if I were ever to acquire that home with those

(Continued on Page 116)

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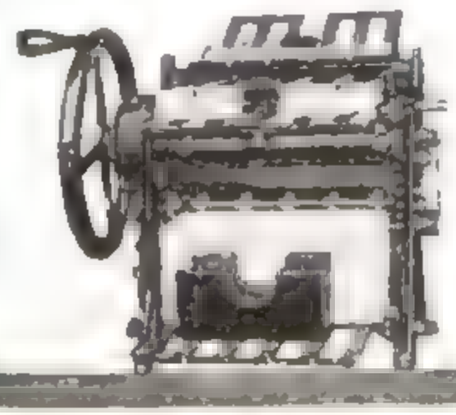

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(Continued from Page 114)

six kiddies I was speaking of—why, they could be pretty sure of finding mother somewhere around the house just by hollering for her.

I have had women look me in the eye and declare they have a home and a job, both satisfactory. But they always have weak moments about it. I see this in their eyes at times. Occasionally they have frankly acknowledged the failure of one or the other, and admitted the fearful strain which the dual undertaking has put upon them. But when they do so it is always with a shamefaced sense of betraying a cause for which they have fought and won—of telling on their sex. I shall, I suppose, have this same accusation brought against me for the publication of this article. But I am not afraid, because the subject is so basic; and besides, I am making mine a statement of ambition, rather than an acknowledgment of failure.

Well, now, to revert to the problem of the professional woman's child: Time and again I have seen a friend plunge into this, the biggest undertaking of her life, with the avowal that the act was for her own development. Almost any woman living will, after a taste of personal career, acknowledge that her life as a woman is incomplete so long as she remains childless. I did the same thing, myself. My child, a voluntarily shouldered responsibility, was primarily undertaken for my own education, in order that my knowledge of life should be broadened.

It was not until the child's actual arrival upon the scene that I received that knowledge—which was merely that I didn't know what I had been talking about and that a child is a job in itself, and a mighty interesting one.

It is my belief that a great new sorrow of women which they have themselves created in their effort to escape what they used to call the burden of the ages—is the deprivation of that natural right which every woman has, of raising her own child. I don't mean that there is necessarily much joy in doing a lot of chores for the baby, but I do know that a certain deep tie between mother and child arises out of the performance of such primitive tasks, and that practically every woman I know is jealous of her nursemaid, even in those cases where she would be unwilling to perform the necessary functions if her profession permitted her the time to do so. There is a dreadful pang in leaving the baby cooing—or shrieking, more often—in the nurse's arms while you close the door and go off to the office or to the studio.

Dual Support

Incidentally there is the child's own point of view to consider. Perhaps it is a little too soon in the big world experiment of woman's emancipation to gauge correctly the result upon the oncoming generation. But children miss their mothers, and like to have them around. And mothers miss their children horribly, even when they are not wholly congenial. I know of no greater tragedy than that constantly active one which is going on in the heart of every professional woman who has to leave her child a great part of the time in order to support it. It is never out of her mind, and yet she can't help it, of course. Naturally there is a tremendous thrill in the realization that the child owes not only its life but its living to your endeavor, and the pride of this somewhat alleviates the pain of realizing how much you are losing through lack of actual contact with your offspring. Some day, when my ambition is fulfilled, I am going to be with my seven children all the time, and daddy can pay the bills—I should worry!

Which leads up naturally to the subject of husbands, a paragraph which I have been stalling about because of the obvious reason that I don't want to put George in a false light, nor Bob, who preceded him.

I want to say at once that I have not been financially dependent upon either of my two husbands, because I deliberately chose not to be. Like thousands of other girls of my generation I honestly believed that it was unfair, among people of moderate means, that the whole support of the household should fall upon the male member of it. And where wealth was concerned, it seemed to me an indignity that the woman should be placed in a position of financial dependence because of the lack of spiritual freedom this might easily entail. I was poor, and so have my husbands been. In both cases I talked them into the idea of a mutually supported household. There is no such thing, as I now know.

The home falls down between the two incomes. There is a gap, as yet unfathomed completely, down which the good old-fashioned home falls and vanishes without even a splash. And I believe that the principal reason for this is that under such an arrangement both parties refuse to be the home keeper.

It is my belief that a home where both husband and wife are having a career is an impossibility. One of them must make a background for the other to rest in. This is particularly true in the arts, when the daily bread is produced at a peculiarly high nervous tension.

Ten years ago I would have pooh-poohed the above statement and gone on to destroy the home itself with a burning analysis. Today I realize that you can destroy anything by that process, because the moment you analyze an emotional reality you reduce it to the mere parts of which it is composed, with the result that it is no longer the unit which gave it character.

We can never, of course, go back to the old ways, to the old sentiments which modern economics has relegated to the elastic Age of Romance along with plumed armor and perukes. As well for me, perhaps, to be ambitious to be queen of ancient Egypt and rebuild the Pyramids, as to have a real old-fashioned American home as the goal of my secret desire. One should not have one's ambitions backward, but forward. In my opinion the ladies' revolution, so far as their personal lives are concerned, has failed of perfection almost as badly as some of our younger republics. I was a revolutionist, and I am partially to blame. But the thing has been done, and again, like Russia, Ireland and Turkey, we have got to swallow our medicine, modify our ideals, and make an honest effort at practical readjustment.

Good Men Scarce

There is probably no cure for women's independence, and none need be searched for, because in most women there is that automatic emergency brake, the need of children. Far better a mechanical home than an unhappy marriage, of course. But unhappy marriages have always existed, and they are naturally more the fault of the individual than of the institution. But I seriously wonder, if we could get at the truth, how many marriages are completely happy on the new basis, and how many such happy couples do acknowledge that it would have been even better on the old basis.

What are we working toward in our new way of living? After all, though only a comparatively small number of pioneers are venturing it, impelled either by financial necessity or intellectual curiosity to make a home on the new basis, their number is important, even though the bulk of my countrywomen still has the old style of home, and how I envy them!

By the way, when I have that big house and those eight children of whom I was speaking, I am going to give them each a thick slice of homemade bread with butter and brown sugar on it every afternoon when they come in from school, for I believe that goes further toward making good citizens than does giving them a slice of social theories.

Ladies, fellow workers, before you deluge me with protests, be sure you look into your own hearts and make certain that you are in a position to cast the first letter! I know as well as you do that most of us go without homes, perforce; that good men are rare. So, my dears, are good women. Indeed, so few of us reach perfection that it's a wonder to me that we have so little divorce, instead of so much. I realize, I assure you, that the home, that sacred bugaboo of the modern female intellectual, is made up largely of gas stoves, measles, stockings with no heels in 'em, apparent suspenders and self-evident cold cream; that its warm hearth germinates petty quarrels as well as great passions; that it is a hard job, working for a home, and that the rewards of this labor are not always apparent. In fact, I doubt if you can write me any disagreeable thing about the home that I won't freely acknowledge, except that it is obsolete or should become so. And when I have those nine children I was telling you about, I'm going to recommend them all to try one.

THE MAN WHO PICKED THE PRIMROSES

(Continued from Page 15)

"Mr. Henley, sir, is going to Spain and wondered if you would join him."

"Spain at this time of year!"

"I suppose he must go when courts are not sitting, sir, just when he can."

"Anyone else?"

"Captain Witts is having a little dinner party, sir, before his regiment goes to India. Said he would write to you about it as you weren't at home. It was yesterday that he called."

"If I'm not in Spain I'll go to it."

"You think of going to Spain, then, sir?"

"It seems a pretty good thing to do," said Tristram thoughtfully.

And so it did.

II

IT CERTAINLY was hot in Spain, but in that country of inspired indolence what did a few extra degrees of heat matter?

It was a memorable time to which Henley—rising young barrister—left him after some weeks.

Tristram saw all the best bull fights in the country. His appetite for life—for every flavor and variety of it—always caused him quickly to associate himself with the customs of any nation; his temperament blended swiftly and passionately with other temperaments; and he always remembered afterwards how during that particular time he had a real lust for the noise, the smell, the blood, the danger, the ferocity, the cruel adulations, the cruel condemnations, the total mercilessness, the horrible and beautiful scenes of the bull ring. He loved to see and to understand the rising passions of lovely women set in the mysterious wonder of their colors, their silks, their jewels, as they sat and watched their favorite wondrous and dreadful sport. And he stayed a long while in Spain; all that winter, going from Madrid to Seville, and thence to sleepy little towns which few tourists find, but in which he enjoyed the most sensational and extraordinary experiences of his career. Hester faded; they all faded; the little white girl had never existed at all—save for the letters which for a while she sent him, duly forwarded by Miss Low from the flat.

Her letters! They surprised him, even him. So full they were of love and pathos; and a quite unexpected strength and philosophy unfolded in them so that sometimes he made a mental note, "I believe I ought to see her again some day," but forgot the note as soon as made. The letters were worth keeping, anyway, as a study of the mysterious processes of an immature mind. He kept them. There were, of course, others. They were merely like photographs, too charming to throw away.

He did not want to go back to England. He sent Yates back; and himself went on to the East.

During the next five years he must have given himself every sensation.

III

TRISTRAM was untired, unsatiated. He grew a little fatter; lines appeared rather thickly around his eyes; but he kept himself pretty fit on the whole. If he entered on some passionately indulgent epoch he made up for it afterwards, for he never did any one thing for very long. After a tender adventure of more than ordinary heat and strength he would go out with men—who really always liked him fairly well—for sport of a different kind. He was a fine shot—though extremely indolent—and his exploits with big game were mentioned by many an admiring hunter in letters home.

Yes, he spent five fine years, taking all he could want, filling his cup.

So he came back to London at the age of nearly forty, after a long absence, insatiable as ever for everything that offered.

Yates was ready with one of his peculiar cocktails; Miss Low had some new recipes with which to regale him. He looked up Henley, who was now a judge whose witticisms were household catch phrases, and whose judgments were reckoned the soundest ever given. Tristram found the fellow prosy. Many of the old set were prosy. They amused and amazed him by the mere stupidity of their setness of mind.

Edward Little, Henley told him, was going strong; a power in these City companies. His boy Cathcart was now at Harrow; the daughter was a beauty.

"Ah!" said Tristram. "The daughter!"

All life was bubbling up like champagne in Tristram when he set out that afternoon of mild and early winter to call upon Hester. She would have changed—matured, faded, aged -but the daughter was a beauty.

And there rose in his mind, where he stored close at hand all his most profitable impressions, the picture of the tall fair schoolgirl standing in the hall of that riverside house on a certain summer day. Five—six years ago, was it?

Lady Little was at home and alone. Into the long rich drawing-room Tristram went, assured as ever. He had found that time—quite a short time—heals the wounds inflicted by the passions, and he did not concern himself with the troublous nature of their last leave-taking. But he saw, with a male thrill, that the woman had not forgotten

She was, of course, heavier; her face, under the velvet hat of picturesque proportions she had just come in from a lunch party—was fuller, but in her eyes glowed the fires that, on seeing again, he recalled so well.

She gave a little cry; reddened, and whitened; then laughed artificially.

Then he kissed her hand.

"Hester," he murmured. "So I am received again?"

"My—my dear Bertie," said Lady Little, "sit down."

They sat down.

"Your news?" he demanded, his eyes on her face.

He had all his old way of demanding, ordering intimacies and confidences. Women liked it; they adored it.

"Edward is a g-g-great man," she said, trying to get her breath back; "Cathcart is a huge person, and at Harrow; little Hester ——"

The girl came in; exactly what her mother had been before her in long-ago débutante days.

"'Little' Hester," said Tristram with light irony. "I've just heard you spoken of as 'little' Hester, my dear. You mustn't mind me calling you 'my dear,' must she, Hester? I have your mother's permission, you see. Besides, you and I used to know each other once. We did indeed. You must be nineteen now. Nineteen!"

"Don't!" said Lady Little, shuddering.

"You, Hester," said Tristram, with a look at her, both masterful and devoted, "will never get any older."

The girl murmured coolly, "And you, Mr. Tristram, are back from all sorts of interesting wanderings?"

"Back," said Tristram, "to take you to all the new plays; and dance all the new dances with you, eh, 'little' Hester?"

The cool English child reminded Tristram of another cool English child five—or six, was it?—years ago. Only this one was much more gallant game, and needed much more ardent hunting.

It could never be said of Tristram, however, that he ever lacked ardor in what he had made the game of his life.

Morning, noon and night he hunted little Hester, though now and again he had to turn aside to soothe the storm that surged in the elder Hester's breast.

That was what piqued, amused and intrigued him so enormously. For she had not forgotten. She wished him to be hers. At last—and it was not so very long before it began either—there was bitter battle between mother and daughter. Silent, keeping back from their tongues the challenge that called in their eyes, woman and girl led their lives together, distrusting each other; grudging each other every advantage; weeping nightly; fighting daily.

Society talked; their friends deplored; their enemies sneered, everyone laughed. The women heard nothing of it all.

But Edward Little heard; although he knew without hearing, and saw without looking, what happened after Tristram came back.

"Tristram is a fellow," said Edward to himself often and often, "who'll get a damn good hiding one of these days."

But Tristram remained safe; he was subtle; he knew every move; he steered a clever course in the middle of the road.

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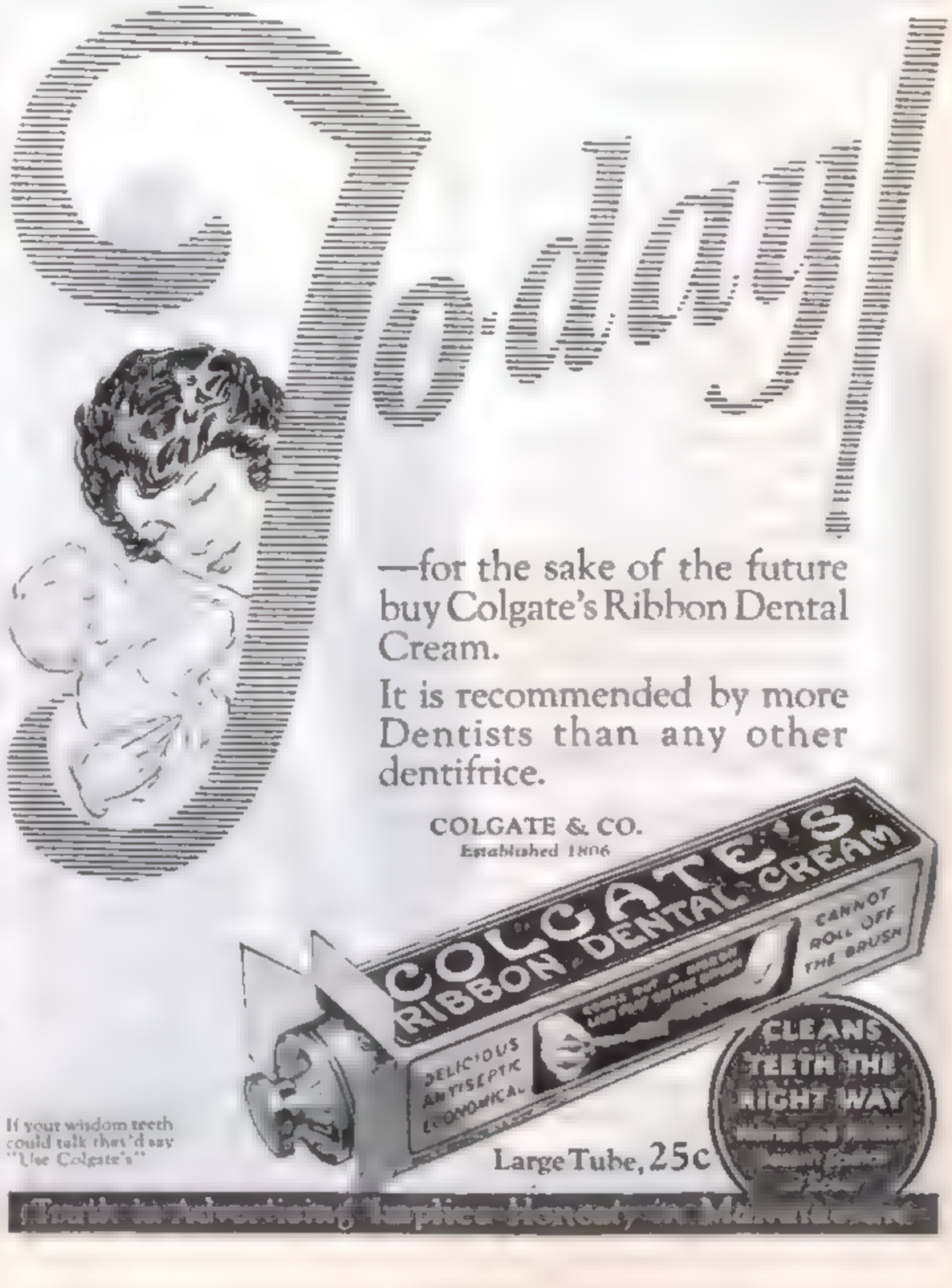

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At last the battle must break.

Tristram was not there to hear when the girl, weeping, reproaching and insulting the mother, and the mother cruelly answering the girl, made a hell of the quiet little sitting room that was Hester's own, overlooking the Green Park.

It was Edward who walked in upon the scene.

Very later that night Sir Edward sent for Tristram, and very late in the night—after the opera and a dance following that—Tristram went to the house.

Edward, who let him in, had been sitting up for him in the library; he looked large and dull and concentrated.

"Very serious, old Edward," Tristram thought commiseratingly as he followed him in. "Fellow who never gets anything out of life; never sees any of the fun that's going on. Poor old Edward! I wouldn't lead his life for a million."

"Sit down, Tristram," said Sir Edward.

Tristram sat down, in his beautifully cut evening overcoat and white muffler, and laid his silk hat on the table between them. It was so late—or rather early—that he had not shed his things in the hall. Besides, he had an idea that he wished to appear a mere transient.

"You and I have been sort of friends, Tristram," said Sir Edward, looking very dull indeed. "I forbid you this house."

Tristram did not reply. He was trying to size Edward up.

"The society you come here for," said Sir Edward, "I can't prevent your enjoying elsewhere. I just tell you this: If you do enjoy it elsewhere I will hit; I will hit blind, perhaps, but I will hit hard. I will hit out in every direction; and something—I don't know what; but something—is bound to happen. You may have to pay for your fun some day, Tristram."

Tristram knew what Edward meant; he knew there was a good deal that a really obstreperous husband and father could do; and he knew more—that nothing is worth such tiresomeness. Life should be managed delicately and with aplomb, to suit one's convenience. Besides, though his brain and his senses were, as usual, intrigued, his heart was, also as usual, untouched.

He said lightly, with candor and grace, "You've found a mare's nest, Little, haven't you? I don't pretend to misunderstand you, but you surprise me. However, let's cut all that. It's not worth arguing about, because you know what I am. A rover. I'm never anywhere long. And wherever I am I'm sure I mean no harm to anyone. No. I'm never anywhere long. I'm off for some other continent next week."

Why not? The world was wide.

IV

TRISTRAM had wonderful days; wonderful years. He wandered the world. Now and again he came home briefly; missed old friends; found here and there a new one; did a season; once or twice hunted through a whole winter; drank Yates' peculiar cocktails—they were now quite a wide selection, for Yates was a man who gathered and garnered knowledge—enjoyed Miss Low's excellent catering and cooking; gave a few parties; found some of the women more insipid and some more difficult than they used to be; and departed again.

He spent much time in Spain and Italy, and found unexpected and enchanting subtlety in many romantic intrigues in Russia.

He went hunting a bit in Africa; but his natural indolence growing—it was not, of course, age or any physical disability—he tired of the strenuousness of that and gave up his trip.

He heard of wonderful springs and summers in Bermuda, and when he was fifty-five he betook himself thither.

The spring was miraculous. The summer was miraculous. The days were days of unalloyed sunshine; the nights were scented; the islands were rich. Bathing from those golden shores in waters of sapphire made one long devastatingly for eternal youth. The sheer beauty of the fringing of coral reefs about the islands, and the flowers and the birds, all the loveliness, made one want to begin everything all over again.

One met an extraordinary selection of people; they seemed just to happen, from everywhere, in Bermuda. Common or garden people flowered like tropical plants, in Bermuda.

And the nymphs! The nymphs! The nymphs!

They came, slim as flowers, and gay as the singing birds in clinging beach suits, in troupes, down to the sea. Young, and cruel because they were so beautiful, they dived and swam, and lay about afterwards in the sun, in those little suits that fitted like wet snakeskins of tropical colors.

Tristram was enchanted. He could have begun all over again! All over again! He was fat.

He was fat, and life had made him soft, and he had a triple chin that was a trifle loose, and the skin around his eyes was rather loose, too, and seamed in a crisscross pattern. Hours of dallying on warm sands became him not. He wanted to kiss as badly as ever, but the competition for his embraces failed. Yes, he could have begun all over again, and confidently he flung himself and his great gifts into the fray with slim and gay and passionate boys whom those nymphs seemed to attract from the blue.

The nymphs took a pleasure in tiring him out in the water. Little devils!

After weeks and months of happy excitement and self-delusion a sound at length penetrated Tristram's armor and made a rent in it beyond all earthly repair. It was the sweet sound of those nymphs' cruel laughter.

They were laughing at him, the fat and funny Adonis of fifty-five proffering his unwanted favors, so trustful of their reception. Little devils!

Tristram went to Paris. He had not been in Paris for quite a long while; it was years since he had enjoyed the arts and the pleasures and all the delicate entertainment of the lovely city. Now he came to her again gladly, with a sigh of relief, covering up as best he might the injury that his armor had suffered in Bermuda; he stayed, as of old, at the Bristol; everything was pleasing again; and the first time he walked up the Champs Elysées, under a fluffy smiling sky all blue and white puffs, an entrancing woman smiled at him.

Ha! Right with the world once more, Tristram wandered slowly on, and sat down at a little café on a sunny boulevard. The autumn air was mild. Beside him, at a table within arm's length, sat a girl demurely sipping her vermuth. She was rather pretty, most intriguing, daintily but cheaply clothed. He took her for someone of the shopgirl class, clever, attractive, refined. She took Tristram for what he was

She lifted an eyebrow, and he smiled. They sat together; he bought more vermuth; they talked. She hung upon his every word—his French was still fluent—she laughed merrily at his feeblest witticism; he saw himself once more mirrored as of old in a woman's shining eyes.

She dined with Tristram that night. He wished as usual to make love to her in the dim recesses of the car in which he drove her home, and she refused him. A little of his anxiety returned. But she gave him an appointment for the next day. It happened several times like this. Then the mercenary little girl told Tristram the truth.

In her broken English—wanting to improve herself in the language, she would speak it—she said, "Non! non! non! You greedy old man! You want everysing for nosing. It cannot be did. You haf geeve me no present."

"Presents!" said Tristram's hurt soul.

Of course he had never been a mean man, but he had never yet had to stoop to bribes. Bribes! That was what she suggested, literally; and that a woman should not think she was gaining his admiration was devastating.

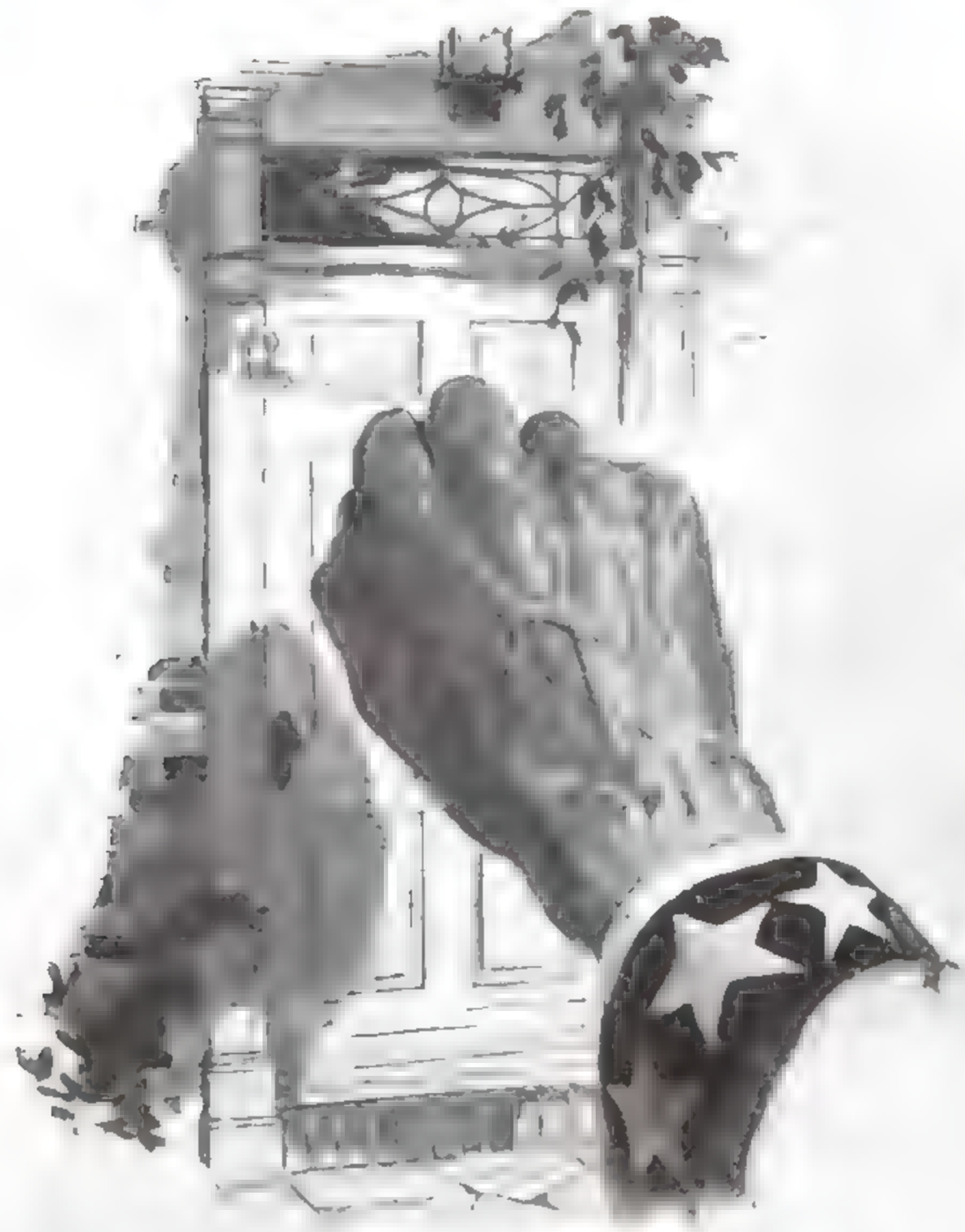
"You have geeve me no money. Non! Not a sou! What ees it you intend, my friend? For you are old man. It ees more difficult for old men to get love. I cannot go about wis you for nosing at all. A 'andsome young man, per-aps. A 'andsome young man, if 'e is poor it makes nosing. But you are old man. You are fat. You should understand. You are stupide. It cannot be did."

This was why Tristram went home.

V

YATES was ready; Miss Low was ready. The window boxes, inclosed in glass for the winter, bloomed with chrysanthemums like miniature conservatories; there was a wood fire; there were some letters; for dinner—after an entirely new cocktail of Yates' secret mixing—there were oysters, consommé, game, and a slice of Stilton. Yates opened a bottle of very old sherry,

(Continued on Page 121)



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(Continued from Page 118)

and had found and bought, at the sale of a famous cellar, a claret of such mellowness as even Tristram had never before experienced.

After dinner Tristram unlocked the most private drawers of his antique bureau. He meant to read certain letters again. Women had loved him once

It so happened that on the top of the several little docketed piles—Tristram had not always returned these souvenirs—lay Daisy's letters. So he read them again

When he had read them through once he gave them a second reading, sitting there lonely by his wood fire. For they were so sweet; they were so infantile and innocent; and yet he now found them also breathing a real warm womanly kindness

He recalled now that he had, at the time of their reception, found them wise and thoughtful beyond the writer's years

And he got up and said out aloud into the stillness, "She may be married, of course. But if she isn't -if she is single or a widow—I will have her."

It was four days later that Tristram, groomed and valeted to anxious perfection, went down into Wiltshire. For that was where his inquiries had led him and he had already written to her and received an answer saying that she remembered him and would be delighted if, as he said, he would be staying in the neighborhood and wished to call.

Daisy was a widow.

Tristram went to the best hotel in the little town, and then straight, with a curiously beating heart, to her house

He passed through a small walled garden to the small and delightful house. A well-mannered little parlor maid led him to a room that was just an expression of kindness and comfort. And noting everything, he was saying to himself, "All just right! All just right! She must have grown into a delicious woman!"

The beating of his heart made him feel almost sick as she came in.

Indeed, she was a delicious woman; short, as he remembered her, but softer, rounder, without the angles and thinness of her extreme youth; her ankles and hands slender, her hair glossy and ungrayed, her big eyes very grave, yet full of gracious welcome.

And she said, with no remnant of embarrassing memory betrayed in her voice or gesture, "Of course I have not forgotten you. Sit down. And what have you been doing with life?"

Over tea Tristram told her what he had been doing with life: traveling; hunting a bit. The poverty of his experiences, divested of his amours—for of course he so divested them—left him a little at a loss.

She gave him her news: "I married only a few months after I last saw you. My husband was a soldier—such a man!" She dreamed and her mouth smiled though her eyes filled swiftly with tears. "He died after we had been married only a few years. It was a great loss."

"And so you have been alone for years! Why didn't I know! What a waste of time!"

He spoke with all his old ardor. She only smiled once more.

Three days later Tristram proposed.

He had been trying to woo her: she hadn't understood, he knew. The best way was to let her know at once the happiness that was in store for both of them.

They sat again in the comfortable room, over tea

He said, "You have changed so much; from a little slip of a girl you're a marvelous woman. I do want you, Daisy. Will you be my wife?"

And she said very slowly, "You haven't changed at all."

His heart missed a beat with sheer elation. He didn't look his age! He knew it! He held her hand.

"No, my dear, I believe I really haven't. But tell me; we're going to be married; we're going to be happy? Tell me!"

"Why haven't you changed, Bertie?" she said.

"Why—why haven't I changed? Why?"

She went on softly, looking into the fire. "An extraordinary way of living! You've learned nothing, done nothing all your life. Here you are in the middle fifties, and you've learned and done nothing at all. It is twenty years or more since we met—yes, twenty-three years, Bertie, at least—and all you've had to tell me of those years have been such little things."

Tristram removed his hand from hers. He sat very quietly, staring at her. He grew cold.

"You've never married," she said, musing; "never had children; never lived; never loved except in—your trifling way; never worked; never fought; never sacrificed; never suffered. And you've never done anything at all, Bertie! Where were you in the war?"

Tristram's astounded sense of injury, the shock of her words made him look pompous, though he did not feel pompous at all. He did not in the least know what he felt

He exclaimed, "I was too old! I was in Africa—part of the time. I was too old."

"I haven't told you about my son," she said, "have I? I had a son. He went straight into the war, from school, and was killed in his first engagement. I think he was too young for war—my baby; but I would rather see my baby dead on the battlefield than see him like you."

There was a silence in the room until she spoke again; and when she spoke, her words recalled to Tristram vaguely, yet with a shock, words of his own which—and this was the cruel part of it she obviously did not in the least recall: he seemed so trivial to her that nothing he could say would ever seem a treasure to her mind.

"You'd never be happy in my world, Bertie," she said; "you'd never find your way in it at all. And your world isn't worth living in. You've such a lot to learn before you should marry a woman. You must open your eyes and see, and open your ears and hear before you're any kind of mate for a woman—a woman who's known a man."

This was why Tristram went home.

VI

WHEN the exquisite dinner was over Yates asked permission to speak to his master, and he said:

"I have been with you a long time, sir, and it has been a pleasure to serve you, and a most comfortable place. But I don't grow any younger, sir, and I have a hankering to get married."

From his easy-chair beside the fire Tristram looked up at the standing servant, whose words clutched at the strings of his heart. And he asked, "Do you think you'll find it easy to do that, Yates?"

Yates smiled.

"Well, sir, I haven't put it to the party yet, but I think she understands it all as well as I do, and I haven't much doubt about her consent. But I waited to speak to you, sir, first, not knowing if you would object to being served by a married couple, or if we should look out for a place in the country together—lodge keeping is rather my fancy, sir ——"

At this moment Miss Low came in, in her noiseless way. It was her habit to clean at her own sweet will certain pieces of antique silver with her own hands, and to replace them on the cabinet at her own sweet will when cleaned. It was her one—and trivial—idiosyncrasy to do this at any time of day, and her privilege to replace the silver, even if Tristram were occupying his sitting room. Therefore, here she was.

Tristram saw Yates look swiftly at her, then back to him. The servant gave his master a slight smile, inquiring if there was mutual comprehension.

Then Tristram knew.

Yates meant to marry Miss Low.

Tristram got slowly from his chair. His brain cleared. A tremendous urgency took him. Here was the only woman left in the world who might still see in him the prince of dreams and desire and he was to be robbed of her.

Miss Low was bending her stoutish figure, in its black cashmere gown, respectfully before the cabinet in which the silver should be placed.

In a flash Tristram made up his mind.

"Yates," he said, "leave the room for a moment."

He had this advantage over Yates—that Yates must obey.

The servant, unsuspecting, left the room.

Tristram was alone with Miss Low. He recollected that Yates had said "I haven't put it to the party yet."

The party was rising slowly, a little stiffly, from her stooping position at the lower shelf of the cabinet. Her hair was neat, her dutiful and stolid face somewhat vacant, the whole appearance of her benign.

All Tristram's brain knew was that he must beat Yates to it.

"Miss Low."

"Sir?"

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Tristram drew a long, long breath, stepped out of his taxicab, and entered the club. He selected for himself a magnificent lunch. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but ate steadily through it. He had promised her to return home, after excusing himself for a couple of hours.

He was taking his new bearings on life.

As he went out he saw at a table together Sir Edward Little, who had done all that tremendous financial work during the war and whom the younger Hester had now twice made a grandfather with his splendid son Cathcart; and Lord Justice Henley, whose sagacity has passed into a national proverb; and Colonel Witts, who had won his D. S. O. in the agony and sweat of Gallipoli. Tristram saw them see him.

He knew they were asking one another if they had heard about poor old Tristram, who only that morning had married his cook.

SANDROCK FOLK

(Continued from Page 17)

have driven him forth, but now all minor quarrels and customs were buried beneath the horrible panic that was common to every pack rat in the vicinity.

The Maltese rat could stand the strain no longer. He bolted into the open, careless of what other killers might be abroad on the ledges or winging overhead, his only desire that of putting distance between himself and the bloodsucker that terrorized the sandrocks. He angled up, not down, until he attained the crest of the bluffs, then followed down the rims toward the mouth of the pocket. A conical pile of rocks, four feet through by six in height, stood on the point of the walls, and Blue sought refuge therein. At least he could not be cornered there, for the pile had many exits.

This conical tower on the point was a surveyor's monument, visible from every mountain top for miles around. It was Blue's first visit, but he found the place much to his liking. He dozed intermittently as the sun sank behind the western ranges. The daylight workers of the pocket ceased their labors. A pair of mountain bluebirds that nested in a hollow snag fluted a few plaintive bars. The swallows left the air and sought their mud homes beneath the overhanging ledge. The young of raven, sparrow hawk and magpie left off voicing their demands for food. A pair of Lewis' woodpeckers indulged in a strident family quarrel and settled down for the night, while a mourning dove raised its voice in the plaintive ventriloquial cooing of its kind. Chipmunks, squirrels and woodchucks sought their burrows. A dozen cottontails hopped here and there in the basin and a single jack rabbit fed out across the sidehill meadow. A robin mounted the topmost limb of a pine and caroled a few glad bars for a day well spent. Bats appeared, darting in erratic swoops through the early dusk, taking up the hunt where the swallows had left off. The jarring rasp of a nighthawk sounded from above, the signal for others to toss aloft and join the bats.

Night shut down over the sandrocks, but life stirred on every hand—and death. A figure moved in a cavity near the top of one of the sandrock pillars that rose from the floor of the basin, a creature that had remained motionless throughout the greater part of the day, its tawny feathers blending well with the tan shades of the rocks. The great owl ruffled its feathers, stared forth into the gloom, then voiced three gruff hoots and received an answering call from the ledges above, a warning to all living things that these two mighty hunters of the night were about to set forth on silent wings, and kill.

The Night Shift Comes On

As if this were a signal for the night workers to come on shift, a lone coyote lifted its voice in a quavering yelp and a great spotted cat prowled into the basin on velvet paws.

Blue came forth and returned to his family in the crevice, lingered for a brief space and started his nightly prowl. As he skirted the meadow a squat figure waddled from the brush. The badger sniffed at the mouth of a picket pin's burrow and commenced to dig, tearing up the soft earth with its powerful forepaws, three times the size of his hind feet and armed with efficient spading forks. This was his sole method of obtaining food, by cornering his victims in the fancied security of their underground burrows and tunneling to reach them. His size, shape and general sluggishness of movement precluded the possibility of his capturing his prey through either stealth or speed; but burrowing mammals of every sort fell prey to his prowess as an excavator. The picket-pin family was doomed from the first instant that his questing nose determined the fact that live warm meat was to be found in the burrow.

The pack rat scurried to the shelter of a rock pile at the edge of the sagebrush as a second prowler entered the meadow. The bobcat neared the badger, and the latter left off his tunneling to wrinkle his nose and hiss a thick snakelike warning to the spotted cat. The cat passed on, wandering with apparent aimlessness. He hunted by sight, his powers of scent being but indifferently developed, hence he seldom followed a trail as do canine killers or those of the weasel tribe, depending instead on his eyes. Occasionally when the meat scent came hot on the wind he detected it and turned to it. Such was the case as he passed a few feet downwind from Blue's rocky retreat. The cat paused and sniffed, turned into the wind and thrust his muzzle against a crack in the rocks. The scent of the live meat within a few inches of his twitching nose tantalized and held him, but not for long, and he departed after a tentative effort to thrust his paw into the crevice that harbored the Maltese rat.

Breaking and Entering

A log cabin that stood a few yards below the mouth of the pocket offered an attractive field for Blue's endeavors. Scarcely a night passed without his visiting it. Mullen, the owner, had repaired no less than a dozen apertures in the chinking from time to time in the past, on each occasion threatening death for the pack rat that had caused the damage, yet in each instance he had suspended the sentence. Lonely, himself, living largely without companionship, Mullen had found a certain interest in the ingenuity of the big pack rat that had so persistently sought to rifle the cabin.

Immediately after the departure of the cat Blue repaired to the cabin and set about loosening the mud chinking under the eaves of the dirt roof at a point already weakened by his labors of the preceding night. Twenty minutes later he was exploring the interior of the log house. Several cold biscuits and a bit of ham reposed in a granite pan that was covered with a pie tin. Blue removed the lid and dined heartily, then prospected for objects of interest. On a shelf beneath the pineboard table he found an open box containing perhaps a score of bright metal objects of various designs. Selecting one of these he mounted to the rafters and backed out of the hole he had drilled through the mud chinking under the eaves. The long metal trinket which he carried in his teeth proved to be an awkward pack and he encountered some little difficulty in his endeavors to drag it after him through the narrow aperture. Once it slipped from his teeth and clattered to the floor with a metallic clang.

Eventually he hit upon the expedient of pushing it, point first, into the aperture and thrusting it through ahead of him, allowing it to fall to the rocks outside the cabin. His footsteps gravitated toward the spot that had sheltered him during the weasel's raid, and some five minutes after leaving the cabin he deposited the fork in the interior of the conical stone tower on the point of the sandrocks.

He tarried there for another space of minutes, cutting off the thorny leaves of prickly pear and wedging them into the crevices round the base of the surveyor's monument that was to serve as his new cache. Here and there throughout the western hills certain individual pack rats develop this custom of chinking the cracks of the rock with cactus with the evident intention of guarding their caches against invasion, a trait that is not common to the tribe as a whole.

(Continued on Page 124)

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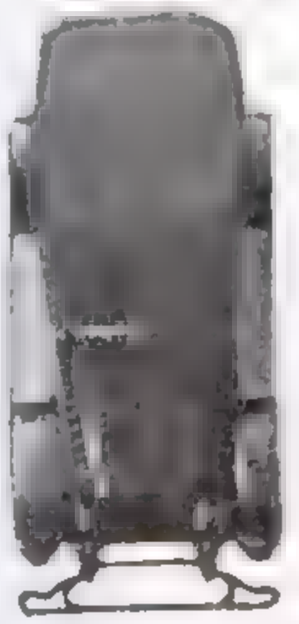

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(Continued from Page 122)

It is the individuality and resourcefulness of the bushy-tailed Maltese rat that rouse the interest of mountain men and temper their animosity toward these clever thieves that have raided countless cabins and caches in the hills.

When Blue returned for a second fork he selected a chip from Mullen's woodpile, carried it to the cabin and placed it in the box before extracting another of the metal trinkets which had caught his fancy. His mate was there before him, engaged in devouring a biscuit. The remainder of the food she carried to the den in three hasty trips, although her youngsters no longer required her care and were absent on foraging expeditions of their own. Having disposed of the food she joined Blue in the work of pillaging the box beneath the table.

The Maltese rat is a tireless, efficient worker, but as Blue made repeated trips between the cabin and the cache he was ever alert, as death stalked on every hand. A dozen times throughout the night he was forced to abandon the treasure he carried and seek temporary shelter as his senses apprised him of the fact that some killer lurked close at hand, retrieving it again and continuing on his course when the danger had passed.

As he left the cabin with the last of the trinkets that had graced the box, a heavy bone-handled knife, he dropped it and darted for the cover of the rocks that served as a foundation for the log house. His ears had caught the least suggestion of the swish of feathers from overhead.

After an interval he resumed his way, but halted abruptly as a faint rustle sounded from the brush ahead. His twitching nose sampled the wind and a curling breeze carried the tidings that the prowler before him was merely a timid cottontail, but no sound, however slight, not even the rustle of sage leaves under the brush or a whisper of commotion in the air overhead, could be disregarded with safety, for killers were ever abroad. Snakes hunted by night even more than by day. The weasel, too, notwithstanding his occasional daylight forays, was more of a nocturnal hunter. Coyotes and cats padded through the basin and killed by night, while the savage owls patrolled the air and struck down their victims from above.

The cottontail hopped on as Blue climbed the slope toward the base of the walls. He had covered but a few yards when he dropped the knife and fled, chilled by an awful sound behind him, the wailing scream of the cottontail stricken with pain and deadly fear. Then came the triumphant snapping of a great beak, followed by repeated thuds as it was driven against the rabbit's skull. The owl had struck his prey without a warning sound. The struggles ceased and Blue darted on, abandoning the knife since death stalked so near.

Thief or Trader?

The first faint suggestion of rose and gray appeared in the east as he entered the den, where the rest of the family had already gathered. The owls hooted a gruff summons to all night workers to go off shift. A coyote trotted round the rims and the little yellow wolf saluted the rising sun with a quavering yelp. Other wild voices joined in from far and near, then all coyote refrains were silenced for the day. A robin caroled his morning song and a meadowlark pitched to a dead snag and fluted a few clear bars, the bugle note that announced a new day and called forth the daylight toilers of the sandrocks. One by one, a hundred voices joined in to swell the chorus—the soft sweet tones of songsters mingling with the strident shrieks of woodpeckers and the raucous clamor of magpies and ravens, with through it all an undertone of twittering young birds assailed by hunger. Woodchucks whistled in answer to the shrilling converse of the picket pins in the meadow, while a hawk wheeled overhead and screamed. After this first clamorous outburst the denizens of the sandrocks settled down to the business of the day.

Blue, roused by the morning anthems after a too-brief nap, grew restless and uneasy. The sense of security which he had once known when curled up in the den had been shaken by the recent daylight forays of the weasel. He left the den and sought refuge in the new cache when the sun was an hour high.

At that same moment Mullen, having returned to his cabin, was thrusting his hand beneath the table and groping about for the box that served as a repository for his small utensils. He withdrew the hand and regarded the chip in his fingers, then placed the box on the table and inspected the assortment of chips, sticks and bark that reposed therein in lieu of the vanished knives, forks and spoons. His can opener, too, was missing.

This collection established the identity of the thief, for it is the custom of a pack rat, when pilfering, to leave an object in the place of every article that he steals, a habit that is not an ironclad rule of the pack-rat tribe, but one that is quite prevalent; one also, incidentally, that has furnished food for much discussion among men. Some contend that the pack rat leaves these articles in place of his plunder in a spirit of fair play, that he trades rather than steals. Others aver that it occurs through sheer accident, as the pack rat is forever carrying some object that attracts his fancy, leaving it for another when he chances across one more to his liking. Still others point out the fallacy of this theory of accident rather than design, since it is only in instances where a number of objects are removed from one spot that the pack rat resorts to substitution, never when he departs with some stray article or with trinkets gathered from separate points; thus, they contend, the concentration of a number of articles at one spot must impress the marauding pack rat as constituting a cache similar to those of his own making, and he resorts to replacement as less likely to be detected than removal without substitution. Many are the weird tales of pack-rat vagaries and freakishness, most of them true, and there are few tales so fanciful but that mountain men lend a credulous ear if the yarn deals with the ways of the Maltese rat.

The Greatest Killer of All

Mullen once more passed sentence on Blue, as he had done at a half dozen similar instances in the past. His wrath simmered as he recalled the occasion when his entire stock of cartridges had disappeared and he had discovered a pebble in place of each missing shell while a coyote sat in plain view on the ridge to the right of the cabin. He recollected numerous other indignities and swore that he would set a trap that would end Blue's activities for all time. Then his anger subsided as he remembered that in the past he had recovered certain stolen property by locating the pack rat's cache. As his wrath further evaporated he argued that Blue had played square, had intended to trade even, having left a chip for each missing tool and a slab of bark in lieu of the can opener. Late in the afternoon he set forth to search for the missing implements.

Blue, curled up in the heart of the rock tower, his nose buried in the fur of his bushy tail, had drowsed away the greater part of the day, but by midafternoon he grew restless. He moved outside and cut prickly pear leaves with which to chink the few crevices that he had overlooked during the night, but soon tired of this task and retired once more to nap intermittently. Even when asleep fear was very near the surface of his consciousness and he was instantly alert when his physical senses quickened under the presence of danger. When the casual converse of the sandrock folk suddenly rose to an excited pitch his eyes opened and his ears caught every gradation of the voices. The hawk that had occasioned the commotion passed on and the voices subsided. Blue's vigilance relaxed and he curled up once more. Next it was his nose that received the message that roused him. His muzzle twitched and quivered as he sought to identify the scent that had spelled menace. Faint at first, it became more pronounced, then assailed his nostrils to the exclusion of all else, the heavy scent of a coyote that neared the rock pile and applied its nose to a crevice, sniffing explosively. The yellow wolf curled up at the edge of a clump of sage on the rim and remained for an hour.

The voices of the sandrock denizens once more rose to a frenzied pitch. Woodchucks whistled steadily and the picket pins trilled angrily. Even the ravens high on the cliff croaked a hoarse protest. The coyote suddenly departed. Blue heard the thud of heavy feet ascending a sloping ledge that led to the point. Next his nose caught the scent of man, the greatest and most resourceful killer of all.

Mullen had observed the cactus chinking in the crevices of the surveyor's monument,

the fragments still green and indicating a new pack-rat cache. He applied his eye to a crack from which he had extracted the cactus, and just inside he caught the glint of a missing spoon.

Blue was gripped with stark terror as his refuge was jarred by the removal of the cap rock. Stone by stone the pile was torn down as Mullen set about wrecking it to retrieve his property, which was distributed among the various crevices within. The pack rat cowered at the very bottom of the pile until it no longer afforded cover; then, in sheer desperation, he took to the open and darted over the rim and down from shelf to shelf till he reached the sage-clad slope at the foot of the walls.

The sandrock dwellers had kept up a ceaseless protest since the man had arrived on the scene, and now this clamor redoubled in its intensity, but in his mad flight Blue failed to notice the fact or to grasp its significance. He halted at the edge of a brush patch, peering along the dim trail that threaded it, searching for a rock pile that would shelter him. Ten feet ahead of him there was a slow sinister movement of contraction at one side of the trail as a big rattler, its beady eyes trained on the pack rat, gathered its coils in readiness to strike. Blue failed to detect this movement, but with his first forward step he did observe something that caused him to reverse his steps and flee in an awful panic from the weasel that had suddenly appeared at the far end of the trail through the sage clump. As he turned, Blue saw the weasel spring into action. Then, behind him, he heard an explosive snarl of pain and rage, and he darted between two rocks that might afford a measure of protection. The spitting snarl sounded again.

Weasel Versus Rattler

The weasel had turned to face the rattler, which had struck him, snarling his defiance, but the snake had coiled again, and the flat head, scarcely more sinister in appearance than the weasel's own, sheered menacingly above the mottled coils that would serve as springs to propel it. The weasel whirled and bit viciously at the wound where the poisoned fangs had pierced its side, snarled again at the enemy and made off down the basin. The snake uncoiled and glided in pursuit.

Two minutes later Mullen, gripping his recovered table implements, reached the base of the walls and started out across the basin. The frenzied protests of the sandrock dwellers he attributed solely to his own intrusion. He halted in amazement as a weasel crossed an open sandy flat before him. The dreaded killer wabbled from side to side, reeled and stopped, snapping at the empty air and snarling. Mullen grunted with surprise as a giant rattler left the brush and writhed out across the sand toward the weasel. When within six feet the big snake also stopped. The weasel faced its pursuer and Mullen wondered why a creature of such insane ferocity should fail to attack if it cared not to flee, for surely a weasel was a formidable antagonist, even for a rattler. But the animal seemed uncertain in its movement. Its body swayed from side to side, even as the sheering head of the rattler moved.

The man had heard of snakes that charmed their prey, of a fatal fascination that seemed to hold the victim in a hypnotic state, its body swaying in unison with the slow movements of the serpent; but he had not believed. Now, for the first time, he gave credit to this mesmeric myth.

All in the Day

The body of the weasel shook suddenly with a spasmodic convulsion. It moved away drunkenly, tottering as it traveled, and the snake glided relentlessly behind. The animal lurched to the ground, writhing in convulsions; and Mullen, recalling the actions of coyotes that had taken a strychnine bait, exclaimed in sudden understanding of the scene. Some snakes might charm their victims by the fatal power of the eye, but the rattler's charm rested in the fatal power of the poison his fangs had injected into his victim's veins. The weasel made one more brief rally and moved on six feet, only to fall once more to the ground. As the movement of his body subsided the rattler moved up to within a few inches, prepared to commence his horrible feast. Then the flat head was crushed beneath the impact of the rock that Mullen hurled down upon it. The mottled body whipped about and the rattles buzzed angrily.

Gradually the excitement died from the voices of the sandrock folk and the tones once more became those of ordinary converse, assuring Blue that no menace stalked abroad. When he came forth from the rocks it was exactly twenty-four hours from the time he had left the crevice to go in search of the brass cartridges whose glint had intrigued his interest the preceding afternoon; just one complete day and night, crowded with many things, yet not a particularly unusual day for a pack rat. Life, instead of all dull monotony, as the uninitiated might suspect, is crammed with continual variety and incident for the inhabitants of the sandrocks.

Blue set off for the den, but turned aside to hunt for the knife he had abandoned when the great owl had struck the rabbit just before dawn. He stopped and sniffed. Strong and clear, the breeze carried the taint of the two most fearsome killers of the sandrocks—the sharp muck of the weasel, the bloodsucker that drinks the hot blood of its victims, and the flat stale odor of the rattler, the monster that gorges horribly by swallowing the body of its prey. The Maltese rat beat a hasty retreat, not knowing that the scent came from the dead bodies of the two fearsome killers that had come to the end—or, rather, to the beginning, for even now writhing hordes of insects were swarming over the two still forms and finding life through death in the swing of the circle.

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ROACH DOOM

THE BRIDE'S LIGHT

Continued from Page 7)

There was also, King's Cove decided, a malicious streak in Raredan. He would never let Jem forget this matter of the horse. His mood thereafter was to treat the incident, and the destruction of the buggy and gear, as a joke on Jem; he used to accost the man whenever they met with some reference to the incident; suggested a muzzle for the horse; suggested that Jem feed her more heartily; inquired whether she had showed symptoms of hydrophobia. Jem was a slow-witted man, completely helpless before these taunts; but he was thin-skinned, as big men often are, and suffered keenly.

It is fair to say that the men of King's Cove disliked Raredan from the first: but the women found more to say in his favor. He had a friendly, overbearing way with them; he would stop to talk with any of them, old or young, at the least pretext. There was a curious turn to all his speech that made it at times almost unintelligible; nevertheless, they were subtly flattered by the fact that he spoke to them at all. Chester Rankin had murderous thoughts because he found Raredan one day laughing with his pretty young wife; there were others not immune to jealous pangs. But Raredan never gave actual offense; his manner was always punctilious; when you said he had a way with women, you had said the worst of him in this regard.

It was when public opinion was in this condition, somewhat divided yet on the whole hardening against him, that he landed from his boat one day and stalked up the wharf without turning his eyes one way or another, and sought out Chester Rankin's own father, who did some trade in hardware, furniture and—caskets. He stated his need succinctly. A white casket, of such and such dimensions. Old Rankin found courage to question him.

Raredan said steadily, "For my wife."

"Eh, Mrs. Raredan's dead?" old Rankin asked in consternation. Raredan smiled at him.

"Exactly," he replied.

"We never so much as heard she was sick, sir," Rankin told him. "Some of the women would have been glad to come out to her."

"She fell from the gallery around the light," Raredan told him, yielding a little to the other's sympathy. "Instantly killed."

But he would receive no condolences. When the steamer called next day he left for Boston with the body. Joel Frame would handle the light while he was gone. King's Cove learned afterward that he had been married only a few months before coming to the light; so his dead wife became a bride, and the legend was born.

There were some in King's Cove who thought it was a judgment on Raredan; others gave him grudging sympathy. But Jennie, when she heard, wept for the good knight's sake and would not be comforted. She had never seen him at close range since that first day; but through her grandfather's glass she had watched his comings and goings through the Gut between the light and town; she had seen him, now and then, moving around the light itself. Sometimes, when he rowed through the Gut, she was afraid for him. He had a small boat, scarce more than a skiff, which he preferred to the heavy dories native to the region. With this craft he dared the Gut at any stage of tide, and seemed to revel in the thrust of the swift water against his oars, fighting like a demon to gain a foot of ground, exulting in a struggle where a moment's relaxation meant the loss of hard-won gains. She used to watch his efforts; and sometimes, when he had passed the narrowest part and come into slacker water near the shore, he would perceive her there above him and lift his hand to the child in a gay greeting. Jennie never responded by any move or sign; she was more apt to slip away and disappear.

She was torn with grief for him, now that his wife was dead. When, among her elders, she heard the low whispers, the murmured conjectures, the assertions that this wife of Raredan's had preferred the leap from the gallery to longer life with him, she shuddered at the suggestion; never for a moment believed it; was only horrified at the black hearts of those who could think such things of him. Don, who had long since become one of Joel Frame's partisans, accepted these whispers as fact; he thrust them upon her attention, and was astonished and in masculine fashion amused at her passionate defense of Raredan. In his interest in this phenomenon he plied Jennie with questions. How was she so sure? How did she know? What did she care anyway? Till Jennie broke into a torrent of tears and fled from him, leaving him contrite and ashamed and uncertain what to do. He told her grandfather, and the old man reassured him.

"Eh, you teased her too hard, Don," he said to the boy. "Girls cry easily anyways; but you teased her too hard. You must aye be gentle with Jennie."

Don said resolutely, "I mean to be. I didn't go to make her cry. I didn't mean to."

"You'll see, she'll be the same as ever in the morning," the old man assured him.

But Jennie was not the same as ever in the morning. It was days before her old friendly relations with Don were resumed. Little by little, however, the shock of the tragedy was dulled. In King's Cove it had left its mark in one circumstance—men no longer addressed Raredan except when he addressed them; and the women no longer defended him. But on the Head, where Jennie and Don roamed all day long, it was almost forgotten.

One summer day Jennie, from the Head, saw Raredan's boat threading its way among the Pigs and toward shore, toward the cove east of the Head where Don's dory lay on the shingle. She wondered what Raredan was about, and when he disappeared under the loom of the Head she waited for him to reappear on land. But he did not come into view; and at last she moved in that direction, going cautiously, and presently from an overhanging comb discovered Raredan on the beach below with an easel and canvas, a palette upon his thumb. She must have known before this—it was common gossip in the Cove, since Raredan had put a skylight in the north roof of his house upon the Sow—that he was a painter; but the fact had made no impression on her. She lay on her face on the turf, her head thrust over the edge, and watched him through the long afternoon, scarce stirring. He was not fifty feet below her; she could see the rich colors he laid upon the canvas, and perceived that they had the blue of the sea and the green of the rock weeds and the white of foam; and she yearned to be able to draw nearer and see more plainly, but dared not announce her presence. Then, high on the ridge behind her, she heard Don's whistle, and she climbed furtively toward him, urging him to silence.

When they met he asked, "What you been doing? I got back from the Cove, and I thought we might go swimming."

They were accustomed to swim in the seaward cove where Raredan was established on the beach, and Jennie told Don he was there. So they crept down together and watched till the light faded and Raredan packed his utensils and prepared to return to the Sow. He departed, still unconscious of their espionage.

A few days later the tables were turned. Jennie and Don, having changed into bathing suits at home, came racing over the ridge and down to the shore and plunged into the water without observing Raredan, who happened to be half concealed behind bowlders on the nearer point, his boat drawn up below him. The man heard their shouts and cries, and turned and saw them; he watched for a moment, then withdrew himself and his easel a little. Both Don and Jennie swam easily and powerfully; they had been accustomed to the water for years; and they plunged into the turbulent shallows and became a part of the sea itself, moving to and fro with the ebb and surge of the swells, avoiding the rocks as though by instinct, diving and rising and laughing together. Through the pellucid water their slim bodies could be seen; and after a few moments Raredan's eyes shone, and he turned to his canvas and began to paint like mad, with swift and passionate strokes. They never discovered his presence; returned to the house at last quite unaware that he had seen them. And when they were gone Raredan rowed back to the light with an exultant sense of work well done.

In the spring of the year Jennie was seventeen the report somehow became current in King's Cove that Raredan planned

(Continued on Page 128)

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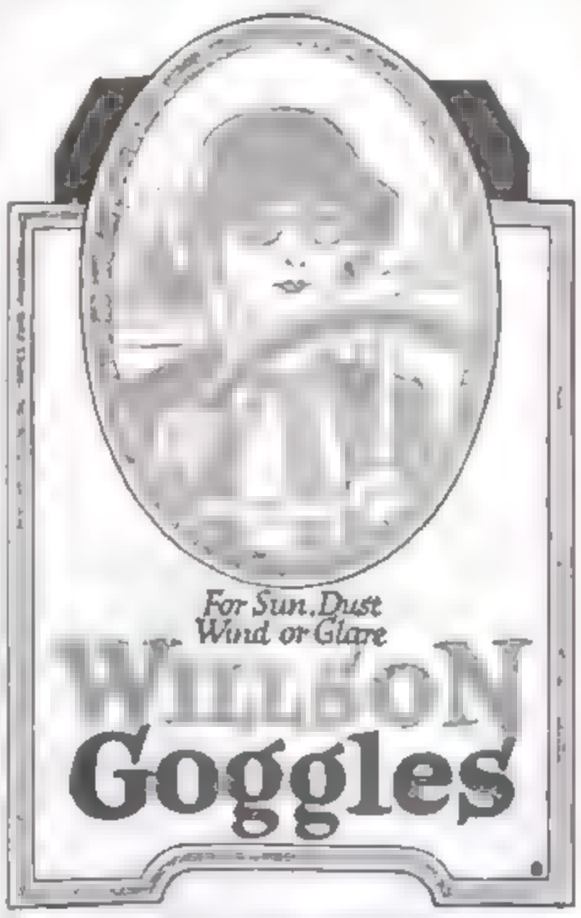

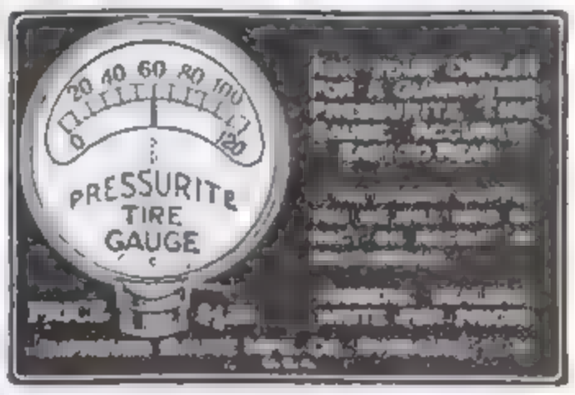

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(Continued from Page 126)

to marry again. He had gone to Boston on a month's leave; and report had it that when he engaged Joel Frame to tend the light during his absence Joel had dared ask jocularly, "Going to get married again, Raredan?" And Raredan, so the tale ran, had laughed and nodded. This incident lacks conviction; Frame was never the man to beard Raredan by such a question, nor does it appear that he ever asserted he had done so. Nevertheless, King's Cove accepted the story, and tongues wagged for days, amplifying and embroidering the tale.

Word of this new sensation came to the Head through Nathan Moors, whose wife was quick to catch all the gossip of the village and purvey it. Jennie's grandfather repeated it at the supper table; and when Jennie asked how he knew, he recited the source. Jennie, usually so loyal to Raredan, accepted this rumor as fact; and it shook, for the first time, her faith in the good knight. She was conscious of a revulsion she could not define. Once she had seen an enormous brood sow feeding gluttonously from a trough, and had shuddered at that embodiment of appetite. Her feeling now was vaguely akin to that; it was quite beyond her understanding. She tried to reason herself out of it; told herself, "He was lonely there; lived so alone. Why not? Why not?" Yet always her deepening distress returned. She had thought of him as grieving in his loneliness; had pictured him sitting with shadowed eyes beside an empty chair. The contrast between her fancy and what now seemed fact was utterly abhorrent.

When Raredan, at the end of his time, returned alone, and the rumors collapsed, the reaction made her more fiercely loyal to him than ever. Pity awoke in her; she used to imagine his loneliness; used at times to stand upon the Head by Bloody Rock and through the glass watch the Sow for sign of him.

Don had accepted the report that Raredan would remarry as true; when Raredan returned alone, Don's opinion was that his plans had been in some way disturbed.

"Probably she heard about his other wife," he suggested; and Jennie was furious with him because it was so plain to her now that the gossip had been without foundation. But she could not move Don; his attitude toward Raredan became one of fierce scorn, tinged at times by a personal hatred that must have sprung from a boyish jealousy just waking within him.

Don was at this time almost nineteen, and on the verge of manhood. Other boys of his age in the Cove were already about the business of life; some of them had made more than one fishing cruise; others ran their lobster pots. But Don stayed ashore. He did not greatly love the sea; there were in him the instincts of the husbandman, and he made a garden in a sheltered hollow on the flank of the ridge, and planned to extend it year by year, and to own a farm some day. He and Jennie, in their happier hours together, used to discuss his aspirations. Jennie no longer spoke to him of Raredan; she nursed those thoughts in silence; and Don, half understanding, and unwilling in his kinder moments to distress her, likewise avoided mention of the man.

Some matters are better winnowed in the light of day. If she and Don had been able to discuss Raredan more openly, mere familiarity with the topic might have freed her from the spell. The very fact that they avoided speaking of the man kept him constantly in her mind; his hold on her imagination became more powerful day by day.

V

THAT was a winter of terrific storms, of driving snow and scourging gale. There were days on end when Jennie did not stir abroad from the house at all. Her grandfather went out no more often than the girl herself; but Don liked the conflict with the thrust of wind and the sting of scudding snow and sleet. Sometimes he persuaded Jennie to go with him as far as the Head; and they climbed down over the icy rocks to watch the tormented waters at close range, and the gusty spray wet their oilskins and froze upon them stiffly, so that when the two moved their garments crackled. Ice formed in the little coves; but the current in the Gut kept the channel open. There was always ice drift, in cakes, large and small; and sometimes when Jennie and Don walked by the beach she saw that the water itself was like thin mush, full of clotting ice crystals. To thrust a hand in this water was to find it burning cold.

During the rigors of the season she saw little of Raredan, even at a distance. In anticipation of stormy weather—for it was difficult to land upon the Sow except when the water was comparatively smooth—the light was always stocked with food and supplies in the late fall. This winter there were weeks on end when Raredan did not come ashore; Jennie occasionally saw him moving about the Sow, but for the most part he kept indoors there. When a sea was running, the spume, freezing in the air as it flew, seemed at times to engulf the ledge, the little house, the light itself. The rocks a little above high tide acquired a covering of ice that increased in thickness and would not melt till the warmer days of spring. The Sow, red in summer, was now white with the salt ice. The white of the house and of the light no longer shone so dazzlingly.

During this winter, also, Jennie perceived that her grandfather was aging. The old man had a weathered hardness about him, as though he wore a protective veneer against the assaults of wind and cold and rain; but this winter he stayed much indoors, preferred to avoid the cold; and there was a softening of the muscles of his firm old face. The lower lids of his eyes, she saw one day, had begun to sag a little. Her heart was filled with terror at the sight; she pretended that she had not seen; would not admit, even to herself, her fears. He and Don had been for so long her whole world that the thought of losing either one of them was dreadful to her. To be sure, she never thought of losing Don; he seemed a fixture, a permanent thing. It had never occurred to her that she loved him, in the romantic sense of the word; they had been playmates for so long; their relations were too matter of fact for that. The intimacy of life together in a four-room cottage leaves few hidden places in the life of man or woman; and romance is ever born of mystery. Mystery hung around Raredan like a cloak; it was one of the sources of her preoccupation with thoughts of the man. She caught herself watching the light for sight of him; caught herself wondering what his life there must be; caught herself pitying his solitudes and wishing she might relieve them. And at such moments she was apt to break into a chill of terror; a shudder of fear at something, half perceived, within her own heart. She could not help thinking of the man.

Yet upon so little hung her thoughts of him. Not half a dozen times had she seen him at close range; not thrice had she heard his voice. The whispered rumors in the village, which made him a figure of terror and ill repute, might have been expected to shatter the spell he had, all unconsciously, cast upon her. That spell rested on such slight foundations; on her first glimpse of him at the wharf's edge; on his occasional lifted hand that saluted her when he rowed through the Gut; on those hours when from her hiding place she had watched him, preoccupied with paints and canvas, just below her vantage point. Perhaps it had its roots in that ancient fancy of the good-fairy knight; in that first confusion when she discovered that Raredan, in visage and in bearing, was the knight himself. Whatever the sources, the spell was on her; she could not for long put Raredan from her mind.

When spring came she saw him go abroad more often. There descended upon the man a fury of industry; day after day, toward midmorning, when the tasks of his housekeeping and his attendance on the light were done, he lowered his boat from its platform above the water and dropped into it and rowed to some spot along the shore or to one of the Pigs and set up his easel. He came more often to King's Cove; she and Don met him there face to face one day.

The meeting was a surprise to Jennie. She had not seen Raredan row through the Gut that morning; did not know he was ashore. She and Don had walked to town to buy a little sugar and coffee and some stuff from which she planned to fashion herself a dress. They emerged from the store to meet Raredan face to face.

He was, as always, bare of head. His black hair must have been long uncut. It gave him an unkempt appearance that had a vague splendor about it, as though he were a barbarian fresh from the ancient wood. He wore a tan-colored flannel shirt and heavy knee trousers and the boots that are a part of boatmen's gear in these localities. Yet even thus clumsily shod, his great body moved with an indescribable grace and power. The collar of his shirt,

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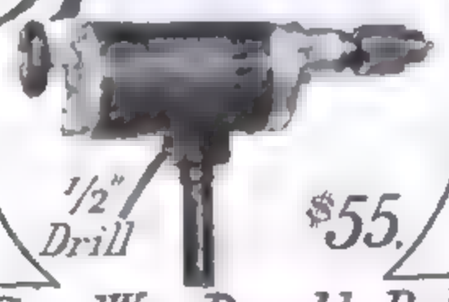

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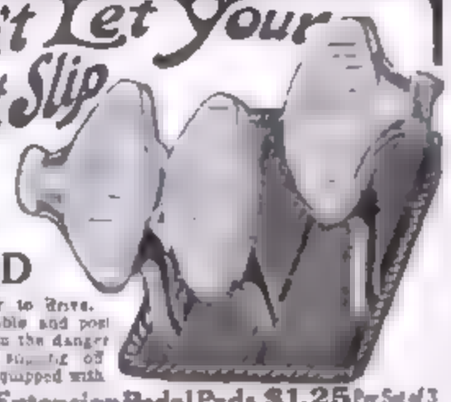

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a little open, exposed the column of his neck, browned by sea winds and sun. His face was leather brown; the deep and brilliant blue of his eyes became the more startling against this background. And he spoke to her.

"I knew you would look just so," he said surprisingly.

Jennie felt Don at her side grow rigid; herself inarticulate, she stood still because there was no room to pass him by.

But when he smiled with a swiftness that was startling, she asked in a low voice, "What do you mean?"

"I must show you some day," he replied. "Else you'd not believe me. The rest I knew—you were in your bathing suit—but the face I guessed at. And I'd never seen you near at hand."

She frowned, puzzled; and Don asked straightforwardly, "What are you talking about?"

Raredan looked at him, smiling again.

"You were with her," he commented "But you're not on the canvas, boy. I painted her one day when you swam together off the little cove."

Jennie could not take her eyes from him; but she sensed the mounting anger in Don.

"You hadn't any right to do that," the boy cried.

"Any man has a right to find beauty and show it to the world," Raredan replied gently. He seemed to ignore Jennie's presence. "Do you not see she is beautiful?"

It must have been fear mounting in her. Whatever the motive power, Jennie caught Don's arm and fled away; and she heard Raredan's soft laughter behind them as they departed. Abed that night she lay awake for hours, hearing that low laugh. Don next day was still bitter with resentment; but her silence persuaded him the incident had been of small account. In a few days he had forgotten.

Spring came bountifully to the land that year, as though it would atone for the rigors of the winter season. There were flowers among the grasses all across the moor atop the ridge, and Jennie and Don liked to wander there. Don worked much about his garden, extending it; but the days were long, and when Jennie came out to join him they were apt to wander off together. Her morbid introspection of the winter, when she had been so much indoors, vanished before this more normal manner of life; these two—she was eighteen and he a year older—renewed the games of their youth together. They had, about the Head and along the shore, many gay adventures; they laughed much and happily, and their spirits were ready for any enterprise. Don repainted his dory that spring, and got the heavy craft down to high-water mark; and when the sea was calm they liked to row out among the Pigs, or even farther, venturing sometimes beyond the light itself, to fish for pollack, among the rocks, or cunners; to take flounders in the sandy channel among the Pigs; to prey upon the mackerel, striking in outside the Sow. But the fishing was always a secondary pleasure with them both; Jennie liked to be abroad upon the water; Don was never happier than when he sat facing her in the great dory, rowing the choppy fisherman's stroke he had learned as a boy, and watching how the wind played with her soft hair.

On one such day, as they crossed the ridge on their way to where the dory lay, they saw a white boat making up through the Gut and recognized it as Raredan's. Neither commented; the incident left their minds. In the dory they worked out through the Pigs and past the light toward the bell buoy a quarter mile beyond. Off the buoy in deep water cod and haddock could be taken. They had no need of fish; but to go fishing was an excursion, an adventure, and they were both in an adventurous mood that day. They fished idly for an hour or two with small success, talking lazily, half asleep in the warm sun of early summer. There were gulls about, and Don cleaned the fish in order that he might throw the entrails to the birds. The two laughed together as they watched the feast. Don tied a twenty-foot length of cod line to one fragment, and the bird that gulped it down flew away in some disturbance of the spirit, with the line dragging toward the water below. They had compunctions then, and wondered what the gull would do, and Don had to reassure Jennie.

Joel Frame came out past them to tend his lobster pots, rowing his dory phlegmatically. Near where they lay he rested on his oars and asked their luck; and they lifted anchor and followed to his first pot, from which he took one large lobster and three small ones. The small ones he tossed into their dory. When he rowed on, they turned back toward shore, Don taking his time. Their course took them near the Sow: and they looked at the tall light.

"I'd like to go up to the top of that," Jennie said.

Don nodded.

"I've never been up either."

"I expect it would make you dizzy."

"If Joel Frame was light tender, the way he ought to be, we could get him to take us up," Don reminded her.

"Perhaps she got dizzy, and just fell," Jennie suggested, paying no heed to him.

He looked at her sharply, not understanding; then perceived her meaning and raised his eyes to the tiny gallery around the outside of the light, from which Raredan's bride had leaped or fallen. Almost a hundred feet above the ledge, the little iron railing and the grid floor seemed ridiculously flimsy and inadequate.

Don studied it for a moment, resting on his oars; then said abruptly, "Jennie!"

She looked at him.

"What?"

"Raredan's not there now. Don't you remember? We saw him going up to the Cove when we came over the ridge."

She nodded.

"Yes, I remember." Her heart was beginning to pound.

"We might land," he cried with dancing eyes.

Jennie paled a little.

"We oughtn't to, Don."

"We wouldn't do any harm."

"He might come back and catch us."

"Why, we wouldn't be there five minutes, Jennie! Just land and go inside—I'll bet the door's not locked—and climb up and look out and then come down again."

She still hesitated, her eyes averted. His proposal had a flavor almost irresistible; she had known the outside of the light for so many years; had so often imagined what it must be like within. And Raredan was surely in the Cove; he could not return without their perceiving his approach across the mile of open water. His back would be turned to them as he rowed; they could escape without his seeing that they had trespassed. The thing was so ridiculously simple. To be sure, if the doors were locked they could not go inside; but if the doors were locked no harm would be done; and if they were unlocked—why, still they would do no harm.

"If he caught us ——" she protested more faintly.

"Why, we're not going to hurt anything!"

"I daren't, Don."

"Afraid?" He was frankly incredulous; he had never discovered fear in Jennie before. Through all their years together she had ever been ready to dare what he dared, to do as much as her strength permitted her to do. "Afraid?"

"No." She shook her head.

"Well, then ——"

She surrendered at last; and having committed herself, her eyes shone with excitement. Don swung his dory around while they considered the matter of a landing. On the shoreward side of the Sow, in the lee of the ledge, they knew an iron ladder was set in the granite, just below that staging to which, by means of a tackle and fall dependent from the side of the light itself, Raredan hoisted his boat to keep it out of harm's way when a sea was running. The fall must be dangling now within reach from the water, so that when Raredan returned from the Cove he could catch it and attach the hooks to bow and stern of his boat, ready for hoisting. They might row around to that side and climb the ladder, securing the dory by her painter there. But when they studied the seaward side of the Sow now—as though the fates conspired to seduce them—they perceived that there was a crevice in the smooth flank of the ledge, a spot where frost was breaking away fragments of the native rock. At low tide there would be a narrow beach here; but the water was high, the beach was covered. Nevertheless, among these broken fragments an agile person might find foothold and climb to the top of the ledge.

Perceiving this, Don said, "I'll climb up and see if the door is unlocked."

Jennie amended that.

"No, put her bow in and I'll climb up," she suggested. "I can do it all right."

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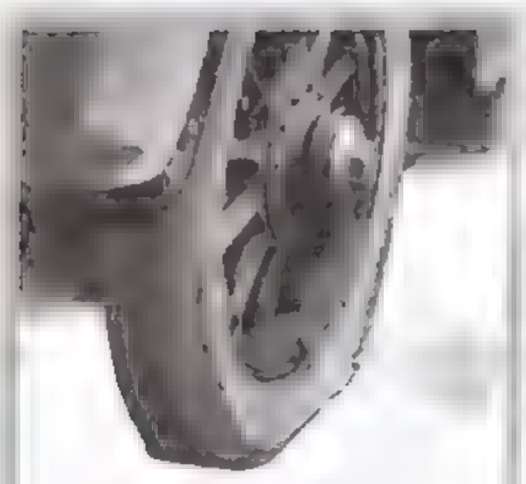

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"I can't leave the dory this side anyway. She'd bang."

"No; but if the door is unlocked you can go around."

He assented. The sea this day was fairly smooth; its only movement was a slow rise and fall like the stirring of a sleeper's breast. Don worked the dory slowly toward the ledge, crab fashion, till her gunwales rubbed; they waited till the sea lifted her, while Jennie poised in the bow. When the moment was ripe, she gave a light leap ashore, found solid footing and handhold, and clung there for a moment while Don backed a little away. Then she climbed to the level top of the ledge.

The spot where she had landed was almost opposite the eastward end of the house; its wall was only a few feet from where she stood. The tall tower of the light itself was to her left, and some little distance away; but its height made it seem to lean toward her and overshadow her. She looked up at it for a moment, half forgetting Don. But Don was impatient.

"What's the matter?" he called.

"Nothing."

"Well, see if the door's open then. We don't want to stay here all day."

She nodded, moving forward. In this seaward wall of the house there were two small windows; but the glass in them was thick, so that it might withstand the pressure of the gales; and it was scarred and scratched by the impact, through many years, of tiny fragments of wind-driven sand, so that it had become opaque. She could not see into the house at all. Rounding the corner, however, she perceived in this eastern end of the house a door and two larger windows. The glass in one of these was new; she saw, within, a stove, and certain pots and pans. This would be the kitchen.

To look into this window, she had passed the door; now she returned to it and laid her hand on the knob. Don, in the dory, watched her; for reassurance she kept her eyes on him as she turned the knob. The door opened. This success, for no particular reason, quieted all her apprehensions.

She waved her hand to Don and called, "It's unlocked!"

He bent to his oars.

"I'll be right around," he promised, and disappeared toward the western end of the Sow.

Jennie watched him go till he was out of sight. It would take him a minute or two to come around to the ladder; in the meantime the open door tempted her, and she rested her hands against the jambs and leaned a little forward to look inside. This was, as she had guessed, the kitchen. It was also the dining room, as an oilcloth-covered table at one end attested. The stove was well blacked; the pots and pans had been scoured spotless; the dishes in racks against the wall were clean. These evidences of careful housekeeping appealed to her and gave her confidence. Without being conscious that she did so, she stepped inside. Even the floor, she saw, was scrubbed to the bone. Through a window less scarred than the others she could see the distant loom of the Head, and it comforted her. Her eyes catalogued the tiny room; she saw the cans of foodstuffs along the shelves, the bin of vegetables under the mixing board, the ladder that led up to a trap in the ceiling. The half attic overhead, she thought, must serve as storeroom.

She leaned against the table, resting her hands upon it, and smiled a little at her own imaginings. Then observed a door opposite the one by which she had entered, and which must lead into the other parts of the house. This door was just to the left of the stove; and she crossed toward it, her hand outstretched toward the knob. Perhaps this door would be locked. It was rather with the intention of ascertaining whether it were fast or no than with any thought of pursuing her explorations farther that she turned the knob. The door opened; and when she saw what lay within, her lips opened in a soundless exclamation, and she took a step forward, her eyes sweeping around the spacious room.

At the same moment she heard vaguely from somewhere outside a shout that must come from Don; heard him call her name. But she forgot Don in her dismay when she discovered Raredan, standing quietly beside her, and already in position to cut her off from the door by which she had come in.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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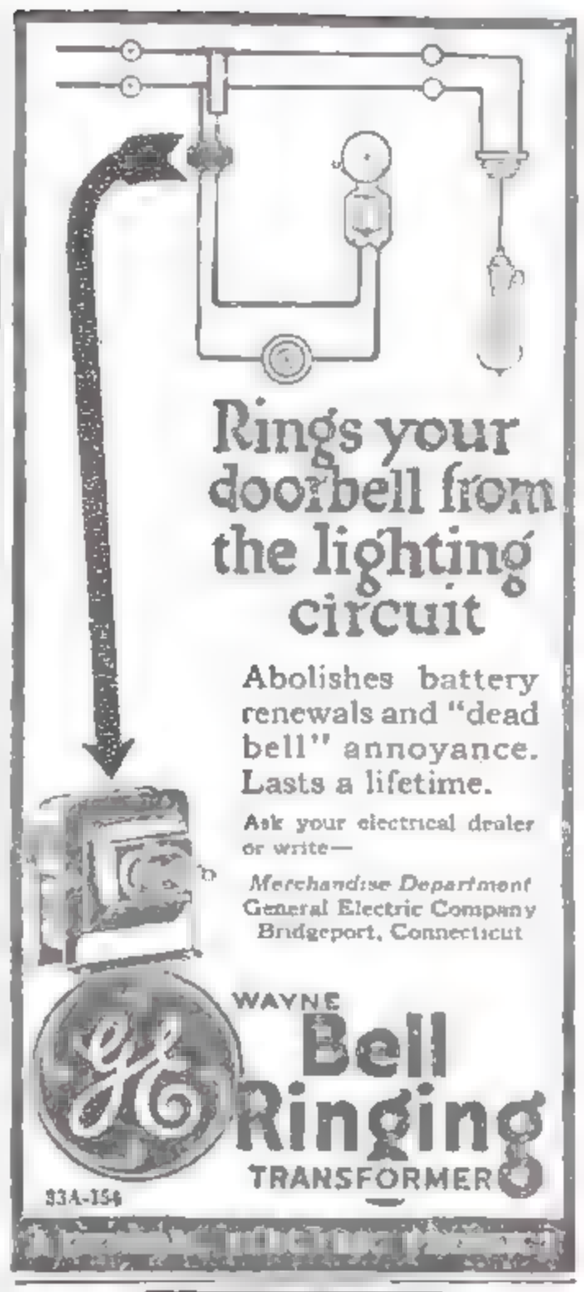

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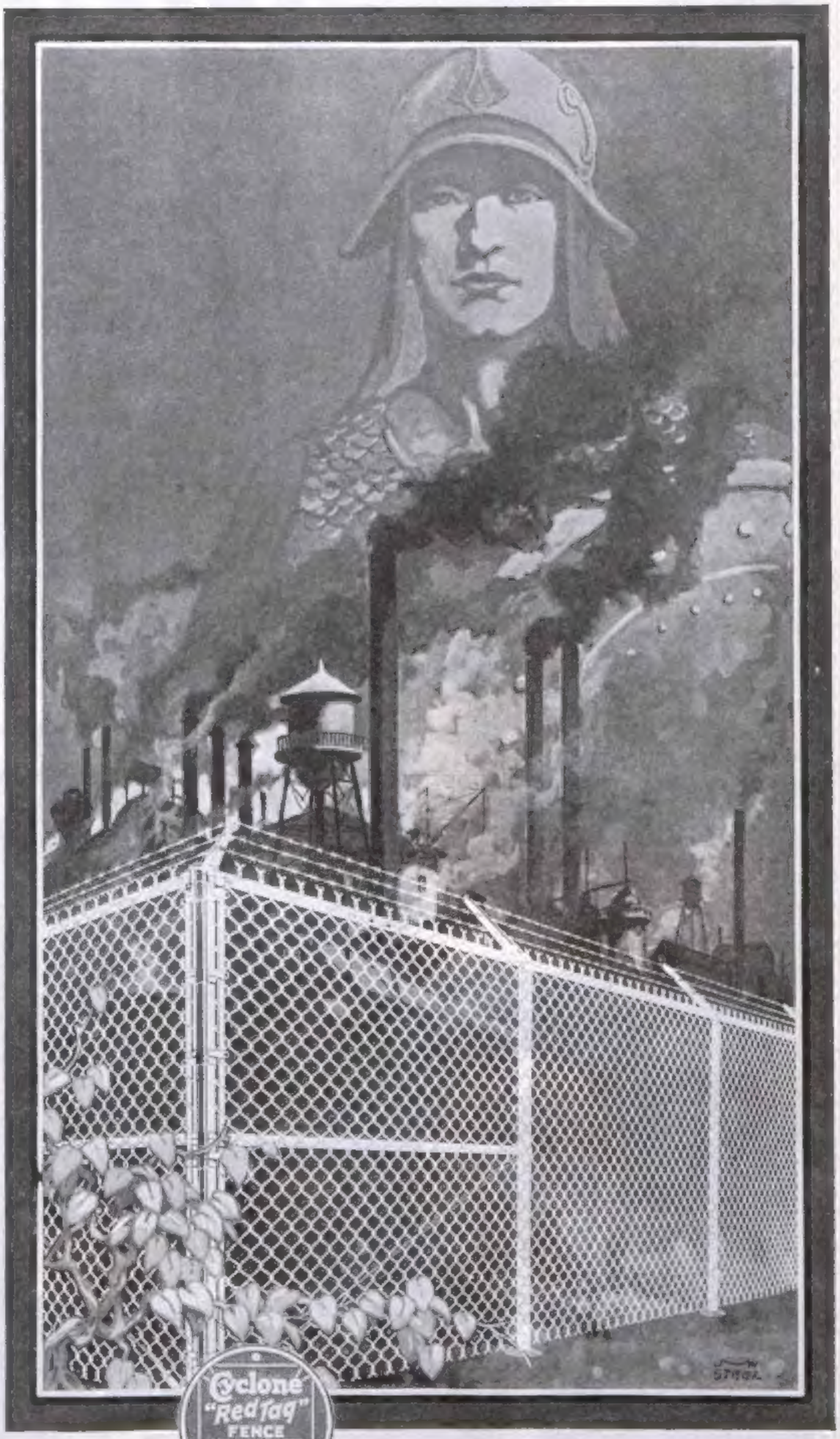

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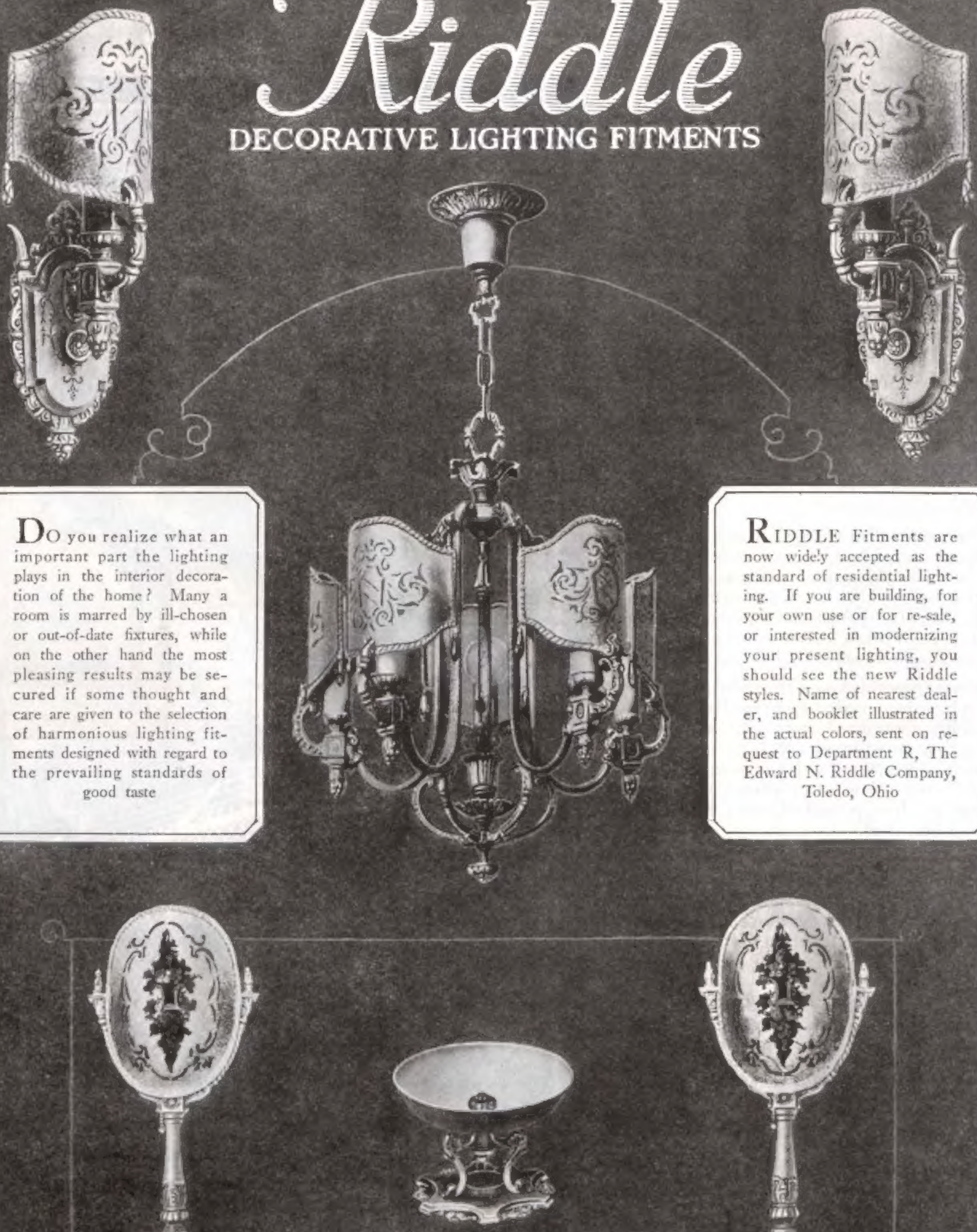

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